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SKETCHES
OF
YALE LIFE



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BY

JOHN ADDISON PORTER

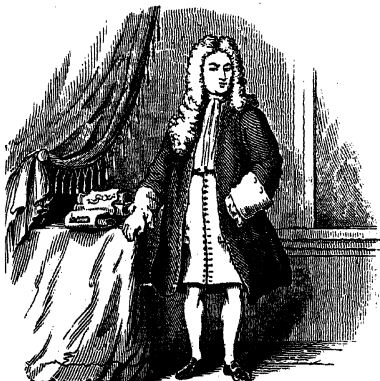
SKETCHES OF YALE LIFE:
BEING
SELECTIONS, HUMOROUS AND DESCRIPTIVE
FROM THE
COLLEGE MAGAZINES AND NEWSPAPERS

ARRANGED AND EDITED

BY

JOHN ADDISON PORTER

Of the Class of 1878



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INTRODUCTION.

THIS little volume owes its publication to a vacation which the editor recently passed at New Haven. The interest of the subject had been, however, held in mind for some time, and the resolve made to offer the results of the study to the public, if circumstances should permit.

The attempt to illustrate the social life of a college by means of short, crisp articles, the work of undergraduate authors, writing in full accord with the spirit of their times, is, so far as the writer can learn, entirely unique, in this country. In some memorial volumes, such as the "Harvard Book" and the "Yale Book," certain phases of undergraduate life, particularly athletics, have been fully and well summarized, from the standpoint of the contributor who takes a retrospective view of their development. "Verses from the Harvard Advocate" and Yale "Elm Leaves" do justice to the creditable productions in rhyme which have emanated from each of these historic institutions. In the dainty little volume of Professor Henry A. Beers, modestly entitled "Odds and Ends," may be found many a reflected sunbeam of our academic life. For its true historical spirit, and the richness of its statistical informa-

tion, "Four Years at Yale; by a Graduate of '69," ranks as a classic in student literature.

The numerous so-called "college novels" have contributed their share, or, perhaps, more than their share, towards picturing the typical New England colleges. But the element of fiction is much stronger than reality in all of them. Some flatter; others libel; few or none give true insight into what the American student community is when not dressed up in holiday attire for public inspection.

This volume, on the contrary, is really a glimpse behind the scenes. In making his selections, the editor has sought neither to enforce any theories, nor to point any morals, but simply to portray Yale student-life of the past half century exactly as he found it, believing that if this were done adequately, the volume could not fail to interest members of other colleges, as well as Yale men, and even that portion of the reading public which is inclined to sympathize with the literary efforts of young men.

All attempts at "fine writing" have been rigorously excluded from these pages. Likewise "prize-pieces," however superior in maturity of thought and literary finish, were obviously out of place in this book. The only liberty the editor has allowed himself with the text, excepting a few verbal corrections, was occasional condensation. Editorial notes were deemed superfluous, in view of the class of subjects treated; they speak for themselves quite emphatically enough.

Most of the pieces appeared originally in the *Yale Literary Magazine*; the others in the *Yale Record* and *Yale Courant*.

That the collection contains some of the early work of men who have afterwards become distinguished, is a fact which will probably render it not the less attractive to the general reader. Nevertheless, it would hardly be courteous or fair to these gentlemen to disclose their identity. For it should not be forgotten that all of the papers which compose this book were written with no thought of ever reaching other than student eyes; that many of them were doubtless hastily penned; and that others are probably very far from expressing the present opinions of their authors. Whatever merit they may possess, must be ascribed not to the borrowed plumage of dignified names, but rather to the invariable good humor, frankness and vivacity, and the occasional keenness and depth displayed by cultured young men in writing of themes, scenes and incidents near and dear to them at a very impressionable period of their lives.

The editor closes his congenial task by respectfully asking that his effort may be received with the courteous consideration which is usually granted to an experiment, and hoping that the results of his research may be judged creditable to American student-life in general, and to his Alma Mater in particular.

J. A. P.

NEW HAVEN, November, 1885.

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COLLEGE BUILDINGS.

South Middle.

IF the thousand strange and varied feelings which rise up in the breast of Mr. Verdant Green, as in company with paterfamilias or materfamilias, he parades for the first time Yale College campus in search for Graduates' Hall could be skillfully, and withal truthfully recorded, they would, in my opinion, form an article of no little interest and amusement. I judge at once from analogy and observation when I say that one-half of every Freshman class experiences a feeling of disappointment when first it sees its Alma Mater, so far as she can be seen in her buildings. I, for my part, have very distinct recollections of my first sensations as I stood and gazed up at those wondrous elms and down at that fabled fence, and felt myself really beholding at least the casket of that jewel for obtaining which I had spent my youthful strength over hard Virgil and harder Xenophon. Was the fence always as uninviting as it then seemed to me? Were the elms always inhabited by worms, and the grass on the much-talked-of green always as brown and irregular as at the time of my entrance examination? The only men whom I saw on the campus were tutors scowling under the weight of examination-papers, or Seniors bargaining over their last articles of furniture with the second-hand men. I wondered why the divinity buildings, which seemed the most commodious and pleasant of all the dormitories, should be appropriated to the use of the Theo-

logues, and thought that when I got in college, there was where I would choose to room. I criticized the wooden turrets of Alumni Hall, but found some matter for admiration in Durfee and Farnam. But when I turned my lordly eyes toward "the old brick row," which contained the most considerable number of Yale's buildings, who could describe my feelings of contempt? I estimated them in a sort of declining series—North, North Middle, South and South Middle. I persuaded myself that it might be possible for a gentleman's son, seeking to experience Yale social life in every aspect, to try a year in North or North Middle, with its modern improvements, in case he could not get into Durfee or Farnam. But I winked wisely, and informed my guide that, although I was a sub-Freshman, I was not such a fool as to believe that rooms in South were ever among the first choices on the campus, or that any respectable men of their own accord chose to make the woe-begone South Middle their residence. And though I went home elated by my "white paper," yet my joy was tempered by the thought of how much room for improvement there was in our college, and of how I for my part would have to forego till Junior year the far-famed dormitory life at Yale.

My hasty condemnation of South Middle at that time was but a striking instance of the evil of judging simply from external appearance. I have since had occasion to change my opinion, but never on account of any different impression it has made on my vision. It stands to-day, as it has stood for many years, in every architectural sense, a blot and a monstrosity. I might go so far as to say that, with a thorough acquaintance with its interior peculiarities, it seems even more repulsive to me in this one sense than it did at first.

The simplicity in the design of South Middle can hardly be called regal ; the brick, though not of the Philadelphia manufacture, to which Mr. Mitchell takes exception, lacks beauty in more senses than one, with its blotched and irregular surface, deformed and ungainly, with shutters varying through all conceivable shades of green and blue, rotten and leaky roof, low, square windows and diminutive panes of glass, sharp angles everywhere, and a generally reckless disregard of all laws of symmetry, it easily belies the description, "*aedes hæc nitida et splendida*," made of it at its dedication. Dismaying, indeed, the appearance of a South Middle room when at the beginning of Sophomore year you stroll into your destined home ! The low ceilings, which you can easily reach with your hand, the bare and irregular floor, the damp and chilling atmosphere, dirt and dust everywhere, and over in one corner, piled together in hopeless confusion, your slender stock of furniture, upon which alone you can rely to make an Elysium out of this Hades. I will not say that patience and taste will not go far in doing this, and notwithstanding the exclusion of tall articles of furniture, make comfortable and cosy what at first seemed so intractable. But there are certain inherent natural objections which no art can overcome. If you would go into the hall after dark, you do so at your own risk, for the stairs are irregular and full of treacherous wavelets, and posts are numerous, and lights there are none. Bed-rooms are either of moderate size, dark, and without ventilation, or else just large enough to get an iron bedstead in, but boasting a diminutive window, while there are no closets at all, except where you crowd your scanty store of coal and wood, when you are lucky enough to have any. Some go so far as to say that

South Middle is unhealthy. But their constitutions are weak, and such as are likely to suffer in a room close to suffocation, with its low ceiling, if you shut the windows, and puffing in countless colds if you open them. For them, neuralgia perches on their four bed-posts, while ague, rheumatism and consumption frisk sportively from under the doors, through the windows and around the corners of the walls.

These seem objections sufficient to restrain the rashest from any longing to test practically the qualities of South Middle, and that it is occupied at all would seem to imply the existence of a very rigid and unjust law of the Faculty which compels students to inhabit rooms so unfit for habitation that to avoid them they would leave college were it not for their greater desire to graduate from Yale. But strange as it may seem, this is by no means the case, and yet a vacant room is seldom found in South Middle. Year after year, high and low, rich and poor, aristocrat and plebeian, join in a frantic rush for the privilege of living in this wretched shanty. Men bred in the lap of luxury and accustomed to every convenience, with perfect willingness submit to such miseries as only South Middle can supply. There is a charm about this old building which acts like a magnet on Yale men, and which must be based on grounds capable of explanation. The reason is altogether a mental one, and has to do with every phase of college social life. Not to go too far into this subject and attempt to analyze a thing which by its very nature defies any such attempt, there is, in the first place, the mental satisfaction which one feels at his release from the clutches of that ringleted fiend, the New Haven boarding-house keeper, as she has been so happily called, and your lordly sense of freedom as

you know yourself master *in toto* of your own actions so long as you are out of recitation-room. These old disfigured walls tell no tales which will bring down upon you the righteous indignation of some poor lone widow, if you indulge in an invigorating game of hand-ball against them. She who exercised a royal sway over you during Freshman year to the tune, perhaps, of eleven P. M. at the latest, and no noise at any time, has been gathered to her fathers, and you yourself reign in her stead. Come in at seven o'clock, if you please, or come in at one o'clock, or do not come in at all, and you yourself alone are made more happy or more unhappy thereby. There are laws, to be sure, which are supposed to put some limit on individual freedom, but their very existence when their penalties may never be incurred, or may be avoided by an agile dash into your bedroom, only imparts an additional flavor to breaking them. For instance, here, if you want to sing, and it is in hours, you can sing,—and if it is not in hours, you can sing just the same. At least so I have found it. There is an indescribable mental pleasure in feeling yourself limited by no bonds except such as you willingly form for yourself. But pleasant as these things may be, they touch simply on the surface of the matter. It is the men whom you meet and the society which you enjoy which constitute the chief charms. Here is a variety of company suited to every varying mood of the mind. When you have been reading or studying and dozing at the same time till you are weary and disgusted, you can scour the building in search of a congenial atmosphere in which to rest yourself.

I, for my part, never could agree with the oft-repeated sentiment that it would be a blessing if old South Middle would fall down or burn down, some

time when no one happened to be in it. Apart from all considerations of a sentimental character, as to the claims of such a relic of antiquity, but simply as a dormitory, I would that South Middle stand for ever. It seems to me that as much solid enjoyment can never be gotten out of the modern, fashionable buildings which are usurping our campus, as these irregular and unsubstantial structures afford. There is an astonishing charm about these low ceilings and these cramped walls. We do not want the stiff and staid elegancies of a parlor in a student's room. The tasteful arrangement of nick-nacks and memorabilia about the walls of a South or a South Middle room, in a college man's inimitable style, and the open fire, which I beg to state, is no myth, furnish a far more attractive ideal to my mind, than the tinted walls, gorgeous chandeliers, steam radiators, standing like so many tombstones to the memory of a departed fire, and expensive tapestries which are necessary in Durfee or Farnam. It is interesting to see with what pleasure an alumnus when in town comes once more to visit his room in South Middle. One of the rooms is pointed out as the one which Chancellor Kent occupied when he was in college. A story is told of his expressing a desire one time when he was in the city here, some thirty or forty years after he had graduated, to see his old room. Of course it was occupied, and the Chancellor coming to the door, knocked. The occupant, whoever he was, was without any expectation of such a visit, and sitting in his shirtsleeves with his feet upon the window sill, cried out with genuine South Middle accent, "Come in." His confusion at the sight of a venerable gentleman was somewhat of the same character as that which many of us have felt when surprised over his ponies by some

intruding tutor, or in some equally pleasant position by some equally welcome visitor ; but the Chancellor simply remarked, by way of opening the conversation,

In this room, in precisely that position, forty years ago, I resolved that I would become Chancellor of the State of New York—and I became so."

The Old Chapel.

HALF a hundred years have passed away since the old Chapel was dedicated. Scarcely as imposing as to say "thirty centuries are looking down on you," nor is it more than a mere child beside the ancient halls of Oxford and Cambridge. It is not hoary with age nor has it moss-grown columns upon which one could moralize. Still, for the country, it is respectable in years, while certainly no one who has enjoyed its hospitality would wish to have its life prolonged.

Just fifty-two classes have, one after another, sat on those hard benches, and while vainly trying to sleep, have mentally execrated the inventors of those instruments of torture. During all these years they have sought for soft spots on the boards, or for a comfortable corner, from which they could enjoy the learned disquisitions which have emanated from that pulpit. The hacked and carved seats tell of restless bodies and idle hands for which Satan could find no other occupation than the school-boy amusement of cutting out initials or class numerals. Our earliest predecessors, however, do not seem to have left their marks behind them. Either they were more reverent or possessed fewer pocket-knives than the present profane and sacrilegious generation. Probably the embryo Theologues of 1824 looked on the Chapel as a wonderfully fine and spacious edifice, and would as soon have thought of defacing its furniture as we will of marking the rich frescoing of

the new temple. The wheezing of the organ was to them the most glorious, dreadful music, the singing of the choir was "angel voices." No daring sinner ever ascended the steeple, fastened there some flaunting banner, and then descended into the arms of the watchful tutor. They did not paste "flushes" on the windows before morning service, or abstract the cushions to make bonfires and illuminations. What a shock it would have been to those sober-minded youths to have required them to worship beneath the gilded roof of our new Chapel, and how surely would they have condemned its gorgeous decorations as papistical and as works of the devil. Yet it must at times have waked their carnal natures to be dragged out of bed at six o'clock on a cold morning to attend prayers, or brought in again at half-past four, and on the Sabbath to have two outpourings of the vials of wrath. It is little wonder that so many of those sufferers have gone to another land from the effects of two chapels, and no "Retreat" or "Nest" to refresh the wearied flesh.

During fifty-two years the tide of college life has flowed through the old Chapel. Year after year the Freshmen have come in for the first time, wandering around to find their seats, and have lingered at the door to bow to the President or escort out the tutors. Year after year the Seniors have studied diligently during prayers and then, cramming their books into their pockets, have risen to bow gravely and dignifiedly to the President. The snab who first prinked and fluttered in the gallery, in modest unconsciousness of the hundred eyes fastened on them, have been long married to the unfortunate youths who then in blind fatuity sat by their side. Three Presidents in turn have graced that pulpit and have expounded orthodoxy and learnedly to the

faithful, while the unregenerated slept or played jack-straws ; many generations of tutors have occupied those proscenium boxes, and have watched sharply for delinquents, or, of a less censorious nature, have quietly overlooked them.

A Room in Divinity.

WHAT I took to be an evil destiny, in the form of last choice for rooms on the campus, much against my will banished me to Divinity, and yet like Parthenia among the Allemanni, what I had looked forward to as exile, I found very tolerable.

The Theologue is a genus, which I may vulgarly call *sui generis*. I know little of him, and when I do, it is seldom under the most favorable circumstances. I have met him crossing the campus wheeling the maternal baby-carriage and leading two four-year old twins and the "dolly" after him, as he edifies his friends from out of town with anecdotes of "those boys with so much animal spirit," and points to the Italian gothic of the Chapel, comparing it with the earlier style of the Library. Those of us who are lounging on the Durfee steps smile at the genus, think him a fruitful pastor, wonder who took the measure of his inexpressibles, and then turn to a new subject. I meet him again with a steaming pail of oat meal, which he is carrying up to a club of no-body-knows-how-many, but which we may call the x quantity oat meal mess. The smell of oat meal hangs about that room where a dozen hungry, empty disciples are devouring twenty-five cents' worth of the farinaceous compound. At another time I find a student of theology peddling reserved seats to a show at the theatre, extorting from the gentiles that they may build a

temple at Jerusalem ; I see them playing hand ball in the yard, with the spirits of a senior *Kindergartener* and the activity of a two days old bull pup. Broadcloth pants are carefully tucked up ; those that can afford the luxury, indulge their vanity to the extent of a gorgeous boating-shirt from Malley's, with fancy work around the edges and a flaring, bold, bad anchor on the broad breast. I look down from our tower on Divinity at this odd mixture of human and divine and wonder why they don't "brace up and be somebody,"—enter a crew at Saltonstall, get up a nine, start a run of hare and hounds and stop their baby antics where everybody passes by and sees them.

I am not apt to be indulgent towards those with whom I am not in sympathy. This is a natural feeling and one which underlies the real friendships we form in college. It is the secret of the bond which unites class-mates at Yale more than at any other college in this country that we know of. The social life is most intimate, and it is not unsafe to say, most generous and pure. We see each other from all sides and under every imaginable circumstance. We learn each other's vanities, foibles and strong points. We gravitate instinctively to those with whom we are in sympathy, although we do not on that account lose interest in the rest. But as the *corps* to a West Pointer, so is the class to us. All beyond are Philistines. We are to them the most ungracious of men. We do not seek their good will, and they must be suave indeed who receive any from us. I sit with my feet on the window sill, and muse as I contemplate the broad row of the opposite building as it cuts off part of the most exquisite view in New Haven. On my right I glance beyond the rococo tower of North Church, the composite of the

State House and the beautiful gothic of Trinity, to the rolling country beyond the harbor and across Long Island Sound. To my left I am irritated by the interference of a building for Theologues. Let us watch them as they appear to us. The last rays of the sun are lighting up that side and disclose at the first window the *Turk*. We call him the *Turk* for his conceit and gravity. He has received a *fez*—a gorgeous crimson *fez*—from a missionary cousin in Bulgaria, and sports this Turkish trophy with the satisfaction of one who expects to be a missionary some day and fight the Moslem faith from under a Moslem *fez*. He stands at the window now and surveys his sportive friends below. Fools they are to him, who waste the precious hours which should be devoted to a higher work. Next room contains a parlor organ—but worse than that, the Theologue sits and pumps the chronic spasms of jagged melody from its ancient chest with Christian fortitude, happy in the thought that physical exercise is not incompatible with devotion in the shape of variations on the *Missionary Hymn*. As every other Theologue room contains an organ in every state of preservation, tune and pitch, I shall omit any further mention of them in this brief catalogue of pious vanities.

I now see a Theologue before his glass—yes, before the mirror. Is he shaving, adjusting his white tie, smoothing the clerical lock? None of these. I weep as I pen the words—he is practicing the *benediction*. His hands are raised. “Is that right? No, the angle of the fore-arm and index have not the real pulpit angle. Ah, this is better,” and after a few more preparatory efforts, the dress rehearsal is given with closed eyes and moving lips, the congregation is dismissed, the prospective parson brushes his cylinder stove pipe,

smooths his Prince Albert, and I hear the door close as he leaves the twilight to appear in the rôle of a shepherd before an audience who shall say, "How graceful Mr. Sleeker is." The next window reveals the pulpit orator, the future Adirondack Murray. He gesticulates to the setting sun, apostrophises the lightning-rod on West Divinity, points to Hades in the ewer and threatens perdition to the gas-burner. I can hear him from my seat at the window, when the air is still. So on through the various rooms of these future preachers, at whose feet we may some day be listening, as we listen to Dr. Hall or our own pastor. To-day we see but the ungainly, loquacious, green, sportive Theologue. We see in him the type of the man who came down to Kahn's dispensing wagon and asked the driver if anybody was sick and if he might help carry up that heavy box of medicines; we see in him the man who ropes in the little girl that peddles tooth-picks and supports two fathers and eleven brothers, gives her a twenty minutes' lecture on annihilation, predestination and homiletics, and sends her away with a paper-collar box to the woman who waits for her at the bottom of the stairs and swears at the stinginess of Theologues, who would "rob a poor man of his beer." I see in the Theologue to-day a type of the man who became so infatuated at the sound of a banjo duet, that he crept up from his room, applied his ear to the keyhole and remained there until a post-grad. from across the way rushed out and caught him in the act. The ice was broken, the Theologue entered, and the ears that vibrated to "Old Hundred," accorded none the less to "Old Dan Tucker" and "Susan Jane." Such is life. The Theologue is human. He enjoys life when he may, but for the most part he has not the *ubi cum omne*. He would

be one of us, but finds the gulf too broad to span. He is perforce extremely proper outwardly, for his living is to be made by the exercise of strictly proper qualities. His success in his ministry depends probably somewhat upon the character for propriety he leaves behind him at the Seminary. With us it is different. We act as we feel, provided we keep out of the way of marks and warnings. We care next to nothing for what the Faculty may think of our course of action, except in so far as we may respect the opinions of men whom we respect. We can never sympathize with the Theologue, his path is too far from ours ; we can not admire him, for we don't see that he possesses in any preëminent degree the qualities that we admire in our fellows. I can study him. He deserves and will repay careful study. Psychologically we have a rare subject here, and if for no other reason than this, I claim for the tower of West Divinity a place in the catalogue of desirable college rooms.

The Library by Moonlight.

“ And, oh ! how charm’d
Beneath her loveliness, creation looks.”

—MONTGOMERY.

MOONLIGHT has a thankless mission within college precincts.

Otherwheres it is heartily welcomed. Childhood pays it tribute in the celebration of time-honored games, which are never so unreal, and yet never so full of real enjoyment, as when it smiles upon them. It is youth’s golden dreamtime, whose fantasies, though overwrought, lend heart and hope to the otherwise drooping energies. Lovers need its mystic influence to hide the roughness and bring out the ideal in the two lives just venturing out toward each other. Maturity leans upon its staff, and thanks the moonlight for an hour of rest—of forward and backward looking—of calm, unimpassioned thought. Age, too, wishes benisons upon it, as it creeps inch by inch over the sleepless couch, calling up—like some fabled necromancer—the panorama of by-gone days.

But college is so strong, and hale, and self-reliant, that it will not be beholden to so intangible an agency. In the first place, a score of roofs uplift their brown shingles athwart its beams, and whole battalions of chimneys and towers hold guard, as if moonlight were as ruinous to young intellects as is rain to the glossy beavers wherein young intellects reside. Then, hard

upon the roofs press the tree-tops, clad in dense foliage, and swaying backward and forward, as if—like sentinels—they would demand the password of any stray moonbeam that might attempt to smuggle its pretty self within the forbidden domain. But, fortunately, tree-tops sometimes fall into a reverie; they move slowly and more slowly along their beat, and at last, coming to a full stop, compose themselves for a nap. Then it is that the elfish moonlight—which is not asleep, but wide awake—steals cautiously over the stained brick walls, and transforms the homely walks into mosaics, and rests here and there in little squares upon the grass. But it finds no flowers, no shrubs, no garden alleys, no cool springs, no whispering fountains. A fitful princess, it has stolen from the paradise of an oriental monarch, and finds itself amid the plain details of a northern camp. And just as it is getting a little at home, and is beginning to offset its wretchedness by the satisfaction of having eluded the sentinels, and is, perhaps, a little comforted by the notes of some soul-stirring song, what breaks upon it but some cruel burlesque of real music, or the boisterous shouts of returning merry-makers, or the twanging of the irrepressible horn?—sounds unearthly enough to frighten braver folk than princesses. And if it lives down all these difficulties, and begins its real mission; if it seeks to woo, for an hour, some young soul away from the technicalities of books, away from the weary conflicts of an inner life seeking after light, away from the narrowness and self-seeking and littleness and faithlessness into which that soul had strayed; and if the young soul listens, and is wooed, and with glad surprise feels the shackles loosen, the selfishness remove, the clouds vanish, and a new future dawn for his self-aborrent self, and his poor

deluded, much-enduring race,—whom has the moonlight for a co-worker but some student, who—with no difficulties to settle, no problems to solve, and no unutterable yearnings to be silent over—bursts in upon his thoughtful friend, and scatters all the light by declaring him—for now the thousandth time—“*moon-struck?*”

To this general hostility, one building on the square is a notable exception. Buttresses rise with its walls, and climb into minarets above them. From a higher elevation graceful arches look down upon these; and above the arches rise other minarets, above which, in turn, slender towers hold sentinel. These adornments attract rather than repel the moonlight, and about them it flits in joyous gambols. The trees are taught not to interfere; and though there is a lack of landscape gardening about the old buttresses, clambering ivies atone, in a measure, for its absence. The building enjoys a tolerable exemption from the discord of other quarters, and seldom does an intruder break the spell which the moonlight throws about it.

A grand spectacle is this building—the College Library—of a moonlight night: a spectacle to dream over, to muse over, to think soberly over.

It was the evening of a matchless October day. The air—balmy as summer—was yet just cool enough to make one reflect with comfort that it was autumn—that golden prelude to frosty mornings, and falling nuts, and Thanksgiving joys. At this season there comes over college a spirit which appears at no other time. The mental rustiness which has crept over us during the long vacation is just disappearing, the fine Fall days put all in the best of spirits, and the year, with its plans of pleasure and achievement lies before us, a bright,

unsullied page. Though the leaves are growing scar, it is college spring-time.

But, at this evening hour, the day's routine was over, and everybody—with a delicious sense of freedom—was making the very most of the leisure season. So it came about that there was a quiet, satisfied murmur up and down among the college buildings, reminding one of the sounds which issue from a bee-hive at twilight. Hours like these are to college the counterpart of those domestic joys which the future whispers of, and happy will it be for that future if the same spirit of cheerfulness and good will and undaunted purpose pervades those, which is the life of these.

Before the open windows of a back room of North Middle, I leaned back in a cozy arm-chair, and yielded to the spirit of the hour. Soon the Library, in all the glory of the harvest moon, gave texture to my reverie. The moonlight fell upon it from the front, so that the shadows seemed lost within the building itself, and all that was visible—from my stand-point at least—was bathed in one mild radiance. This building, thought I, treasures within its recesses nearly a hundred thousand volumes. In so large a collection of books, a majority stand a chance of being—and in this case I know that they are—the works of authors long since dead: and all are so scrupulously guarded, and so tenderly cherished that the remainder will be in excellent preservation when their writers have mouldered into dust. These volumes, too, hold a different position from that of their fellows—old and new—gathered here and there in private collections. Those may become, in an hour, the prey of devouring flames, or like Roscoe's, they may fall from the auctioneer's hammer to "pigmies rummaging the armory of a giant," and at best they are objects

of suspicion or ridicule oftener than of welcome. These, on the other hand, are preserved from the elements by massive walls and heavily mailed doors. One by one—the votive offerings of generations—they have been gathered, and no remorseless creditor will ever stretch forth his hand to defile their garments. They form themselves into a kind of literary commonwealth, and all who enter their domain, do so with awe, if not with reverential love. They are so located, moreover, that they form the *penetralia* whence great teachers draw their choicest lore: to them resort writers and thinkers of the country round, and hundreds of youth feel, while among them, their first deep thirst for broad research, and drink in from them their first long draught. These books, then—the condensed summaries of the best thoughts and best labors of multitudes of lives—are silently doing a great work: in fact, now that their writers are gone, or are soon to go, they become their representatives, each in its nook ever young with the spirit of some toiler whose weary frame is long ago at rest.

At thoughts like these, the library ceased to be a dull old building, by day the resort of book-worms, and by night a nonentity. It became, instead, a spacious palace, peopled with thousands of intelligencies which had gathered from every age and clime here to take up their residence. The other buildings—seemingly so astir with life and thought—dwindled away till they seemed like shelter-tents about the pavilion of an emperor: and as for their indwellers, who seemed, an hour before, such prodigies of culture and excellence,—these, too, shrunk away till they became puny dwarfs, creeping in and out the low tent doors, and strutting about with ridiculous pomp at the discovery of some cast-off feather of knowledge.

Then what a brightness hovered about this abode of books ! No dark shadows yawned here and there, repulsive from their somberness, or frightful from their mystery, or, at best, a mar to the prevailing brightness. And yet it was not a dazzling splendor. One did not shrink blinded from the sight. There was no exceeding brightness to hide defect, or to repulse lesser lights, or to depict all, with self-satisfied ostentation. This mellow glory !—how fit a mantle seemed it, to be hung nightly about this hallowed edifice ! How in keeping with the great spirits which had taken up their abode within !

And now they were at rest. Night had sent life's half-reluctant toilers to their cups, their revels, their lusts. To these silent workers it brought relaxation, also ; but, like the etherealized spirits which they represented, they had no consuming passions to satiate. With the twilight they had left their toil, to *rest*. Such were the dwellers at the library, such their abode, and such their work. How glorious it all seemed under that harvest moon ! And had not hundreds of Yale students entered the pathway to the self-same glory ?

Odd Corners of the Campus.

WE are many in number and are confined to a narrow extent of country, but notwithstanding, there are only too many unvisited parts of Yale College—parts which will repay a moderate degree of exploring, and that in our own territory, without making dangerous incursions into the lands of the outer barbarians—the Law, Medical and Art Schools. Were it not for fear of giving offense, we might include our half-brother, the S. S. S., with the rest. For all these places are to the average Academic student as unknown as the gloomy recesses of the subterranean cavern to which the gnome-like Waite is supposed to flee from the frozen-out furies of the steam-heated room. Our knowledge of the Scientific School, outside of a few personal friends, is confined to the fact that each year brings forth a swarm of young men who do not come on the campus, but remain with us for a season and never become Sophomores. Our perception of the presence of the Art School is called into being by a pair of Raphael-like heads of hair, and an occasional lecture, attended for the sake of the æsthetic snab. Of the rest we would know nothing, were it not for the occasional intelligence that one who was formerly with us is with us no more, but has departed to the Law or Medical suburbs; then we have the feeling they are with us indeed, but not of us. Many indeed are the parts of the campus we never feel obliged to favor with our company.

Even in Alumni Hall, to which the Jubilee serves as a yearly introduction, a sort of New Year's day, when the old hall receives all its friends and unbends a little from its usual cold dignity and reserve, there are labyrinths to which not one in the thousand eager climbers toward the Temple of Wisdom, ever penetrates. Like an old feudal castle, it has secret passages, hidden stairways and unsuspected rooms ready for all emergencies. Often has the wily Sophomore sacrificed the blade of his knife upon the Yale lock only to find himself conducted by a new route to his flunking room. Then, too, from that mysterious room over the door, often are heard the deep notes of an organ played at all uncanny hours, in defiance of the powers that be. The mystery is not indeed in regard to the identity of the musician, but did you ever think who pumped the organ? When the sweet strains cease, there comes but one veiled figure forth; it cannot be possible that one person runs it. There must be some chained captive in the dungeons beneath, where they keep the mastodon. Perhaps it is Waite. Men have frequently searched the campus so thoroughly that there are but few places still left for theory to assume as his abiding-place.

Then there is the Observatory in the top of the Athenæum tower. There is also room for observation here. Passing up those stairs where I used to throw my Euclid, and later on, some other man's Chauvenet, I pass on, up, above where I used to stop, and if you follow the example of most explorers, you find a trap-door by violently striking your head against it. Having passed all obstacles you find yourself in a circular room, and greatest pleasure of all, you have only to turn a crank and you seem to be moving the universe.

Your dreams are more than realized—the earth revolves around *you*. But upon closer examination you will discover that the upper part alone revolves and your bubble breaks. As an entirely secondary thought, it would be a good thing to take a look through the telescope, merely because the certain disappointment you will experience is only what you might expect from the previous deception in regard to the room itself. The matter stands exactly thus: if you put on a low power, you see a large extent of nothing more than you can see with your naked eye; with a high power you can see the same more plainly, at least that is what you are told; but if you are wise you will make no bets on the subject. The only object really worth seeing with that telescope is the City Hall clock; it fills the whole field of the telescope, and makes you feel as if you were alone with Time. Going down stairs again is even more exciting than going up, because it is so much simpler to fall down stairs than up stairs.

Just back of Alumni Hall there is an underground railway; at least it sounds impressive to say so, but in reality it is a little car on two iron rails, for carrying coal to the telephone-like furnaces, whose vibrations have been the cause of so many articles in the college periodicals. In this living tomb below are immured three or four men who are to blame for all the unearthly racket of the steam-fiend. And yet they are allowed to pass unmolested through the campus, and are even looked up to and respected by those who have wandered into their special kingdom. At least two more places deserve to be thoroughly explored. One is that half of the laboratory building which is only familiar to us as an inexhaustible mine for all sorts of philosophical apparatus. It seems sometimes like a sort of dark

chamber, from which proceed the materialized spirits of those vague conceptions of the apparatus in the Physics with which we,—at least those of us whose names appear but once in the Catalogue,—enter into a recitation.

One day, not long ago, an assistant was sent into this dark cabinet with one end of a telephone, and he failed to appear for three days. He probably traced his way back in the manner of Theseus, by means of the wire. The Cabinet building is almost entirely an unknown territory, and in its cellar, or rather basement, there is a sort of virgin forest. A single glance through its dusty panes is enough to convince anyone of the truth of this statement. Our only hope is that, now the Peabody Museum is finished, the contents of these and other curiosity shops may be placed out in plain view, and Yale College at last become aware of how much it is worth. They probably possess untold millions in old iron and wooden boxes ; enough at least to build a new Dormitory.

The College Bell.

“ Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells.”

—EDGAR A. POE.

THE present College bell that swings over the Lyceum has been in use now twelve years. How many predecessors came before it, or where they have gone to, history saith not. It may be interesting to the readers of the *Lit.* in these latter days, to hear how the Editor, twelve years ago, welcomed the bell.

“ We have one point yet to touch upon, which affords us great pleasure. We refer to the new bell. What a luxury! Some good genius—some good genius of acoustics must be hovering over us. We thought when the old bell was cracked, we should ‘ne’er look upon its like again.’ But we are wandering from our text; we ought to have said, we feared we should ne’er *hear* ‘its like again.’ But never mind about that. Acoustics and optics are not more than a term apart. And well we might have entertained such fears, for a while, because the second bell was not acquainted with the first principles of College duty. Why, the good-for-nothing old *tinnabulum* (at the same time, we don’t wish to insult the bell by calling it a ‘door-bell,’ or a ‘cow-bell,’) couldn’t ‘even turn over.’ What a *Κατατροφή*! But what should occur in the ‘winter of our discontent,’ but a new bell arrival!”

With such execrable wit was the advent heralded. The complete brass with which the Latin is robbed of half its *tin* and the Greek spoiled of every accent, would put the Editor of the present times to the blush.

What more distinct proof could we wish of the rise in Yale scholarship within the last decade ! And then the bold familiarity which pervades the whole passage, as well as the disregard of all analysis of the organs of sense-perception, bear equal evidence of the lamentably low state of the moral and mental sciences. That old bell had a bad effect upon the College. And indeed it must have been a miserably poor one. In comparison with it, the present substitute is pronounced "a luxury," even though unable to turn over ; and when the grateful Editor beheld it with his ears, as he seems to have done in his "wanderings," he acknowledged the presence of at least two good genii, hovering o'er him up in the Lyceum dome.

When one first comes to New Haven, there is nothing that confuses him so constantly as the number, variety and continual ringing of bells. There are the bells of all the churches round the city green, which ring on every conceivable occasion whenever anything is to be done or not done. There is the bell at the depot, which rings every time a train is expected to come or go. There are the numberless shirt factories and carriage factories, each of which has its own particular bell, and its own particular time for ringing it. All these bells besides chime in the hours according to their own peculiar chronology, so that noon is any time between 11:45 A. M. and 12:15 A. M. And to swell the harmony, there is the College bell, which warns the student when in the morning to turn over for his last nap ; when, an hour afterward, to go to breakfast, and in three minutes again, to come back to prayers ; which rings every half hour for the time, and every half hour for a recitation ; which proclaims the anniversary of every meal ; and after the shades of night begin to fall, calls alike to

prayer-meetings or large society—the revival of religion, or the decay of eloquence. One would almost think Mr. Poe was a Yale student, when he sang his “tintinnabulation,” except that he makes no allusions to the bell of Alma Mater, unless it be in those misanthropic ones, which

“In that muffled monotone,
Feels a glory in so rolling,
On the human heart a stone.”

I say it is hard for the new-comer to learn the peculiar note of the College campana, on which alone he must depend for punctuality at College exercises. Does one object, “Why depend upon the bell alone? Are watches and clocks impossible to the student?” My friend, there be watches many and clocks many; there be those that go by springs and those that tick to the swing of the pendulum; there is time solar and sidereal. But he that would carry College time, must swear

“By the moon, the inconstant moon,
That monthly changes,”

not only, but also several times a day. It is hard at first to distinguish the College bell, but the power is acquired at last; and before he ends his course, provided that end be not premature, the Senior knows by heart, not only the moments when the ringing must commence, but the proper succession of every stroke, and even the number of times the tolling will be continued. He knows the worthy ringer tolls on the average 125 beats for the “last bell” before prayers; that he rings on the average 50 at 10:30 A. M.; 140 at 11:30; 40 for dinner and supper; while for service on a Sunday, he pulls till he is tired, and then, his cheeks all rosy

with the exercise, and his whole soul filled to overflowing with the melody of the ringing, he hies away to the Chapel choir to rid himself of this superfluous music.

At 11:25 A. M. the college campus is undisturbed, save by some wandering footstep; within five minutes the old bell is pealing its loudest clangors, and troops of votaries press from every quarter to the various outcroppings of the "pierian spring." It is easy to recognize the student, all ungowned as he is, among the townspeople, by that classic air that always will surround him—that *otium cum dignitate* he wears like a garment. But no less surely will you here distinguish the various classmen from each other; whether it be the "grave and reverend," as he calmly strolls along, or the Sophomore, for the time being awed by a presence greater even than this, or the neophyte, with hurried foot stumbling through the unused paths, while his anxious eyes become inflamed over the Greek-fire of Professor James Hadley, M.A. It is astonishing with what suicidal haste these underclassmen rush to the torture. The poet has manfully noted it:

"One more unfortunate
Sophomore wight,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to recite."

Yet you are right, gentlemen. Delay not. Procrastination is the thief of time, and punctuality a saver of marks unto matriculation.

DORMITORY LIFE.

Under the Elms.

GROUPS under the elm-trees ! Groups under the elms just after dinner, when everybody prefers a pipe and a comfortable sprawl in the grass, to climbing up four flights of stairs and translating Undine, or cramming for Biennial ! Under the elms these hot days, where so carelessly, so lazily and so deliciously cool we lie, reading, joking, laughing, smoking, peeping out at times from the thick shade, at the old iron pointers, which spasmodically twitch along towards recitation time and quickly drawing back our heads with the gratifying assurance that we've a half hour yet before beginning the old, old fight with books, the flesh and the devil !

Under the elms five minutes before the clanging of the remorseless old sentinel in Lyceum belfry ! What a fluttering and sometimes cutting of leaves ! What a racing through the whole lesson to catch some cue which will enable colloquy men to save an inglorious fizzle, and philosophicals to make a triumphant rush. What varied expressions of countenance ! Here smiling complacency, there scowls ; this man whistles, that one swears ; here the serenity of indifference, there the serenity of despair. Now the bell begins to ring. What slow and toilsome ascent up the narrow stairs ! What a sudden bolting into the recitation room as the last stroke dies away, and the door closes with a slam behind the last loiterer, and upon a division meekly expectant of the hour's worse contingencies.

Under the elms in early evening! Here groups of men ring out our grand old Student songs, and all cares, all study, everything but good fellowship forgotten, join their hearts and voices to the richness of the harmony which fills and dies upon the air. What magic there is in those old songs, to be sure! What an enchantress to drive away despondency, loneliness, trouble, and "thou child of the devil"—the blues! Here the enthusiasm, the jollity, the earnestness and the friendship of our College life find fitting expression, and after a good sing our hearts feel lighter and our sleep is sweeter; for in the matchless eloquence of song, we have given utterance to the common purposes, sympathies and hopes, which make up the unity of our daily life.

Under the elms in the solemn hush of midnight! No enthusiasm of an hour, no fitful excitement now, but an unbroken silence, while the clear stars and the pale moon shed their mild radiance upon us. This the hour for serious thought and searching self-inspection. This the hour for struggling doubts and hopes. This the hour to call up the follies of the past, and as they troop in long procession by, to look, shudderingly it may be, at what we were—thankfully and yet sorrowfully for what little of good we are—and earnestly hopeful for a better day, by and by, for us and for all men.

Under the Elms once more! The last song has been sung, and we stand with clasped hands now. A few moments more, and the class, which for four long years has trod the same weary round, and shared the common pleasures and cares of student-life, goes out from this old place—out from its studies and associations—out from its speculations and castle buildings—out into action and the world.

On the Fence.

"Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

—VIRGIL.

RETURNING from an after-supper walk the other evening, I came upon the college fence in its best estate. It was a pleasant evening, with a dry warmth such as one rarely finds in New Haven weather; the elms, with their bewitching curves, were crowned with one mass of greenery; while through their shadows shone here and there from out of college windows the glimmer of lamps—reminding one that the "literary exercises" had their devotees, even on such an evening as this. On the fence were groups of students; and just in front of one of these congregations a couple of little brown-skinned vagabonds were singing "with the spirit" to the tinkle of a harp and the squeal of a violin, in expectation of a plenteous harvest of pennies.

I stopped at a sufficient distance to be clear of the magnetism which always hovers about a crowd, and wondered to myself how one could describe the fence. To say that it was so many lengths long, so many rails high, or stood in such and such a place, would be very much like describing the college-chambers by giving their length, breadth and height, the number of bedrooms each contained, together with the closets, shelves, etc., but omitting all mention of the traditions and quaint memorials with which each room is full; the goodly fellowships, the honest life-long friendships which dwell therein; the wit and wisdom, the songs and stories,

which hover about these contracted dwelling-places ;— in short, by mentioning the mortar and brick, but leaving out the mind and human nature. Disregarding, then, the mere physical data and looking simply at that part of college life which may be summed up in the word fence, I thought I had happened upon a phase of human experience such as could be found nowhere outside of college, and one well worthy of examination.

The fence is a regular part of the college curriculum. Although it really ranks among the higher studies—not being taken up until the second year—yet it has a certain influence upon a man from the time he first comes here. I dare say no sub-freshman ever came to Yale without asking some question of a man on the fence ;— and indeed it seems quite natural that this should be so, for, as he beholds the rows of men sitting thereon, he at once imagines that these are reliable persons whom the Faculty have placed in this prominent position for the purpose of giving such directions and information as strangers may wish to get. He regards it at this time with great complacency and not a little condescension. The member of the “incoming class,” however, finds his position changed when he at last gets his white paper and becomes *de facto* a member of college. Suddenly he discovers that the atmosphere of the fence is unfavorable to his health. As he finds it necessary to remain at a distance from it, its value increases. It becomes a divinity to him ; and from the safe retreat of Hoadley’s he worships it in devout admiration. The passion grows. He gets to giving quite as much thought to that coming white day when he can sit on the fence with impunity, as to his rank as a scholar—while it is probably that his chances of ever sitting thereon would be materially increased, if he thought less about

it and more about his studies. Mayhap, if bold enough, he watches for a rainy night, when passers-by are few and upper-class men are elsewhere, and at the witching hour of twelve seats himself in the long coveted position—a second Æneas, in the Elysian plains without any pater Anchises.

Sophomore year is the “open sesame” to this unique chapter of delights; and perhaps at this time there is the most persistent sitting on the fence, just for the sake of sitting there, of any time during the college course. It possesses all the delights of newness and superiority. The privilege of perching one’s self on the topmost rail has all the fascination for new-fledged sophomores that swinging on the front gate has for children of a smaller growth. This feeling, however, wears away. And yet, during the entire second year, it seems to me that the fence plays a prominent part in the life of college men. Wherever the egg of class mischief may be laid, it is pretty sure to be hatched somewhere near the fence. The society songs are sung there; and now and then a bit of college politics comes in for spice withal, and this, should chance permit, may be “arranged” at the fence. Beside: the ineffable glory of watching the envious freshmen is no mean addition to the pleasures of the fence during sophomore year.

Junior year inducts a man into something more than this vulgar pleasure. The third year, notwithstanding its politics and its various displays of swallow-tails, is a kind of an Indian Summer epoch. And the fence is no exception. It is no longer a new thing, and a year’s experience has taken away much of the fancied notion of superiority. The roystering song which chronicled the transition of freshmen into sophomores now gives way to madrigals and mission-school hymns. The taste,

too, has become somewhat more critical. No longer does a nudge or a whispered (as though it were a second Augustan age)

"O crus! O brachia!"

mark the passing by of every woman. In short, juniors, "though not clean past their youth, have yet some smack of age in them, some relish of the saltiness of time." The change in location shows this. In sophomore year the fellows look toward the sun-rising; in junior year they face to the southward. It is a tropical period.

Senior year, it appears to me, must open "fresh fields and pastures new." The seniors have taken their last hitch on the fence. The jollity of sophomores, the self-satisfied pleasantness of juniors, is now succeeded by a touch of sentiment. The future, which rarely troubles the average college rascal, demands some consideration; and that is always a serious thing to do. Perhaps, however, the change which is inevitable is the more thought-breeding. To kick a chair out of doors, however rickety and deceitful it may be, is not a pleasant undertaking for the sensitive man.

—"We cannot

Buy with gold the old associations."

And more especially is this true in the case of leaving college. There is not one of us, probably, even among those who have been here the briefest time, but has at one time or another cursed Yale college and everything connected with it; and yet to leave this old mother after a four years' attachment to her apron-strings is no pleasant matter for the coldest and most selfish among us. This approaching separation is the ghost that haunts the senior section of the fence. The excitement

of pitching pennies, of spinning tops, of playing at leap-frog, cannot exorcise the grim fellow from his perch. The "silver sand of hope" has uncoiled to the very end, so far as college is concerned; to-morrow the good-bys must be said, and this day's end brings us to-morrow. At such a time the fence must seem like an old familiar friend, always the same to us, whatever our mood may be. And so, involuntarily, we come to it more softly, we are lower-voiced and more confidential in our chats about it, and we leave it more reverently than at any previous stage of college life.

Again: if you ever noticed it, there is a certain fence aristocracy in every class. One can tell the *crème de la crème* of this aristocracy by the assured way in which they seat themselves thereon. They feel themselves masters of the situation. Less constant *habitués* look up to such persons with a great deal of reverence. They rarely have as much assurance in the recitation-room—but that is because they lack their inspiration. Could they but recite on the fence, a fizzle would be improbable and a flunk impossible. They are pleasant fellows, always: no crabbedness can long hold sway over such a kingdom;—and they are fellows of some talent, else they would as surely be dethroned. They are often lazy, and quite frequently subject to ill-health, especially on Monday and Thursday mornings. They are never close communion: give them only comfortable room, and you may take all the rest. Altogether, the fence frequenters are a most desirable element in college: hearty good boys, generous to a fault, honest, full of pluck, and ready to help you kill time any day in the week.

I suppose the fence and its associations will be remembered a great while longer than the equation of the

parabola. The latter may have done us more good—but what seems to be of little good is usually the most pleasant. We all like to be pleased, and we remember what pleases us.

Some day, after we have gone away from here, and only the big book, in which we promised not to swear or play cards, keeps our names in remembrance,—a musty immortality, at best!—a few of us, now and then, will stray back, to look at the place where we were boys together. Gray-headed, and beaten, perhaps, in all that we had once hoped for, we shall be; but the fence will not stand upon that. It is a constant friend. And there, upon it, some summer's afternoon, while the butterflies go by,

——“Playing in their Sunday dress,”

and the elms droop above us as of yore, we shall live over the past. The fence will be the magician, and we shall see again the old faces, and shall hear the old names, though they

“Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.”

Third Term Loafing.

THERE is a tradition commonly received throughout Christendom, to the effect that a special Providence watches over the interests of drunkards and children. To which of these classes the student should be assigned may be an open question, but all will support me, I am sure, in the assertion that some benign influence of this kind assisted in the arrangement of our college year. See how the seasons themselves are contrived for our convenience. First comes the fall term, a sort of initiation to college work. A forced and short-lived excitement about base ball, a very insignificant boating fever, the ephemeral joys of the rush, the few abortive attempts at a revival of the glorious old custom of hazing; these all serve to call back our minds from the indescribable luxuries and enjoyments of the long vacation. On the other hand, the renewed activity of our tutors, the warnings, marks and letters home, serve to show us what is coming. By the end of the fall term, the hard-working, sensible part of the college, my readers, in other words, are strengthened, so to speak, to wade through the necessary work of the curriculum. Then two weeks to take a long breath; a hasty plunge into city gayeties, or a furious destruction of country provisions, and we are irrevocably embarked in the winter term; and the mere writing of this sentence makes me shudder. I seem to see our loved city of elms draped in a modern version of Egyptian darkness—a darkness

which can very easily be felt, but which does not quite succeed in hiding the Stygian streams of slush which ooze down the sidewalks, the extensive lakes which persistently cover the campus, and the unlucky devils who flit about this chilly Hades, coming down occasionally with very unspiritual emphasis in some pool of especial depth. The picture is not pleasing, to be sure, and one might think that the kind genius of the student had in this case been transformed into a malevolent demon. But look deeper. Did we not come to college to study, and is not this purgatorial term provided on purpose that we may all square our accounts in this particular? The question answers itself, and with a start of mingled apprehension and relief, as when one awakens from a fearful dream, with faces careworn it is true, but lit up with hope, we turn our backs on everything unpleasant, and sail boldly out into the third term.

Now our good genius comes out strong, and the lakes and rivers of darkness give place to greens filled with beauty and streets filled with mud. Boating, ball, amusement of every kind, awaits our nod. The very shortness of the term enhances its value, while the prospects of happiness to come removes the uncomfortable air of evanescence which clouds most of the short-lived joys of this world. Philosophers, poets and sages have exercised themselves from time immemorial to give expression to their idea of happiness. If, as Horace says, you are willing to turn away from these standard physicians and trust the judgment of a poor apprentice, I give it as my candid opinion that that man is most to be envied who enters the summer term at Yale with good health, a clear conscience, and with a feeling that he has done his duty by the studies of the past year. But I am wandering from the subject with

which I set out. I must not go into raptures over the third term in general, but restrict myself to a consideration of its loafing in particular.

This loafing, while I think of it, is a bad word ; it does not express my meaning at all, but I can think of no better and hope it will be rightly understood. Without questioning in the least the proverbial connection between Satan and idle hands, I am an earnest advocate of loafing in the sense in which I use the word. Do you wish my reasons? I only ask you, if you have nothing else to do, to stroll with me down to the fence. As we stand here between these rows of trees and see the fellows collecting on our corner, while the notes of the first song are wafted toward us, I leave it to you if we do not get an impression of heaven upon earth which it would be hard to surpass. But this is not one of those earthly paradises whose charms are only visible from a distance, and our voices are soon doing their best to swell the harmony, and quite a part of the evening has passed before we saunter back to our rooms to read over the morning lesson.

But what do we do meanwhile, and what enjoyment is there in it, and why do our old graduates always dwell on the memories of the fence and always collect around it when their time comes at triennial? Well, really, not having the pen of a ready writer, I cannot say ; but this I know, that there the whole class meet on an equality ; that social and intellectual distinctions are disregarded ; that we poor fellows of a retiring disposition, whose ordinary life and conversation are often, I fear, very commonplace, can enjoy the jokes and familiar talk of you, the upper ten ; while you, I think, take a genuine and generous pleasure in giving us so much happiness. The jokes, the pleasant

sayings, the feeling of pride and affection in our class which seems to spring up anew in this assembling of ourselves together, the total absence of anything like exclusiveness or jealousy or bad feeling, the pleasant odor of cigars so different from the suffocating smoke of a close room, all the benign influences of nature combined ; no wonder that old gentleman on the balcony of the New Haven House looks down with envy and wishes above all things else that he was a boy again in college. But far ahead of all the rest is the singing. When the college jubilee singers first made their appearance and set the whole world to wondering where they found that rich melody so different from anything our art had produced, we were all glad to believe that this music and the capability for enjoying it had been mercifully given them as a support and consolation in the toil and suffering of their servitude. Now, if any one doubts that our college singing was given in the same way to cheer us in our study and keep us from other less innocent forms of amusement, I will have nothing more to do with the graceless infidel, except to ask him what other explanation he can give for the charm which our songs are universally acknowledged to possess ?

Hearthstones.

NESTLE! The winds are growing brave and cold. They rattle the shutters—they shake the doors—they come slyly in at the window-pane which some vagrant pebble hath shattered. There is a rushing sound of might, too, among the old elms without, but there is no melody. The leaves that used to rustle music have fallen. The harp is unstrung. The days, when we sat upon the grass, under the old trees in the College yard, panting with heat and wondering what kind of a sensation cold would be, are, for the present, gone. The sunbeams are pale and chill. The mornings are no longer cool, but cold. You shiver through Prayers and Recitation. Great coats and mufflers stalk the streets all day. The winds are whistling to the great fierce dogs of winter. They are coming. We seem to hear their baying, and the timid Summer-spirit, beautiful and delicate, has been frightened away. Winter is surely coming. Cheerful, old Winter with its rigors. Come then and sit down by my fireside. It is but an humble one. None of your great old-fashioned country fireplaces, where they pile the logs—real veritable logs on the great broad hearth, and the fire glows and roars fiercely—nor yet is it one of those cosy, city firesides, where a comfortable but fastidious elegance seldom warms itself into real ease; but a student's grate, warm, and burning so quietly as not to disturb the very even tenor of our thoughts. It has charms you will not find

elsewhere. Come and sit with me of an evening. Chill and cheerless without, it shall be glowing within. The old lounge shall be drawn up before the fire. That old lounge—who knows through how many academic generations it has been transmitted? It is old, and quaint, and full of comfort. Then too, the family of chairs! The venerable, one-armed, squeaking rocking-chair—a heritage from your College grand-father, which full of years and scars, seems, as it sits vacant by the grate, to seek your patronage. Tick! Tick! says the clock upon the shelf. Forth and back ever, in its arched journey goes the pendulum. Do not look at it. It will spoil the poetry. It is but a lean and little representative of the chronometrical race. Genus, wooden—species, Jerome's. How utterly insignificant when compared with your recollection of the old family clock at home—the heir-loom of a hundred years! How grand and majestic its portly figure, as you remember it standing in the hall, and looking most severely good-natured out its great, honest, Dutch face down upon the childish sports of yore, ticking ever on at its endless task, and hourly plying its great hammer, till the whole house echoed with its clamor! That is the clock for me! The guard over such jewels as hours and minutes should have some stateliness, as well as form and comeliness. It is a desecration of our ideas of propriety for men to set up such wooden images of time—to deprive this modern *lar* of all its dignity and durability. But never mind! It is cheaper. Wood costs less than brass, so the age demand a change. It has it, as it has everything else it needs. Tick! Tick! goes the clock such as it is. The minute hand shall make many a circuit before we sleep to-night. Heap the anthracite upon the fire! Let it crackle cheerily, and the grate glow.

Let the lamp be extinguished, and the dingy, indented ceiling blush in the mellow hues of the fire. Oh! there is no light like the firelight. Then your pale-faced student friend looks ruddy, and the smile of comfort that plays upon his face has a strange beauty. Two things it does which oil, or fluid, or gas cannot—it warms the body and the heart.

Bring out the cigars! Shedden's best! Let no unseemly look of repugnance come over face, manly or fair. Give us sweet smiles and silvery voices to beguile our solitary and idle hours, and we will be total abstinence. It is a bad habit. We know it. We feel it. Prof. S. says it is so, and we all believe. It is disgusting—it is a poison—it is enervating both for the time and permanently. It makes the strongest mind think less clearly, and provokes day dreams. It does no man good, and injures every votary. It is the very kin of intemperance. All this and more we know. We agree exactly, save in practice, and in the knowledge that it has a charm—a pleasure which cannot be guessed or told.

There are few companionships like the weed. So shall the smoke curl upward. So shall aerial wreaths encircle me. So shall my firelight gild them. So shall friendships be begotten and confidences provoked. Touch not the practice with too unkindly hands. Is there no beam in thine own censorious eye? See to it that this mote of thy brother's be not the lesser! Smoking is a *petit* vice, and a pleasant one. It is the student's solace. Within college a never failing source of comfort. It dulls the edge of the mind, making the pleasures less ecstatic, but ill more endurable. It makes hours glide dreamily. The nauseous weed of the Tyro has a pleasant savor to the adept. It has a charm of sluggishness

—makes slaves of the strong, and is an inexorable master. We will be slaves to-night! The smoke wreaths curl. We will talk of those never-failing subjects of conversation among students—the past and future. What stores of confidential disclosures! If you have aught of your self to tell that will lessen my esteem, let it be unspoken. But let nothing else be hidden. How days of yore come back to my memory. Pleasant days such as we will never see again. Boyhood glows, as it never glowed before. The thousand little cares and sorrows are swallowed up in oblivion. School days, with their queer ideas and adventures, swell the great train. The red country school house—the old schoolroom—the schoolmaster—venerable tyrant that he was, with his spectacles, his ferrule, his birch, his old sly manœuvres, to detect the guilty, his stentorian voice of reproof, his strong arm of justice, the whistle of the descending rod, the pain, the tears, the shame, his solemn, sorrowful looks—then his pleasant smile of approval, his little partialities, the long discussions among the little boys about sundry plans of retaliation when you are big, and the spell of admiration which chains you to the side of some great boy, who will flog the hated master if he touches him. How earnestly you desire to add a cubit to your own stature! You would not wait then. But somehow the time never comes with your great friend. You yourself have grown in stature and in wisdom, and your cherished plans of retribution have given place to feelings of gratitude. So the honest old schoolmaster goes unpunished. Oh! how time writes wrinkles on the brows, and changes on the hearts of men! Then you call to mind a thousand little frolics and adventures which were fraught with thrilling interest in those days, and are yet pleasant to remember. The early

fruit which was pilfered. There was the rude raft which went to pieces with you, in the middle of the pool, making infinite merriment. There was a great snake, seen in the pasture, which made you run screeching and shuddering away, while your companion, a fearless little fellow, stayed behind to defend his sister, and despatch the reptile. You admired that boy, and envied his nerves. You dreamed of the monster long after, and woke a dozen times just as it was about to encircle you in its slimy folds. You hate and fear the whole race, from the tiniest to the huge hissing monster that gives you a spasmodic shock from which you do not soon recover. How carefully you trod the old familiar paths near the spot for a long time afterward, always carrying a stick, and avoiding the tall grass and bushes, starting at every rustling sound, and terrified at your own foot-falls!

But there were dark days. Clouds crept over the spirit of your joyousness. There is no place, save the fire-side, where death brings such darkness as in the school-room. Take a man from the pulpit, the bar, the change, the plough, any sphere of active life, his circle of friends is larger, the public loss is greater. But the world grows old in bereavements, the feelings have grown callous, and there are no tears in every eye, no bitter grief and gloom in every heart, as at school. You remember a bright, fair, little girl, who had been your playmate before either could remember—a schoolmate always—your best friend. That was a Platonic love for her, but none the less a love. Her seat is vacant once again. There is inquiry. She is ill. Worse. Still, you hope. The old bell from the church wakes you at sunrise with its solemn tolling. You count anxiously the slow strokes. It is her age. You creep

sorrowfully down stairs. Mother says, Bessy is dead. Tears tell nothing of the bitterness of your sorrow.

Then there was the boy with the jetty black hair and great lustrous black eyes, with rosy cheeks and dimples, who sat next you, and knew all your secrets. He was lame, and timid as you were, you have fought many a battle in his defense. You would have died for him. His was a sweet character, and, with his beauty and goodness, he came next your heart. He was a brother. One Sabbath there came a sudden stroke of illness upon him. The next morning you went sadly alone to school. A great, good-natured girl bent over the next form and asked after your sick brother. You felt a choking sensation, and did not answer. The question came again. It was too much. You laid your head on the desk and sobbed aloud. Then the kind-hearted teacher came and laid his hand upon your head. He did not ask you why you wept. He did not chide. A great hot tear-drop fell burning on your hand. Oh! how kindly you felt towards him for that token of common love and common sorrow! How grateful you felt when he told you to lay aside your books and go home! You went across the fields by an unfrequented way, and were glad no one met you, or saw you weep, for you boyishly thought such irrepressible outbursts of grief unmanly. But that was not the saddest. Months after your brother slept, and did not wake. The toll of the bell—the kind attempts to console—the mournful solemnities, were all unheeded. You were completely absorbed with grief. When the earth rattled upon the coffin, and you turned away from that hallowed spot, no wonder a spell of utter loneliness and woe came over you. Many summers have made his grave green, but you love not his memory less. Often his image

mingles in your dreams, and when some old scene has been reënacted, he seems to float, on golden pinions, away from your vision. Is it all a dream?

But the fire in the grate is expiring. The clock tells the early hours. Your companion has been silent and you have not told half you would. Good Night! is exchanged, but not until you have appointed another time to resume your chat.

The Steam Devil.

Crack. Rrr—rrr—rrr. Bang.

I HAVE ridden on a street car when it has jumped the track, and with all the uneasy movements of camel-riding, has hurried from one large cobble stone to another ; I have stood on the street corner while the buzzing and palpitating and revolving snow-sweeper has swept past, leaving the cracks of the whip and snorts of the horses and the rattle of the machinery and the expostulations and ejaculations of the dozen or more men on the top of this infernal machine,—all these noises, mixed with the smoke from the flanks of the horses, and the steam that rises from the action of the rock-salt upon the snow, for lazy bystanders to think about.

I was awake at the very first moment of the year 1876, and lasted through that most extraordinary proclamation of the greatness and glory and freedom of the great American Eagle by every steamboat, steam-car and steam-whistle of every description, and by every cannon-mouth and gun-barrel and pistol within hearing.

The sound that sprang out at me from the steam register of a certain Durfee room as I entered late on a certain night, was different from all these. It began with a sharp report. Then there ran along for some little time some such a racket as the old-fashioned night-habilitated New England burgher raised when he sprang the rattle from his bedroom window to warn his good neighbors that his castle was threatened with thieves. This was a sort of basis for all the other

remarkable effects. It was demoniacal ; a gurgle and a death rattle, and an explosion at once.

There, my dear editor, you have unwittingly become the witness of a very grievous trial of mine. There's a sprite or an imp, or an ill-natured mangy spirit of some sort in those pipes that is worrying my flesh away. It sits in there and clatters all day. It snarls at me until my bedtime, and I leave it spitting and spluttering and snapping its fingers when I betake myself to bed. In the morning it hurries 'round through the pipes into my bedroom, and croaks and halloes, snorts and sneezes until it succeeds in filling the air with such unpleasant phantasms that desperation seizes me, and I rise to hurry away from it.

Well, my dear Aristocrat, roll that arm chair over there ; run me that table, so ; there, a couple of books—the light is just right as it is. Now, with my feet propped and my arms bolstered and my chair dropped back, just as I like it—to the last notch—I will keep guard and interview your imp or devil or whatever he may be. I will, so far as my experience and spirit may aid me, bid the thing stand and explain.

Eleven o'clock. Say, my dear fellow, open that door. You know I'm not a coward, but—and besides I want to see the little devil when he comes up there from underneath in the morning.

Goodnight. Eh? Oh, you didn't say anything, and you wish I'd keep still. Don't be ungrateful. Oh, yes ; I'll forgive you. Goodnight.

What abominable poor company these registers are, at night, anyway. Regular sphinxes. With nothing to poke, with not a blaze, not even a column of blue smoke to keep you company ; a bellows and a pair of tongs would be royal in comparison with this.

Hark ! why I can hear that little imp that I'm set to watch, now.

He's away up on the fourth floor middle entry, and it sounds as if there was a spiral staircase that ran 'round and 'round the inside of that two-inch steam pipe ; and as if the poor little fellow was drunk ; and as if he had slipped at the top, and was tumbling down—with his boots on.

Lack-a-day, the little fellow must have struck bottom then, and from the rattle in his throat I should think him pretty badly injured.

Hey ! Great Cæsar ! the little fellow spoke to me. Had hard luck up stairs ? They've all gone to bed, and you came down here for company ?

I wish I might pass you through a pipe full of this tobacco, but between me and thee there's the thickness of that iron pipe.

Where've they been ? Oh, you won't say. Fast set ? I guess they are a pretty fast set. Good company, eh ? Well, yes, I guess they are pretty good company.

It's strange that the men that get mellow the oftenest seem to need the mellowing the least ; that not the driest sticks drink up the most, that our funniest, wittiest, best-natured men seem to be the special objects of attack from the bottled devils, and that our men the best spirited naturally seem to demand the most artificial aids for their spirits.

Sad, you say ? Yes, it is sad sometimes ; and yet the ill effects of college drinking are oftener overestimated in the judgment of sensible critics of our life here, than underestimated. I have known—let me see, perhaps one, two—yes, three instances, where the quarrel between a masculine-bodied but feminine-minded fellow and the liquor demon—speaking as the crusaders

speaking—has been carried on in earnest; where, instead of being good-naturedly made fun of, the man has been clawed and hammered by his subtle antagonist in earnest; the man getting more and more in a passion, with his eyes blinded, his nerve and skill all gone, rushing in on his antagonist, reckless of consequences. Such quarrels are infrequent. They end only in the death of the man. These things, as a general thing, you know, are carried on in a different spirit; like the old-fashioned games, where a man got down on all fours for the merriment of himself and company. Generally—but I'm preaching to you; let's find a jollier subject.

Girl up there? No. Oh, the fellow's engaged? What do I think of it?

Well, it would be hard for me to tell you, old fellow, on such short notice. What a stampede there has been! Have I never been in love? Yes. Has anybody ever been in love with me? I—modestly think perhaps there has. But it has always been a sort of cross-ruff; when I held a hand she had none; and when she had a handful I had nothing to catch a single trick of hers.

You don't believe in college engagements? Nor I, old fellow. The period of a man's engagement is a trying one. "*Amare et sapere vix deo conceditur.*" Every consideration is due a man at such a time. He'd be a fool who'd expect any; but, without exhibiting madness of some sort, a man's bound to fail; no place so unfavorable for passion of any sort as this.

If a man's lady-love had a strong head and didn't succumb to him—but what nonsense. Am I susceptible? Yes, very susceptible. In that lies my safety, as I think. My ideal is a low-built woman,—in this I differ from Lord Byron, who says "he hates a dumpy woman"—with a clear eye, brown hair, quiet, that seems

to move limpidly through the world, and whose self-possession is proof against everything. She is a worthy inspiration, and a lucky stroke or a success gained in any way is worth double if it only reaches her ears.

A man might ramble a good while on the subject of college women? Yes, that's true; it's a big subject. Better not start one. Got all night ahead of us? Well, that's true.

They'd make a long list, and would stretch all the way from a man's sweetheart to his washerwoman. It would include the pretty shop girl rich enough only to dress in cottonades, who peeps at us promenaders, and the poor demoralized jade that has gotten so wound up in the bills of fare for breakfast and dinner as to lose all life and animation, as well as the pretty skinned, bright-eyed, jauntily-capped and well-shod beauties who come up to see us graduate. They all interest us in one way or another, so they are for the nonce, college women.

I wonder whether they pass from one station to the other? You think they do. But do I think it possible that the poor, tired-looking, prematurely old woman that is so often seen on the street, who takes the linen at seventy-five cents the dozen, was ever bright and pretty? You know it sometimes happens; not often, I hope.

Shop girls? Yes, a good many of them are bright.

If you could get out, you would go 'round and warn them all? My dear little fellow, it would be labor lost; and besides, it would make a cynic of you.

The light blue-eyed, brown-haired, spirited, innocent-hearted bar-maid, or shop-girl, or janitor's daughter, would be as hard to find as Captain Kidd's gold. It is the first shock that a college man receives in this life of surprises, blunders and failures.

Have I never met a bright-eyed, cleanly-built, neatly-dressed little maiden on some one of our thoroughfares? Has she never looked half-wistfully at me from the corner of a bright eye? Have I never offered assistance to such a one when "*in extremis*" from the roughness of the winds, or from the unmanageableness of a shawl when a corner wouldn't come 'round, or, having been dragged 'round, would escape from the tiny grasp and flap and flutter and furl and unfurl like a distress signal?

You're sending your questions at me pretty fast; but truthfully, I'll swear to answer them. Yes, then, to them all; but let me qualify it. Whether I risked never so much or never so little to answer such a signal, I have always found the craft that flew it in no danger. No demoralization aboard; everything was taut, not a spar gone, not a rope out of place, not a seam sprung. It ran the danger, but knew it. It took the risks, but charged for them.

I have always found a cool, calculating head in charge. The signal is a snare. The trepidation and embarrassment assumed. Take my advice—you don't like the way I talk.

Hullo! I've been asleep? and talking aloud? Where's the heat gone? Why, the register's cold. That little fellow wasn't bad company, by any means. He had the happy faculty of drawing a man out.

Two o'clock? Impossible. Get in bed with you? Thank you, my dear Aristocrat, I will. Anything to avoid dragging across that snow, under that cold moon, at such an hour.

Rainy Days.

Do you know the perfection of all cheerlessness here in College? Perhaps you will be troubled to make a judicious selection from the great bundle of similarities. If it is not a real rainy day I am mistaken.

Think of a rainy morning! The bell half through ringing before you wake from a dream of pleasant hours, or smiles, at home. The incessant dash of many drops against the window-panes; a damp, cold chill pervading the atmosphere. Dampness is on every thing. Even the water seems to leave an uncommonly humid sensation, as you dash it hastily upon your face to arrive at a state of tolerable wakefulness.

Then there is a peculiarly uncomfortable damp feeling in one's clothing, even to the old overcoat which has hung out of the reach of moisture for a month or two. So much for the pleasure of rising. Now for a plunge. The bell is in the second stage of a real funeral toll. The short, leaden sound, comes heavily through the rain in upon your ears. The quick vibrations which it emits, seem only to shake the rain-drops down more rapidly. You do not pause to locate your umbrella in the proper direction. You have no time to pick your steps daintily up the street and quietly saunter into Chapel. No! One vigorous plunge. A deluge of rain at once removes all recollection of any *moist* feeling, and imparts a decided impression that you are *wet*. Long strides Chapelward. You are going on from wet

to wetter. No matter for that. What is a cold, a cough, the hectic flush, perhaps a fever, perhaps tears, and mourning, to an absent mark, when you have already seven, eleven, or nineteen. One may bring your friends in haste, anxiety, kindness, may be sorrow, to your bedside. The other will be sure to cloud their smiles and will bring a stern rebuke from those whom you may desire to please. Well, haste has brought you to the Chapel. Bustle in quickly or you are late! Oh! the comfort of sitting down to drip on a nice, soft, board seat. But you all know that, Prayers fall like the rain-drops upon the cold earth, unfelt into many hearts. God grant that with a warm sun they may yet germinate many virtues.

You dodge from Chapel to the recitation-room. The spice of variety is there. The room is a little colder than usual—perhaps a trifle damper. What six-penny rushes—what complacent fizzles—what unmitigated flunks are reserved for rainy mornings! The Tutor tries to be brisk. The students don't care. The room is cheerless. Hearts are cheerless. Faces seem to have vowed an eternal enmity to smiles. It is a rainy morning. The last "*sufficient*"—the next lesson—the request for some luckless fellow to remain—the final bow are the only circumstances which seem to elicit anything like a manifestation of joy. Beat a retreat to your room before breakfast. Cold, uninviting, damp as ever. The rain patters a little harder. The wind has freshened a trifle. It may be colder. There is no cheerfulness at the breakfast table. Cold coffee—cold buckwheats—a general coldness. The man who can keep up an equilibrium of spirits on a rainy morning has indeed a good disposition. Now for the day's toil. There is no real vigorous study to-day. A good fire does not warm up your spirits.

There is no exercising out of doors. A glance into the street is quite sufficient to quench any such unnatural desire. The gutters are in their glory—a perfect holiday for them. People go by shrouded under overcoats and umbrellas, and with their thick boots they splash heavily and ill-natured along. One poor hack, shut up closely, with its black form glistening in the rain, a wet driver and a span of disconsolate-looking horses, creeps slowly through the street. So in alternate trying and failing to study, and gazing vacantly into the rain without, the day passes. You cannot smile if you would. There is nobody to return a pleasant look. The countenances of your best friends are cheerless as the sky above, and their smiles are like to-day's sunbeams—latent in the thick cloud that sweeps unceasingly along and incessantly drops its moist treasures around you.

Oh! the delight of Evening Prayers, on a rainy day. There are as many umbrellas as there are individuals, and what drippings! How pleasant to the touch a cold, wet umbrella! Anacondas are toys to them. There is a clamminess about them which reminds one of something indescribably wet and terribly uncomfortable to the touch. Then how good natured everybody is. Did you ever have a beaver new—nearly new or old even—crushed beneath the weight of its superincumbent responsibilities, and do you know the particular graciousness with which all owners are wont to regard the operation? Perhaps you do—perhaps not. I own a beaver which was ten times a victim to the stupidity of my neighbor in Chapel. I cured him of his habit of victimizing his poor, innocent *chapeau* on the eleventh occasion. Each one of these accidents occurred on rainy evenings.

Now comes the best part of a rainy day—its exit. A

smoking cup of Hyson superinduces a state of semi-cheerfulness, in which the truth that rainy days do not (or at least not usually) last always, is vividly and hopefully impressed upon the mind. A lesson is droned through early. A nice, generous fellow, who knows your rainy humor, comes in to waste a good Havanna and an hour with you. That man would be a martyr, only he wants the opportunity to consummate the natural promptings of his heart. The evening wears away. Your friend takes his leave. The storm is lulling. The wind has an empty, fitful sound, as if wasting strength. The rain patters more gently. Old Morpheus comes sailing down upon you on his great linen pinions, and his very jolly bolster-like phiz stares you in the face. You sleep to dream pleasantly, and wake to the joy of a fresh, clear, cloudless sky, and genial sunbeams, or to the unexpressed and inexpressible misery of a second rainy day in College.

A Night in "Our Entry."

A MEMBER of this entry is different from other men. Even the bricks which compose this venerable building in which we live, have lost the bright red which bricks ought to have, and it is said that their vitality has been exhausted in imparting a portion of their spirit to those who may come within their influence. I recall to mind one young man, once pure and upright in all his ways, the smoke of whose cigar now daily rolls through his coal closet into my room, and whose spare quarters vanish like my wood when I leave any here during vacation.

And there are also traditionary tales of brave deeds performed by those who have gone before us, which greatly arouse the spirit of the "man in this entry." He lives on the very spot of their occurrence. They are related to him by the gentleman who makes beds. They become inwrought into his very nature, and he goes and does likewise.

Such is the general influence of a home in this college. But circumstances cannot cause all natures to conform to the same mould, and there are differences observable even among us. There is a moral and there is an immoral portion, and in this respect there is an analogy to other communities. Though there is no approach to the extremes either of good or evil, yet the line of separation between the two parties is distinctly drawn.

The moral portion occasionally spend an evening in a quiet game of whist. To this there cannot possibly be

any objection, when it is considered how pure are their motives, and how blessed is the end attained. The cards are by this means kept out of the hands of those in whom correct moral principles are not sufficiently established ; and the only refreshment used is molasses candy. There is also a slight difference in the customary beverages of the two. This, however, I consider of little account, as I have tasted both frequently, and find both extremely good. With these general remarks, by way of introduction, I will attempt to describe what this entry does after dark.

It is Saturday night. Tea is over, and all have returned to their respective rooms. Outside, perchance, the rain is falling cheerlessly and heavily on the drip-stones, but within the ruddy glow and genial warmth of a coal fire dissipate all uncomfortable feelings. A quiet sensation of comfort and satisfaction gradually arises. Neighbors are called in, lemons, hot water, &c., are procured, and a glass of *hot lemonade* increases the inward comfort and satisfaction. We desire to do good to others, and the plaintive notes of "Cocachelunk" lull to sleep those whose Sabbath and whose time of retiring to rest begin simultaneously with the going down of the sun. Later in the evening I take a walk through the entry, preparatory to a quiet sleep. I find much to engage the attention and gratify the senses, and therefore my absence is somewhat protracted. I enter one room and discover that my visit is very opportune. A coal-scuttle filled with oysters stands on the hearth. The occupant, unencumbered by a coat, lays them one by one gently on the coals. Soon he withdraws them from their resting-place, closes his eyes, and after a few preliminaries, nothing remains behind but the shells.

I stand for a short time outside the door, but the

darkness and cold of the entry are not congenial to my feelings, and I call on another of my friends. He is evidently enjoying himself. A warm fire and an easy chair make him comfortable, while the smoke, issuing lazily from the bowl of his meerschaum, gives a pleasant turn to his thoughts. This scene of happiness overcomes my good resolutions, and I take a pipe. The red light of the fire, reflected from the ceiling, harmonizes well with the quiet satisfaction which I think would accompany our occupation if the weed were not so strong. I engage in interesting conversation till he falls asleep, which he does in a few minutes.

Overpowered at length by weariness and warm lemonade, I go to bed. But my slumbers are short, for a new scene is introduced, the object of which is to make a noise; and a noise *is* made.

A party have been searching in a neighboring cellar, and have discovered a large collection of bottles, all empty. They heave a sigh over this evidence of depravity of past generations, and immediately think that these will furnish a new source of amusement to the sleepers and themselves. They come up from the cellar, regretting that the lock was accidentally broken in their efforts to open the door. They are moral men and would gladly do these things in a moral way; but their system of ethics has not yet taught them how to enter a cellar when the door is locked, without impairing in some degree the security of the fastening.

Regretting their inability to restore things to their pristine condition, they return to the entry and engage in the pleasing employment of throwing some of the thinnest glass-ware against my door. I am somewhat concerned lest they should injure the paint, and think

that I will remonstrate with them, but finally conclude that it will be the safer course to remain where I am.

The noise at length ceases. I step out to look. A piece of glass enters my foot, and I am prevented from attending Sabbath morning prayers. The person who rooms over my head, and who has been sitting on the side of his bed and drumming with his boot-heels for a good half hour, at length becomes quiet. The clock strikes twelve, and "Our Entry" is still.

Under the Eaves.

"In tattered old slippers that toast at the bars,
And a ragged old jacket perfumed with cigars,
Away from the world and its toils and its cares,
I've a snug little kingdom up four pair of stairs."
—THACKERAY'S BALLADS.

AMONG the conditions necessary to the thorough enjoyment of college life I reckon a "den" in the fourth story, and an open stove. He who glories in the possession of only one of them, has but approximated to the true style of living—while that man who hauls up at Commencement day, without a practical acquaintance with either, at some point during the previous four years, should rather be pitied and frowned upon by the conservative portion of the community, than he, who, visiting Rome, neglects to see St. Peter's. Perhaps my opinion is so warped by my own experience as to lead me to set an undue estimate upon the advantages arising therefrom. But I never pass the door of a room on the first story without a shudder, as I recollect the gloomy hours of a long winter spent in hugging a miserable, rickety, cylinder stove, on the lower floor of North Middle. The winds howl through the entry, and the windows keep up a continuous rattling as though the old hulk of a building was in the last agony of an age; while, ever and anon, the huge old entry door would slam with the belching noise of cannon. In the lulls between the rolling reverberations which rang through the hall,

my feelings were none the more mollified by the loud laughter and noisy merriment which jolly denizens of upper stories could afford to indulge in. As a consciousness of the dismal nature of my quarters drove me involuntarily nearer that antiquated apology for a stove, I pictured in glowing colors the joyous, whole-hearted jollity of an upper story room—and registered then and there a determination to take up my abode as near the roof as possible, and at the first convenient opportunity.

When spring time came, too, and the kindly sun warmed every thing into new life, for most localities ; when vegetation unfolded everywhere and flooded the land with new beauty ; when songs of birds and balmy airs floated in at fourth story windows—a loathsome miasma hung about that lower floor, and a sickening damp settled on my very soul. Then rheumatic pains smote me hip and thigh, bad colds were rife in the land, excuse papers in extensive demand, and whiskey punches venial. Thrifty Nature never fails to follow up her advantages, and when proper provision for any of her favorites has once been secured, without further ado she installs them in their new estate. On this principle I soon found an extensive field for botanical research opened before me. 'Multifarious fungi vegetated upon inviting books and boots already prepared for their accommodation—and the mould epoch was upon me ; a stifling chillness prevaded my very bones, and I abandoned once and forever, all belief in the theory which denies to cold the nature of a positive force—Sir Isaac Newton and the French Academy to the contrary, notwithstanding. The man who has dwelt, as I have, amid the pestilential damps which in spring-time "love to linger" around — North Middle, knows from experi-

ence that the vampire which fastened upon him is something more than a negation.

In the first place, the consciousness of being top of the heap, is a genuine satisfaction. And as you mount to successive lofts, finally to emerge in that purer, healthier atmosphere which circulates over the topmost, suggestive of the clear-toned intellectual work which it allows and fosters, like the "Autocrat's" Nautilus, you feel that your heart, too, has risen into more ethereal regions, and rid itself of some of the shackles which clogged it below. A feeling of relief is habitual to a dweller under the eaves when he gains his room—a sense as it were of having escaped from a close and stifling smoke. It is, therefore, no wonder that so many of those genial authors of the "Sketch Book" and "Ik Marvel" school, who make their way to the heart, by a mysterious, electric kind of sympathy, whose instincts are so ready and pure, whose thoughts are as clear-ringing and harmonious as the sounds of silver bells, should be found under the eaves, away up and above the noise and tumult and grovelling bickerings of more sublunary regions. And the universality of the fact, that such men never pitch their tents on a platform much lower than the eaves, cannot be accounted an accident, nor explained upon any such grounds as that the state of authors' finances generally necessitates it. The reason lies deeper, and can be found only in this feeling of relief from restraint, escape from interferences.

Nobody but your friends and the printer to the Wooden Spoon Committee, ever come to the fourth story;—and, provided you have settled your own dues to this latter functionary, and do not rejoice in a chum who never ventures down Chapel street in day-light, for fear of encountering him—you may rest assured that every

tap at your door is a friend's tap. That abominable practice of habitually keeping one's door locked, from morning till night, and deliberately turning a deaf ear to every knocker, therefore, does not obtain in the fourth story. There is no temptation in the first place ; and, in the second place, none of your one-horse men, who have so little of a gentleman's and a classmate's feeling as to be willing to sit still and hear a disappointed visitor go away without an invitation to walk in, ever get so high up in the world.

Such a situation imparts a sense of power in the consciousness of your ability to indulge in noise to your heart's content without the possibility of retaliation. Everything, too, betokens a loftier grade of existence, when you reach the fourth story. No Tutors room there. And even the cigar-smoke, which floats in mazy clouds through the entry, grows more fragrant, as you mount the stairs, till the aromatic odors which greet the olfactories on the topmost flight waft the imagination to that great and glorious section of our country, where tobacco is not all oak leaves, and which, during our Freshman year, we characterize as the "sunny south." Dwellers on the fourth story invariably smoke good tobacco.

Above all, when

"Long, long thro' the hours, and the night, and the chimes,
Here we talk of old books, of old friends, of old times ;
As we sit in a fog made of rich Latakie,
This chamber is pleasant to you, friend, and me."

But

"When the candles burn low and the company's gone,
In the silence of night, as I sit here alone—"

a peculiar charm invests the place ; a sense of downright comfort, of utter independence, of individuality,

comes over me. The droning, soothing hum of voices, underneath, is the only sound without ; every unpleasant feeling, and all unrest, is lulled to sleep ; and the monotonous ticking of the clock makes music for the thoughts which come trooping rhythmically along to find expression and embodiment in fireside lyrics. Student-feeling, that mysterious, undefinable charm which pervades college life, and hangs a halo of golden memories around the spring-time of our youth—has then its maximum development, sways us perfectly. And every man who can look with pleasure in after-life upon the four years spent here, and has roomed in the fourth story, must feel that such moments as these impart a warmth and glow to the heart which can be got nowhere else than in college, and not even here out of the fourth story. Those who have neglected their last chance for a college room, under the eaves, have made a mistake which can never be remedied,—an assertion, of the truth of which they can be easily convinced, by a visit to the home of warm hearts, and head-quarters of good times, a den under the eaves.

“ To mount to this realm is a toil, to be sure,
But the fire there is bright and the air rather pure ;
And the view you behold on a sunshiny day
Is grand thro’ the old trees over the way.”

Who and Where?

IT MAY not possess the slightest interest, indulgent reader, for you to learn that I am a senior and have moved into College. Yet I announce the fact as the briefest way of acquainting you with my position, both intellectually and bodily.

It serves to set forth one's surroundings and associates to be thus particular at the outset. The paltry A. B. will proclaim your dignity after graduation. The august alphabet of scholastic graduation will announce you doctor of divinity, laws or physic, in short anything you please; but what abbreviation, what perfection of symbology can shadow even faintly the position and attainments of a senior? A graduate seems old, and his cares are on the increase. He may put on a white cravat, and with looks of mild expectation wait for a call till his coat is rusty; he may seek to pocket the fee of some scapegrace whom his legal acumen has delivered from jail or the halter; or he may take to bolus and purgatives. At all events he must do something, and it is serious business in any shape. But to have reached the last year of a College course, is to have outgrown the verdancy and follies of juvenility, without encountering the responsibilities of mature age and busy life. I may be deceived, but this seems just my position now. In College too—North College of course. It matters not what entry. I hate sectionalism. To room out of College is to be about half "towny."

The real genuine student life is found in an entry well packed with jolly fellows, with no landlady on the lower floor and no squad of female Celts or Teutons who march in a small caravan, night and morning, from cellar to attic. The change is quite an era in my life. It is a new thing to be a house-holder, buying carpets, towels and brooms. My room is right pleasant with its snug easy-chairs, and bracket lamp, and those curtains, not turkey red after the fashion of the vulgar—but heavy woolen, with green, red and yellow stripes.

O, it's a gay room, and it's jolly to think it is my room. Chum of course thinks the same thing. Some little conveniences are wanting, to be sure: I miss the matutinal visit of a certain Celtic maiden, whose skill imparted rare smoothness to my sheets. It is rather hard, after struggling with evil spirits through the day, to sleep in a bed bedeviled by a college sweep. There are some little annoyances too—it is easy enough to bear all the yelling and rowing of nights. In fact I can join right lustily in making a noise myself; but since rooming in college, music has grown to be my special abhorrence. The man above me has a melodeon, the man under me has a fiddle.

The orphean notes of a flute warn me that my neighbor across the hall is just beginning to learn the capabilities of that instrument; while lastly, the chap through the partition rejoices in a piano of most extraordinary properties, the most prominent of which is a strong magnetic sympathy with the performer, whereby, strangely enough, bad playing makes bad music. The melodeon buzzes, the fiddle shrieks, the flute gasps and the piano agonizes, not to mention frequent serenades under my window by fellows who will persist in the mistake of affirming with musical emphasis oft repeated, that I'm "a jolly good fellow."

The man above me has a propensity to study with united powers of head and feet, registering each newly acquired idea by a stout thump of his foot ; I suppose his head is like a patent omnibus, and nothing can go into it without an entrance signal, for one day when he was still, I noticed that he flunked in division. Besides all this, my chum, who can't sing more than a hen, has joined the class of amateur vocalists who practice in the chapel on Monday nights.

It is quite pathetic to hear his intonations of the scale, or his trembling efforts at the unvarying base of some exercise. He says he doesn't expect ever to reach any professional excellence, but it is so pleasant for one's friends and in society to be able to sing *well*, (how he emphasizes that word) and then he starts off into an uncertain rendering of "Belle Brandon," which he unconsciously runs into "Bob Ridley O." He has voice enough, but his ear is at fault. Our entry is of course dedicated to the Muses. I've a serious notion of setting up a bust of Apollo in our room, both as an ornament, and in hopes that the god of music may take pity on my chum and change him into a nightingale, or enable him to appreciate the difference between singing base, and a promiscuous meandering through the whole gamut of grum gathered tones. But music is only one of the amusements adopted here. There are others well chosen to beguile both the passing hour and the passing student. There has been a rage here for getting minerals, stocking aquaria, keeping dogs and other such pursuits ; but senior year has inaugurated a new state of things. Numbers have conceived warlike tastes, and task themselves with experiments in gunnery and observations on the laws of projectiles. Some exhibit marks of decided genius in the dexterity

with which they manage small putty-guns and pea-blowers. I have noted that their aims seemed to be low. One feels quite brave to stand fire before windows bristling with pop-guns, squirt-guns and water-pitchers. At first it seemed rather funny to me than otherwise, but after getting bestuck with putty, pelted sorely with beans, and twice drenched with water, I have set my face "like a flint" against such procedure.

It destroys confidence in mankind and makes a man the slave of fear. Who that has heard the warning cry of "Heads out" but has shrunk from the possibility of ducking or bombardment? I am reminded strongly of the dangers and mishaps of Juvenal's time, and when I walk under the walls of North College the force of his words is complete:

*"Adeo dot fata, quot illa
Nocte patent vigiles, te prætereunte fenestræ,"*

and when water splashes about me and compels me to an unsought ablution, I devoutly add

*"Ergo optes, votumque feras miserabile tecum
Ut sint contentæ patulas defundere pelves."*

“Where do you Room?”

“Where the squirt-gun ever squirteth.”

—PRIZE POEM.

I do not room in college. If you do I pity you ; and not without reason do I thus make you the object of my pity. Does a college room remind you of home? I like to have my room taken care of by a woman, no matter whether she be a Celt, or of African extraction. A man was never made to sweep. He handles the broom awkwardly, raises a mighty dust, and finally doesn't sweep out your room. Look in the corners, under the chairs, lounges, and table. Does it look as though the broom had been there recently? Has your furniture ever been properly dusted by a man? A man can't dust. With a coarse piece of canvas he rams and jams your furniture, as if he were preparing for a prize-fight. Man is a negative power in the varied formula of house-keeping ; yet men take care of the rooms of those who room in college. Did you ever sleep, with any comfort, in a bed that was made by a man? Ugh ! The sheets are all in wrinkles. They persist in being nearer the head of the bed than the blanket, and the blanket agrees with the quilt to open a communication with the atmosphere and the foot of the bed. Pleasant to sleep in such a bed, isn't it? Yet you pay a good deal for such pleasure. How much money and intellectual labor did you spend in fitting up your room? You will never get half-price for that furniture when you leave. That carpet looks gorgeously, but those rain-

bow tints are perishable. The mat at the door will not save it, for students will not always wipe their feet. Spittoons will not save it, entreaties, yea, even tears, will not preserve it from stains, and rents, and quick decay. That furniture will soon be broken and cut, because students will know that you, and not a landlord, own it. Yet, rooming in college is nice !

My sweep never disturbs me while I am studying, or wrapt in meditation. *My* room is taken care of while I am at breakfast, and when I return everything looks clean and comfortable ; my stove has been cleared out, and the fire renewed ; my books arranged in order in my secretary ; my gown and slippers placed where they should be. Not a bit of dirt can I detect. In such a room one can study. Who can foretell the approach of the college-sweep, or who can predict the time of his departure ? When you would be studying, then he is with you. He cometh in without knocking, and if you are studying it makes no difference ; the college-sweep waits for no man. Oh, horrid ! to be choked and filled with dust, when one is studying. You throw aside your books, and watch the ruthless invader of your domestic happiness, and as you see him bring confusion out of chaos, half sweep your room, half make your bed, you think : Well, it's a glorious thing to room in college ! When I study, I like to have some essence of quiet pervading my atmosphere. Now there can never be any noise in my house except when I make it, or the Freshman who has the room next to me weeps and wails for the lost pleasures of the parental roof. He is easily quieted, however, by the mild suggestion, on my part, that if the Sophs. should hear him, they would smoke him out. Moreover, there is nobody rooming above me to throw water upon me whenever I

put my head out of the window to view the face of nature, or note the passer-by. No treacherous cry of "Heads out," salutes mine ears. No "squirt-gun," annihilating space, throws a volume of water into my window, destroying the neatness of my attire. I rise in the morning, and find that no one has amused himself during the night by breaking my windows. I am not bored, hour after hour, by loafers. I am not locked in my room because I leave my key on the outside of the door. I do not have to lend charcoal and kindling-wood to my friends, who happen "to be out," and always fail to return what they borrowed. A box of matches lasts me a week. I can make a noise in my room without being disturbed by a tutor. A nigger does not poke his wool into my room every day, and interrogate me thus: "Eny appleths?" Ugh! No old Jew disturbs my study hours by opening my door, and saluting me thus: "Fine day? any old clothes, my dear?" No ragged thief comes to my door and asks for half a dollar, "to kape himself and family of fiftain children from starvin." No little girl, with the appearance of Sappho on a drunk, besieges my door for a "penny." No professor surprises me by an unexpected call. No student, lost to all sense of honor, steals my door-mat, or writes something "wery phunny" on my door.

In fine, I do not room in college. I may lose much of college life; but what I have lost is less than that which I have gained. Not that I am not social; I love to be with men, see their varied characters, listen to the good joke, and hear a hearty outburst of humor. But there are times when we wish to be alone, when privacy and silence are the most genial companions, and meditation undisturbed brings a fund of enjoyment.

I not only room in town, but I room alone. I have no chum. Those who room in college generally have chums. I do not like a chum. I may be odd, but I have never yet seen the domestic felicity of having a chum. The desires, feelings, and sentiments of no two men are alike. From this law of our nature arise jealousies, dissensions, and world-wide separations. Therefore, you never find a chum who thinks as you do, who acts as you act, or who conducts himself according to your rule of conduct. If I wished to admire and respect a man, I would never chum with him, for then I should see his weak points, and, in the estimation of character, man never fails to fully consider weak points. There are various kinds of chums. There is the noisy chum. He always bangs the door after him, bangs the books, bangs the curtains, and, ten chances to one, completes the programme by banging you. He never studies when you study, he either whistles, hums, drums, or talks, just when you wish to have things quiet. He even can't study without making a noise. He drops his book frequently, turns over leaves as if they were so many grind-stones, studies aloud, or, if you request him to study to himself, sets up a confounded buzzing. I should perfectly despise a dirty, careless chum, for such there are. He considers dirt the unmistakable sign of genius. He never wipes his feet on the mat, pulls off his boots and throws them anywhere but in the closet. Scarcely ever brushes his hair, or puts on purified linen. Never hangs up his coat, shawl, or cap. He either puts his feet in a chair, or on the table. He never puts his books in the secretary, but piles them up on the table, or throws them on the floor. If he fills the lamp, he is sure to tip it over; or, if he writes a letter, he overturns the inkstand. If

you remind him of his fault, he grins and says, "Thunder! I don't care." The literary chum must be perfectly unendurable. He has wisely concluded to study enough to keep in college, and devote the rest of his time to literature. His mind is too gigantic in its faculties and capacities, to be trammelled by study. If you are studious, he looks down upon you, and speaks of your contracted notions of life, and its work. He is always reading and troubling you with the few ideas he has collected. He affects an acquaintance with all ancient and modern authors, and to complete the monkeyism of his literary attainments, corresponds with some newspaper, and writes sage criticisms upon college life being devoted to study. He calls Junior Exhibition and Commencement shams, because none but scholars speak on these occasions. He thinks literary men like himself ought to be allowed to come upon the stage and show forth the true intellectual culture of the student. I only hope that men of this stamp, of whom we have many in college, will grow wiser as they advance in years.

What shall I say of the musical chum?

I would never have an amateur musician for a chum. The whistling of operatic airs, psalm-tunes, and negro melodies is decidedly entertaining when you are trying to master "Hamilton," or appreciate the easy flowing style of "Guizot." Does your chum sing in the choir? If he does, murder him; for often has he made the psalm-tune to send forth a hideous discord. Your chum plays on his flute, piano, melodeon, cornet, fiddle, and horn, in study hours; therefore I wish you would break his instruments, for often has he made me utter many things derogatory to his character as a musician and gentleman.

I will pass by the rowdy chum, with his nocturnal inebriations and daily headaches, and the stingy chum, who won't buy matches, and barely pays for his share of things, and conclude my enumeration by considering the character of the squirty chum. He devotes himself almost exclusively to dress. The first duty in the morning with him is to select a cravat and a beau-ideal choker. His study-hours are devoted to the adornment of his outer-self, and the hourly parade of Chapel street. To be disturbed when one is studying by such a sickly display of humanity, is distressing. The society of such a youth gives one a moral fever and ague. He interrupts your meditations with a discourse upon his personal attractions, his popularity with the ladies. To him the cultivation of whiskers is the progressive movement of civilization, and the perfect set of a coat the acme of human happiness. Deliver me from such a *nice* young man. To save myself from the possibility of getting one of these chums, I do not room in college. Man has enough to do with the frailty of human nature, without being shut up in the room with it. How delightful to be sick when one rooms in college! It is a wonder that you ever recover, when once you are stretched upon a "pallet of straw," in one of those dark, dismal bed-rooms, where nothing is heard but the majestic tread of the bed-bug, or the attenuated voice of the cricket. Your meals are brought to you—cold—in fit order for the digestion of a pirate. Notwithstanding you are sick, there is as much noise as ever around the buildings. And as you endeavor to get a little sleep amid the universal racket, you wish you didn't room in college. I may be sick, therefore I do not room in college.

I am contented with my rooms, neatly furnished,

always kept in order and cleanliness. Here I study, and here I see my friends. When I wish quiet here I have it, but when I desire to hear a bedlam of sounds, have my head fired at by innumerable articles, my clothes drenched by an omnipresent squirt-gun ; in fine, when I wish to see "college-life," as it is called, I lock my door and go over to the college buildings, and come back with rapid pace.

Hobbies.

In number X, South Middle, rooms he whom every one calls a dig. He will not receive you very enthusiastically, nor press you to sit down if you step in to see him; and while you stay he will keep casting impatient and significant glances at his book. He is working for stand, getting good out of his college course; he never slurs over a point, nor leaves a task unperformed; and when he meets you as he goes rushing from recitation to his books, or from his books to recitation, he casts at you a piteous glance of contempt as he recalls with inward satisfaction the wretched fizzes which you are in the habit of making, in contrast with his own clean and faultless recitations. I doubt if the subject of the dig will ever be fully exhausted, and if all the theoretical contempt felt for him will ever be heaped upon his unfortunate head, but particularly there is one aspect to which I have never heard reference. I, for my part, am Epicurean enough to agree with the extremest ideas of those who would refer everything which we do to a standard of pleasure. One man finds his chief delight in dissipating, another revels in floating freely on the feathery foam of fashion; another makes muscle his god, and bows before him; while a fourth reads with the greatest of pleasure the beauties of the literature of all ages. These four classes of men who work for pleasure, are the ones who find most fault with "digs." Did it never occur to them

that these poor individuals may feel as intense a satisfaction in poring hour after hour over what is stupid and repulsive to ordinary men, as they do in their pleasures, which are, perhaps, more easily understood?

Every man in college is in some sense a man of one idea. Notwithstanding our boasted educational system, there is little versatility of talent among us. Everybody everywhere has his hobby, but no where is he more apt to ride it to the exclusion of everything else, than at college. Talk to any of us and see. Observe how far beyond the ordinary exchange of civilities you can go in fluent conversation with a college man unless either he or you strike your one idea. Let the society man run along, and in how short a time will he begin to retail New Haven gossip; to tell you about this party or that, which he has attended; to give you his opinion about Miss Jones and Miss Brown, whom he considers the handsomest young ladies in the city, but at the same time, he thinks that although the features of the former are faultless, she is somewhat lacking in animation and vivacity; while the other, though animated and vivacious enough, has her beauty somewhat marred by a lisp, which is extremely disagreeable to him. Casually remark to the heavy literary man by way of light conversation, that you have a composition to write on the "Founding of Constantinople," and then, if you do not want to have a long list of books, beginning with Ruskin and continuing *ad infinitum*, together with this gentleman's opinion hurled at you, you had better vanish at once. Ask a votary of art, ironically, if he had a pleasant call on some ancient lady whom you heard he had to go and see, and listen as he replies, "Oh, yes; she paints beautifully," and then makes a graceful transition to some learned remarks on the Jarves col-

lection. But above all, if you would see this idea illustrated, take a walk with the man who is working for class honors, and behold with what astonishing celerity he will hang himself, at least in your estimation, if you will only give him rope enough, as he unwittingly unravels all his hopes and all his expectations.

The good of a college course has often been said to lie in the greatest degree in its social aspect. And its social aspect in turn, finds its utmost perfection in dormitory life. Here the pure gold and the dross are quickly detected. Men who have lived at home or have been otherwise isolated, may pass for pleasant fellows to those who see them only long enough to bow to them. But when you see a man every day, are in his society constantly, hour after hour, all the lights and shadows of his character are quickly revealed. I do not form my estimate of what a man is worth by his conduct at any one time, be he wonderfully brave or wonderfully cowardly then. I take a sort of mean of how he acts under all the different circumstances under which I see him placed. Here you cannot shut your mouth and look wise, and pass for a genius. Here no allowances are made for your foibles and varying moods. No one cares for you more than for any one else; and if you do not choose to make yourself agreeable, there are plenty who do. What a bracing effect on one's powers of conversation and one's ability to carry himself carefully and agreeably, will the thought of his position in popular esteem for three years, have on any reflecting man!

PEN PORTRAITS.

The Man About College.

YOU may perhaps remember that when Mrs. Feathery Flake had assembled at a charming dinner a company composed exclusively of illustrious *savants* in the hope of an accompanying feast of reason and a display of mental fireworks, she was greatly disappointed in the event by reason of the intellectual inhospitality of the guests, who found no level unroughened by acrid contradictions. John Stuart Mill advised, "know something of everything and everything of something." And I am inclined to think that he who is regarded as the model student is neglectful of the former section of the motto, while I know that college life is relieved from a state of awful grind by the presence of those who, as Elia says, are not "entirely ignorant of anything." I am heartily glad that our tables are not surrounded by pedantry. However, I do not wish to sketch the "superficially omniscient" character, but intend to introduce an old though unclassified friend under a vague name which is recognized more in English Universities than in our own.

Old !—for what set does not know the president of the eating-club senate? Vague !—yet appropriate, though I would not have you confound it with the "man about town" or "the loungeur in society." Distant equally from the dig and the prodigal, distinct from the popular and not to be mentioned in the same breath with the unpopular man, yet a definite type in the student world, he is

conspicuous by a delightful unobtrusiveness,—this man about college, whose necktie betokens ease and whose whole appearance denotes a quiet sociability. The popular man belongs to his class, chums with your enemy and is everybody's friend, but the man about college has a lesser orbit and is confined to his club and crowd. Acquainted with the many he is intimate of a *coterie*.

You all know a man who never seems to have anything to do, a heedless scholar, an *habitué* of the theatre, and a retailer of small-talk, who, possessed of a pleasing voice, leads the singing at the club or on the campus when the night is song-inspiring and whom you cannot censure if you try. Indeed, one to whom it is possible to pay more compliments and less praise than to any other in our midst. Why he comes to college is easily explained. His father was college-bred; it is the thing to do, and he does not mind having a liberal education. He shows a woeful lack of ambition and is the despair of indulgent professors, but he is the embodiment of social sympathy and occupies the grassy slopes apart from the cold, commanding summits and the wild though attractive precipices of the collegiate steep. The man pursuing his own interests has no time to think of yours, and presents a cold front to your advances, nor has the fast man the desire to enter into the serious side of your life. Here then this man has his place in the body collegiate. He is, fortunately, as liberal in his ideas as in his studies; can talk on as many subjects as a reporter, and intelligently, on all; does a number of things with fair skill, excels in no games, although you have a suspicion that he could if he tried, (luckily he does not), and neither demands nor deserves success. He is, in fine, simply the man *about* college.

I have limited him to a circle of friends because he is

not what is known as a prominent man. He neither aspires to the councils of legislation nor desires scholastic eminence and professional glory. But in sociability he is the most attractive of his fellows. He is something of a cheerful philosopher and his point of view enables him to see a very comfortable side of life. He has an attractive store of knowledge of a kind unknown to other men, derived from observation and experience. Neither is his stock of conversation merely laughing-gas, nor in his nature is there any part of the mordant trinity of envy, jealousy and scurrility. He is, too, an engaging listener, so that he both invites and gives confidence. He is your best friend. To parody Byron, he not only has

"The art of drawing people out,
Without *his* knowing what he is about,"

but he also discourses of himself, while he lets you parade your views of life and humanity, your secret aspirations and your petty cares, to your great relief. A thousand times he hath borne me on his back out of the slough of despond to this firmer shore, where I find placid periods of contentment. When sad and sour, he has led me from the current of my reflections into heart-easing side streams. He is strung with fine sensibilities and can both cheer and sympathize. O best of words! A sympathetic exchange of ideas is a necessity for the undergraduate, however much some may try to conceal the desire by an affected brusqueness. This is the very poetry of our impressionable existence, and the man about college is our opportunity. He knows the coolest walks and the fairest scenes, the most interesting people and the queerest characters. He dabbles in sailing, the amusement most suggestive for reflection, and he persuades you to his haunts out of yourself. To

him alone do you unbosom yourself, and with him you are always satisfied, for selfishness is foreign to his nature. Such, then, is his sphere of usefulness. Call him idle if you will. I would not have him changed, and I shudder to think what effect the monotonous routine would have if his contrast did not distract our weary minds. It is he who forms the basis of college friendship and fellowship that seem so picturesque to the outside world. His fun, wit and sympathy are absolutely essential to the success of universities. When, in the days to come, you look back on the days here, this Yorick will first occur to your pleased recollection.

It was decidedly late the other night, for conversation had been prolonged regardless of the chiming quarters, when I bade my visitor "*Schlafen Sie wohl!*" and asked him the old question "why don't you *do* something?" "Why, my dear fellow, he replied, I warrant you I take more pleasure in my life than you do in yours. It never occurs to me to ask if life is worth living. And for me my knowledge is better than an exact acquaintance with the curriculum. I may be a rolling stone, but in my rambling course, you must acknowledge that with my polish I have also contrived to gather a fair quantity of tenacious moss. Fame is a bauble that shines with reflected light, and to me its intrinsic value is not self-evident. I prefer business for support and a few trusty friends for enjoyment. Good night!"

And I doubt not but that this careless fellow, whose flattery is always flattering and whose criticism is frank, earnest and good-natured, although distinguished in neither letters nor science, will have one of the happiest of homes. He is indeed more than a subject for descriptive negation. Respect? No. Admiration? Impossible. Regard and affection? Need I make reply?

The Dun.

ALMOST every type of character which figures in a student's life has been written of, has been extolled or vilified, according to the impressions which it has made on the author ; but, so far as I can determine, no great space has ever been allotted to the dun ; and, though no skillful wielder of the quill, yet from my experience in the matter, which has been not less extensive than varied, I flatter myself that a few words from me on this subject will prove, at least, instructive. My experience has, as I remarked, been varied. It commenced while at a primary school, where the rage was collecting postage stamps. One day I sold one to my desk-mate—I remember it well,—it was a red Costa Rica stamp, and I was to give it to him for eight cents. He gave me a ten cent bill and I gave him a cent in change and promised to bring the other the next day. I didn't bring it and he dunned me until he left school. That was beginning early, and duns have haunted me ever since. Of duns there are several varieties : there is the meek but persistent dun ; the cross and surly dun ; the sarcastic dun, and the one who tells a sad story of the hard times. This mournful dun is the hardest to manage until one becomes callous.

All duns have, however, a great many points of resemblance ; and one is the way in which they come to your room. You can, with a little experience, tell them by their approach, and fortunate is it for the dunned

that they necessarily betray themselves. A student, coming to your room, will usually come up the stairs on a run, either whistling or singing, and give a quick rap at the door. One coming in this way it is always quite safe to admit ; but when a man comes who walks with a slow and measured step, and when at the top of the stairs stops and looks at the number of the room, and then knocks two or three times—to such a one, if you are wise, you will always sport the oak. Let him stand there till he freezes, but keep dark inside.

Once I changed rooms temporarily with a man at the other side of the building, and we sent away each other's duns. This worked well until a common foe, who knew us by sight, was sharp enough to catch me. A landlady is a tough customer to manage ; she can pounce on you at meal time, and you are defenceless ; she will put you on short commons and starve you into payment ; she will abuse you and often shed tears, and finally drive you to desperation. Another mean dun is the collector of base ball and boating subscriptions. He is up to most of the wrinkles, and can get at you on the campus. If he is an upper-class man and you are below him, you have a hard road to travel, as a man of known and tried cheek is usually put on the trail, who will bluff you, show you your written promise to pay, insult you, and use every means to bring you to terms. Not answering to a knock don't work with him, as he'll walk in, open the closet and bedroom, and if he don't find you he'll sit down and read your novels for awhile and wait. A friend of mine was kept under his bed for an hour and had to cut recitation, while the persecutor amused himself. I have often wondered whether a dun has a soul or any feelings. I cannot state positively, but my opinion is that he is devoid of both. I have known

sharp duns, patient and persistent duns, mean duns, unbluffable duns, and duns provocative of great profanity, but I never knew one in which all these things were so symmetrically combined, as in a creature employed by a leading carpet-dealer in this city, and who last fall made my life a continual game of hide and seek. This man represented a wealthy firm to whom I was unfortunate enough to owe fifteen dollars. The first Monday of last term he appeared bright and early and asked for his money. I told him that I had none, and put him off indefinitely. In a week he came again, and was dismissed at once. At the end of seven days he was again there; this time he argued the matter. I blustered; he was mild and persistent, and my chum smiled and stroked his newborn mustache. Finally, I got rid of him. After this his visits became more and more frequent; he would be at the fence, at the door of the recitation-room, and always with the same bland expression and paper collar. He never lost his temper or showed any resentment at my profanity; only once he looked "not angry, only grieved." How I longed for him to say one insulting word for which I could hit him! How I tried to lead him into telling me I had lied to him! It was of no avail. There was not a word or act which I could take up, but I got to dread and hate the man. I rarely visited my room except in the evening and on Sundays. Finally my spirit was broken, and I felt that I was his. One morning I saw him coming up the street; I stood in another entry smoking with a crowd, and watched him ascend to my room. I waited nearly an hour, and supposed he had returned to his den on Chapel street; so with courage I went to my castle. Alas, I found the enemy there, talking politics with my chum. Frantic with fright and chagrin, I shrieked, "Come at five this

afternoon and I'll pay you!" At half-past four that day, accompanied by a friend, I crept into Max's sequestered retreat, and stayed two hours. It was dark when I came up Chapel street, and I knew the viper must have gone to get some food. But what! was it the beer I had been drinking, or was it a reality? A second glance at the gaunt figure standing before my boarding-house, convinced me that no time was to be lost. I flew as if on wings. Two days later I surrendered at discretion, and paid up.

This is a true story, and many I know will believe it. When I paid the bill I congratulated the merchant on having so fine a blood-hound. He told me—with pride, I thought, that that dun had driven three men into an insane asylum, one to suicide, and made one seek relief in drink. He said he had more like him, but this I will not believe. I often see him flit like a ghost about the campus, and I am told that he is a frequent visitor at a certain old building on the row. My entry is troubled with duns. On an average several good sized squads of them come up there every morning. We have a levee from nine till five daily; the evenings we have to ourselves, also Sundays. They all say times are hard. We have a dilemma which we give them: "Your employer is rich and does not need money; therefore he should not annoy me." "Ah, no!" is the sad reply, "he has no money." "Then he can appreciate my situation." Just try that with your duns. Profanity is lost on them, and next to kicking them down stairs, it's the most comforting thing one can say to them.

The Sweep.

THAT I have had opportunities enough for studying character in college, I cannot deny, but that I have used them at all as I ought, I cannot claim. In only one case can I plead an exception, and even in that I deserve no praise, as the facts of the case fairly thrust themselves upon my notice, and the conclusion and idea, if I may dignify them by such a name, would follow almost against my will. There is nothing strange in this, however, for the character of which I speak is so rich in its quaint humor, and yet, at times, so full of simple, unobtrusive pathos, that it could scarcely fail to strike the most careless observer, while there is in it no dishonesty, no concealment or distrustful retirement which might make it hard to read.

It is now nearly three months since for the first time I heard old Jackson toiling with slow and heavy steps up the seven flights of stairs that lead to my room. I remember that I almost blamed myself for their height and number, as I sat thinking of his stiff rheumatic joints, and waiting with no little curiosity to see how he would go to work to install himself in this new room. I expected that he would be tired out and perhaps disgusted with his ascent, but then, you see, I did not know the man. Outside the door I heard him chuckling, as he stood for a long time wiping his feet. Ah! how I pitied my nice clean mat, that it met with such usage at the very outset of its career. But once inside he scarcely stopped to

shut the door, in such a hurry was he to burst out into a regular guffaw. His laughter was so contagious that, though I knew not why he laughed, I joined him. At last he managed to ejaculate, "Golly, this are high!" and then, with as little apparent reason as he had for beginning, he suddenly stopped and went to work. This is all that I remember of that first day's doings, but though he displayed no wit or smartness, and certainly very little reverence or respect for my presence, I have liked him from that time till now. Since then I have found out that he does possess both wit and smartness, but I scarcely like him better for my discovery.

Of course I, as every one else, had long known him for a queer, good-humored old darkey, but had not thought him much more peculiar than others of his class and age. As his character came directly under my notice, however, and his oddities were gradually brought to light, almost the first thing that struck me, and the thing which above all others made me set to work to find out more about him, was his likeness to a class of persons whom I never thought to have found outside of half a dozen Southern States, the real old-fashioned household negro servants. That one who had never been farther south than New Jersey should greatly resemble a class so entirely *sui generis* as this and so strictly confined as I thought, to a small district, at once attracted my attention as peculiar. His perfectly childish love of mischief and of laughter, merely for laughter's sake and without any reference to the thing which caused it, and the queer mixture of shyness and simplicity which is so observable in him, accord well with the traditional character I have mentioned, so common in fiction, and so rare but real in life. He has, too, just the proper amount of personal vanity, as I discovered to my great amusement when he told me, in the

most matter-of-fact way, that he had dyed his whiskers the night of the Jubilee, and that the stuff would not come off; but most of all he has in perfection the oft-quoted pride in "my gentlemen," and brags, in a manner worthy of Gumbo himself, of their good looks, virtues and fine rooms, with little remarks thrown in, now and then, by way of parentheses, on the excellent care he takes of them.

He sets full lordly value, too, upon his old black skin, and has very little inclination to put it in unnecessary danger. I wish that I could give you in his own words his description of how he felt and how he acted when the torchlight procession which he led was attacked in the dark by an armed mob. But even if I had his words, his voice and manner would be wanting, and the story half untold. It was the shouts of laughter, laughter at himself, that accompanied every new recollection, and made his old sides shake till I began to fear the consequences, his animated gestures, the naïveté with which he confessed that he tried to run, but they caught him and brought him back—these things, as well as his quaint language, are necessary to a true rendering of his tale. The entire absence of any feeling of shame, and the perfect honesty with which he disclaimed a desire to stand still and be shot, take away from his action all disgrace.

He has a faithful heart, withal, and a little kindness on the part of any of his "gentlemen" is enough to win and keep its affection and its service. He came to me one morning, and in a most piteous voice, as if he were asking a great favor for himself, requested me to excuse him from spending quite his usual time upon my room, as he was in a hurry to go to the other end of town to get some medicine for one of them. And as I listened

to his usually slow step descending the stairs with unwonted rapidity, and saw him hobble across the green, I wondered how many would have done the service with as good a will. Yet he had been with the man who sent him only a short time. And when the invalid went home, at first he would ask me regularly every day whether I thought he was there yet and how soon he would be back, though I as regularly denied all knowledge of the matter.

So far I found his character to coincide with those others "old in story," of which I have already spoken, but from this point onward the difference in life and education begin to tell, and the resemblance is almost lost. Jackson is by nature lazy, but the necessity of hard work has prevented him from indulging his weakness until he has become strong—stronger, perhaps, than one who never has been weak and therefore never has toiled and struggled to cure himself. But it is in his perfect honesty of both word and deed that he differs mainly from his Southern brethern, whose thefts, deceits and lies are so well known. Nothing but freedom can ever cure them; that freedom can is proven in Jackson's case. Knowing as he does how perfectly worthy of trust he is, he is mortally offended if any one refuses to give it him. Once when a tradesman, with whom he had dealt for years, refused to give him a pair of rubber boots on credit, though he knew that the old man's rheumatism would be made worse by going out into the wet without them, and was promised his pay in a few days, Jackson's just indignation rose against him. He gave me a detailed account of his grievances, and I was surprised to find that he looked at the matter more with shame than anger, and kept saying, "I didn't think he'd do it. No! I didn't." For this I judged that his show-

ng no shame at having run from the Irishmen was not the result of a lack of personal honor, but of "educated" honor. He did not appear to know he had done anything to be ashamed of.

One quality I have not yet been able to detect in Jackson, which I used to think was invariably to be found under a black skin,—I mean a love of beauty. Several times I had noticed things which I thought indicated such a deficiency, but so sure was I of my rule which made the presence of the quality universal, that I waited for further developments before forming any opinion. It was the day after Thanksgiving that the incident occurred which finally decided me. I have often thought that under favorable circumstances the view from my lofty window is one of considerable beauty. These circumstances are, a not too strong light, and something, either leaves or snow, to cover and soften the outline of the trees. Then, when the details of the picture are not too apparent, its loveliness shines forth. Old North college reaching up right before me just to the level of my eye, with the chapel spire behind it, one corner of Farnam on my left, and on the right the whole of the handsome library building—these, with their enveloping rows of trees and a stray figure or two crossing the campus, make up of themselves a truly pleasing scene. But take it after a heavy snow storm, when "Nature's white mantle" lies thick and untrodden upon the ground, and clings tenaciously to every limb and twig and gable and chimney-top, when a few flakes still linger in the air, as if doubtful whether to join their fellows upon the earth or to return to their lofty home, and not a human being is in sight save the laborer shoveling drifts from off the path—take it at such a time, and in its way it cannot be surpassed. At such a time it was that I

called Jackson to the window, determined to make him praise the scene. He appeared to listen attentively to my explanations, and then muttering. "Yes, sir! yes, sir! it is a bad day," as if chilled by the very looks of it, crouched down by the heater and turned his face inside the room. I, of course, was disgusted; but I soon forgave him, for it was that very day he had failed of getting his rubber boots, and he would naturally think only of the cold and wet.

Thanksgiving day I asked him whether he was going to have a turkey for dinner, and his answer I shall not soon forget. The old man is very fond of his children and his invalid wife, and I could see that thoughts of them and their cold, cheerless meal would rise in his mind at my careless question. But he bravely fought his feelings down and said, with a poor attempt at his old hearty laugh, "No, sir! aint got nothing."

But I hear him coming up the stairs. "How are you, Jackson?"

The Bore.

ON one of those rainy days that were seemingly made for reading, I occupied myself in looking over an old edition of Shakespeare, the First Folio, 1623. I was in a rather despondent mood and somewhat inclined to look on the dark side of everything, probably owing to the overcast condition of the heavens at that time. The melancholy Dane being in some degree consonant with my feelings, I turned to Hamlet and read until the following passage, taken from the second scene of the second act arrested my attention: "What a piece of worke is a man! how Noble in Reason? how infinite in faculty? in forme and mouing how expresse and admirable? in Action how like an Angel? in apprehension, how like a god? the beauty of the world, the Paragon of Animals." The glorious panegyric at first filled me with awe. Can it be that such beings are daily around us? There must be a mistake. Was the sixteenth century closed and the seventeenth ushered in by such divine creations? Is it possible that none of those, who, to hold our attention, must hold us by a button, were in existence. If they did flourish then, how, in the name of all that is reasonable, was such a eulogy on man ever written? Perhaps, some one suggests, he managed to escape them by means known only to men of the loftiest genius. Such a supposition I emphatically deny, as it implies lack of human sympathy by withholding the talisman for such troubles; this

no one would charge upon him. I am thus forced to conclude that bores were uncommon in what must have been a Golden Age.

The rain patters down incessantly, and my eyes wearied, leave the book, but the thought of bores having been brought up, my mind clings tenaciously to the subject. The long procession of my own particular ones, in single file, marches by. The first who comes to view is a sensible man, and at first glance one would think he ought not to be numbered among such a disreputable class. When I first knew him I thought he was an interesting talker and had a wonderful amount of useful knowledge at command. As time rolled on I came to know him quite well; my room was hardly ever without him. In matters of reading he was always ready to suggest the best books and give a synopsis of them unless restrained by me. I never expressed an opinion of even the slightest importance, without being immediately challenged and required to support it with strong authority. At night as I gently urged him to leave, I was assailed with inexhaustible stores of learning and "you can't back up that about," &c. He is well known to you, so we shall once be free from him by crowding in the next behind.

This one is popularly known as a "sponge." Everything I possess he takes for granted is at his disposal. I thought when I lent him the first book it was a fine stroke of policy, in fact, a sure step toward becoming a popular man. I fancied he would spend all his spare time reporting "what an obliging man X. is." During the past three years he has been a constant borrower of everything, from a white neck-tie to a pair of boots. Money I *did* lend him, but gave up doing so after our learned professor impressed upon my mind the words

of Shakespeare, that the lender loses both money and friend.

Number three asks for a moment's attention. I shall always remember him with feelings of indignation. It was when I was just recovering from a touch of sickness. My condition seemed to him to warrant his spending all his time with me. In vain did I feign an inability to talk ; he was quite willing to excuse me and easily filled up the blank. He seemed to fairly revel in the knowledge that I was in his clutches and could not escape. I am considered quite polite, and so did not care to blast my reputation by entreating him to leave. My frantic but vain efforts to get rid of him, and the constant high tension of my nerves brought on a relapse. I was compelled to go home. Some say that it was wholly on account of my absence that I lost my Philosophical. I have no doubt of it, and lay the entire blame upon my friend.

Have you a confidant? Well, he is number four. I don't mean one of those men with whom we occasionally sit down and have a pleasant talk over agreeable reminiscences, but the one who forces upon us at the most inconvenient times the history of himself and entire family, his adventures and flirtations. I am not interested in him ; how can I be in what he says? His flirtations sound as if they were fashioned to be told, and hence are more insipid than the poorest of trashy stories. I say yes when he looks at me inquiringly, but hastily change to no if his countenance betokens surprise. When he reaches the funny place I try to twist my face into a grim smile, but his own hearty appreciation of the joke so occupies him that he does not notice me. I don't like to use hard words about such a man, and so will resort to the polite form of a French

writer, who said, "It is one of the vexatious mortifications of a studious man to have his thoughts disordered by a tedious visit."

But here come two abreast. It is well; they are chums. Their room is directly over mine. I have never been in it, but I know positively that it contains two heavy rocking-chairs, one piano and one guitar. I am rather nervous, and when I first moved into my room, a constant tramp over my head nearly distracted me. A succession of flunks followed. I mildly remonstrated, and was informed that it was the only way one of them could prepare his recitations; he had been in the habit of doing it for a long time and could not stop now. After a while I grew accustomed to the monotonous tread, but ere long two nice old Shaker rocking-chairs arrived from home, and the other man varied the sweet sounds from above with these new instruments of torture.

What! Stopped raining. Yes, there comes the sun. It sends warmth into me and softens the crust in which I am enveloped. Have I not been a little too hard on bores? I look around and see well-known bearers of this name occupying places which can only be obtained by popular men. Here is X. Every one knows he is an inveterate loungeur in other men's rooms; ready to give you assistance on anything; explain any point; equally ready to use anything he sees; whereas, there is V, whom we all acknowledge is the more clever of the two, who minds his own business and never borrows anything, holding a position far inferior to X. Indeed I am inclined to think that some bores are much more respected than those who are really brighter, but more reserved. But I am becoming too lenient with my *bête noire*. Too much sunshine is streaming in and I must close the blind.

I have seen somewhere the rather paradoxical statement that English society takes a placid enjoyment in being bored. The rash author furthermore defies people to account on any other theory for three-fourths of the so-called recreations which are accepted as at once useful and amusing by the British nation. I think the same can be justly asserted by us in regard to some of our pastimes, notably the dancing at the receptions given by—bang—bang—“Come in.” Oh, dear! here comes the very man I have shown you in four or five phases. Farewell, work! Oh, ——!

The Sponger.

THE man with a sponge is about again. He always appears toward the close of the term, when we commence to review; and while other men depend upon their own exertions in preparation for examination, he runs around with his sponge and sops up a little here and there, and, as he never squeezes it for another's benefit, all that he gets is clear gain. Such absorptive fellows as these spongers are! and their sponges, genuine "suckers," drink in everything from a Greek grammar lesson to a transcendental equation. He is quite a "frequent" fellow, too, this sponger of ours. He rooms in your entry; he rooms in mine; and you wouldn't have him move for anything, nor would I. He has a quiet way of calling in just before recitation, and getting posted up on those confounded metres, wants to know what the Sapphic strophe consists of, and how many trochaic dipodies it takes to flank a dactyl successfully. Then he borrows your notes to look over a minute (you had left the notes until the last minute so as to be fresh on them), and just as the bell begins to ring he lays them down, and with an agonized look implores your pardon, "humbles himself before you as he would before his division officer," and swears that his carelessness in monopolizing your notes at a critical moment will cause him to "sit on the ragged edge of remorse" during the entire recitation. He frequently sits beside you in recitation. When an example is given

out to be worked in class, he has unbounded confidence in your ability to do it correctly. He shows this by copying down your logarithms as fast as you look them out, then nudges you with his elbow and wants to compare answers. You are almost ashamed of yourself to find that your answer corresponds with his, and are sure that he suspects you of copying from his work.

If there is any one thing which I am more sensitive about than another, it is my use of a translation. But the sponger has no regard for my sensitiveness on this point, and drops in at most unseemly hours. He always pretends not to notice the pony sticking out from under the lexicon, which "half reveals the deformities it fain would hide," and soon goes out without betraying his knowledge of my weakness. But after a time he comes back again, apologizes for even harboring the thought for a moment, but really "You haven't a horse on the Greek, have you?" and "Can I take it up to my room a few minutes?" You have to go after it when you want to use it again. The sponger is the laziest man in college and yet works harder than any of us. Why, the amount of running around from room to room which he does in a single day, would wear my legs out. He walks a quarter of a mile and runs up and down a dozen flights of stairs to copy the demonstration of a problem, which he could work out himself in five minutes. Verily, he rejoiceth more of one lesson sponged from another, than over ninety and nine lessons learned by individual effort. He detests a man who studies. He stands afar off, and lifts up his voice and "gives thanks that he is not as other men are, or even as this poor dig," and then comes around and asks if you won't drop a few ideas for him to absorb. Our sponger is a Pharisee. He is likewise a tyrant. You

yield to him day by day, and are angry at yourself in vain for so doing. He appeals to your pride, flatters you a little if you post him up well, and before you know it you find yourself looking up fine points for his benefit. He will get up a rivalry between two of us, telling each how clear the other makes all his points, and you work the harder to retain his patronage. He is quick to learn, and turns everything to his own advantage. Your plodding dullard never sponges, but one of the craft listens almost impatiently to the words of wisdom you are letting fall for him, and cries out, "Fearful soft lesson, ain't it?" and you reply, dubiously, "Yes, fearful," and wonder that you hadn't noticed it before.

The sponger is a generous fellow, and very popular among his kind. He goes to the theatre three times a week, and frequently invites you to go with him. He knows you never go to the theatre. He smokes good cigars, and always offers you one. He knows you never smoke. He oftentimes invites you up to his pleasant room. He knows you are too busy to accept. And he does it all with such a royal munificence that you can't help admiring him. Your college sponger differs very much from the sponger of the world. The latter is usually a mean, parasitical scoundrel, who "dippeth with you in the dish," and then betrays you with a kiss. He sucks you dry, sells you out for "thirty pieces of silver," and forgets to follow the example of his great ancestor, who, after cutting up just such a trick, "went and hanged himself." But our sponger is no such fellow. He is rich, handsome, and popular. If he hadn't been so, we'd have kicked him out of doors before now. His only faults are exceeding laziness and a monstrous development of facial territory. And these are not

faults in him, but graces and accomplishments, that give an additional charm to the possessor, and "we love him still." So long, then, as he leans upon us for support, and draws his sustenance from us, let us cherish him with tender care. As you pass over to him the results of your hard work, as you teach him metres and look out logarithms for him, as you lend him text-book after text-book, and go to the Educational Society library for more, count it your duty and privilege so to do. He is worth caring for. He is a good fellow. But there may be too many of him.

The Croaker.

ADDISON has said, "Man is a creature made up of different extremes, he has something in him very great and very mean." I can find no one combining in his character meaner traits than the croaker. His prominent characteristic is an ambition to make others unhappy. This is shown by a never-ceasing desire to culminate every undertaking in a failure. He is always at hand to put a damper on plans, by presenting disagreeable contingencies; indeed, for him to refer to pleasing probabilities is an impossibility equal to making the tiger change his spots.

I sometimes see him in the garb of two other banes of society—the dogmatist and the sceptic. His statements are always made with emphasis and a great appearance of accuracy. It is, in his own estimation, a self-evident fact that things will turn out as *he* says. If I present all the arguments ~~experience~~ has taught me on some subject, he will answer me with a sceptical sneer, disgusting to any fair-minded man. He is a veritable Jerry Cruncher. That eccentric individual was ever predicting ruin for himself and family. He was quite certain that the bread and butter was being prayed off his table, good luck thrust ruthlessly from his doors, all through the continual "flopping" of the good Mrs. C. He couldn't understand the "whys and wherefores," and so it must be wrong.

They are the "I told you so" men. No matter what

may have happened they are at our elbows with their infernal cry. If in one case out of ten (I draw it mild) there was the slightest semblance to truth in what they said, we could endure them ; but there is never the least trace. They remind me of a little boy I saw at the race last summer. He was wearing crimson. I asked what he would do in case Yale won. "Oh ! I have lots of blue in my pocket and will change 'em then." So with this group of croakers ; they are bound to have their say, be the termination successful or adverse. I am inclined to think that rather than have such a nuisance about, I would prefer to pass the life of Tantalus, with five hundred South American Cormorants always plucking at my liver. Indeed, I can't imagine any picture of Hades as complete without seeing there some poor sinner doomed to be forever followed by one of these creatures.

Croakers are the men who are eternally hesitating from some imaginary evil. They will whip a horse if he starts at the sound of a steam-whistle, but never think that most of their own fears are really fanciful. I see every day some specimen of this class. He wanders around the campus, picking up morsels, and then drops into my room. I am forced to listen to the recital of a long list of disheartening *rumors* about the crew or the nine, and the gloomy prediction he always finishes with. It is well enough to pay a due regard to sensible remarks and be prepared for "breakers ahead." *Their* advice is always of the flimsiest kind. Their hypotheses are about as probable, their logic not nearly so good, as what we see in the query of the venerable dame,

" If all the world were water,
And all the water were ink,
What should we do for bread and cheese ?
What should we do for drink ?"

Again, there are those whom our Medics would say were troubled with melancholia. They ever look upon life as through a glass, darkly. Dickens furnishes us an excellent example in Mrs. Grummidge. Like her, they have no reason to be miserable. He has admirably portrayed this class when he places her in the warm corner, gives to her the most comfortable chair in the room, and then makes her complain. Her benefactor, Mr. Peggotty, must continually hear her lament, "A lone, lorn creetur and everything goes contrairy."

The Chum.

YOU who have observed married life and bachelor existence can tell the truth, that man is happier when alone. How, then, can man hope to live with man, if he cannot live with woman? You who have both had chums and lived alone, can appreciate the meaning of these remarks. Chums are not what they seem to be. They appear all friendship, but they are generally discontented and unhappy with one another. It seems a beautiful picture, two young men living together in a union so close. But marriages seem like Utopian bliss, and yet divorces are not infrequent. And so with college chums; they are tolerable fellows, and yet they separate at the end of the year. Why? Because you had an ideal chum. He was a man of gentle disposition. You thought, he will fetch water for me, buy me tobacco, and make the fires for me. He will study as hard as I do, but no harder. He will sing when I do, but at no other times. He will be grave when I am grave, and will rejoice and be merry when I rejoice and am merry. You thought, we will be like

“The two little brothers of Ongar,
Who, wishing to grow wiser and stronger,
Each morn left their bed
Quite early, and read;
Then walked in the fresh air of Ongar.”

In other words, you thought that with such a man for a chum you would descend the path of college life con-

tented. And so you would, if such a docile, obedient good-natured man could be found. But, my dear sir, the man you chose as most nearly reaching your ideal, selected you for the very same reason, then came a clash, quarrels, insults; you vowed you would do with your half of the room as you pleased, and asked such an absurd question as, "I'd like to know who pays for half this room?" And as there are no possible answers to such questions, you left the room, unable to give any more of these pleasant little home-thrusts.

Now, this description is a real one, while the life of the Ongars is ideal. First, a chum is bound to rebel when you try to shift some little disagreeable job on him. It is of a matter of importance who wins this first battle. For the man who is conqueror has command in the room that day forth.

Now, no matter whether you are the conquered or the conqueror, you may be able to live with your chum. That is, you can tolerate him, endure him. For at times you like him and again you dislike him. In the morning, you think you can laugh over his conduct of last night when he threw himself in a maudlin condition on your bed, and vowed he would kiss his old chum good night, and then proposed emptying the kettles of water over you. In the morning you laugh. It seems such a capital joke. Oh, yes, you laugh heartily. 'Tis true he kept you awake with his noisy companions, then in the morning you laugh. O, such splendid fun! You say he only comes in that way once a week? Good gracious, I would like your chum to be my chum. He must make you laugh so.

But when your chum has the "blues" and sits opposite you in his easy chair for days, then is the time for true mutual fondness to show itself. Ask him a ques-

tion, he answers you in such a gentlemanly tone. Suggest that it is his turn to buy tobacco and he will do so, of course. It is so pleasant to have this dumb figure in your room, never moving, but continually looking severe, putting a check on all smiles, all attempts at gayety. There are but few chums, one or the other of whom has not had an attack of melancholia. Its fatal presence has been imposed on many a good-natured fellow. If the chum would only go into his bedroom and lock himself there, and commit suicide, it wouldn't be such a bad thing after all.

Now such chums as these are we ourselves. There is no exaggerated disparity between two chums, generally. They do not hate one another, nor have they overmuch respect for each other. Ask a man how he likes his chum. Does he not raise his eyebrows, shrug his shoulders, look on the ground as he says, with an evident desire to change the subject, "Pretty well." If instead he went off into glowing admiration, I would suspect that man of hypocrisy. Now the man who says "pretty well," tells the truth. His answer most college men would give. For I believe this to be the universal experience, and to imply no exaggeration. It is not the absence of virtues but the presence of faults in his character that you dislike. There is a great need of charity among us, for selfishness occupies too much room.

The proof of the truthfulness of this description is conclusive. A man seldom rooms with his best friend. This is not so because one has objections to living with the man he likes most, but rather because that person whom he once liked before others, has lost his charm, since he has come to live with him. There is a great deal of force in the old saying, "Familiarity breeds contempt," and it offers a most complete explanation

of the differences which occur in chum life. For in those cases where two men have lived together as great friends, you may observe the absence of affected jocosity toward one another. And you may notice in its stead a certain formality, a gentlemanly decorum. A respect for his character and talents is what makes a man call his chum his best friend.

And, now ye few who have pleasant chums, respect them, if you hope to keep them as your own best friends. But ye large crowds, to whom chums have hitherto been a source of sorrow, and ye who have made life miserable to your chums, do ye rise, rise, strike hands and vow hereafter more charity and less selfishness. Then will chums become true friends; then will life be more endurable, and we will feel less like crying out “*vanitas vanitatum!*” Which of us is happy in this world? Which of us has his desire? or having it is satisfied?”

The Successful Landlady.

THIS subject presented itself neither as material for an original comedy, nor as the basis for an extraordinary attempt at a refreshingly easy prose article, but as a topic of vital interest and most intimately connected with the daily life of the majority of those of us who avoid Yale Commons. The term successful is to be obviously applied not to the degree of satisfaction felt by her boarders, nor yet to her general popularity. The successful boarding-house matron must retain her boarders. She must make money by contracting the bill-of-fare. She is no inflationist, unless it be in her conversational powers. The problem stretched out before her practical mind is to find this line of demarcation, this dew-point between the demands of economy and the good-nature of her patrons, or, simply, to keep them at the slightest possible expenditure. I have known honest landladies; I never knew one who questioned her own honesty; but surely it is a question of degree with many and that degree depends upon the meekness and the simplicity of the boarders. Her eyes will beam complacently over a group of white-faced Freshmen seated around her pine boards, and if sufficiently fresh, she reduces the viands to a mathematical nicety and extracts the where-withal from their purse with pious resignation. She mentally deplures her own poverty which necessitates such diligent robbing of the innocents, and succeeds in

forgetting that couplet so affectingly rendered by "The Beauty of the Blondes:"—

"He who takes what isn't his'n,
Will one of these days be cast in pris'n."

The successful landlady has a power *sui generis*. In the first place, she is of the tender sex. What bitter irony lies within those words. About as tender as her poultry, truly. Armed with the skirts, her familiarity must be endured, her facetiousness stomached and her bills paid according to a foolish code of honor and gallantry. Thus our handsome heroine, conscious of her feminine dignity, sails into the room full of bread-and-molasses-eaters and exclaims, "Well, gentlemen, everything is agreeable, I hope. Is the molasses good?" She accompanies her interrogation with a smile and nod that command a sullen assent. Home-training still makes itself slightly felt, and Edward though ready enough to fire a potato-skin at the engraving of General Putnam on the other side of the room, hesitates to abuse the supper to the proprietress' face.

Edward, you err! Listen to me, who like yourself entered college mild, harmless and fresh. A stranger was I and she took me in. One memorable day I lingered over the burnt, black bread-pudding with wicked thoughts in my heart. It seemed to be the hour of emancipation, and I mumbled aloud mournfully, then savagely, imagining myself alone. She heard it. As she entered the room I can recollect how she looked—her figure erect, her eyes glittering devilishly and her lips compressed. "Mr. Y——," it came, "did I hear you complaining of the pudding? Is there any fault to be found with the board? Speak it out right in my presence, but don't you dare to

grumble behind my back." In reply to her inquiries my lips formed "Y-e-s," but manliness failed me. I was bluffed. I stammered "No, O Lord, NO!" and the day was lost.

Edward, to "bless them that persecute you," is without doubt the proper thing, and peculiar advantages are afforded at some boarding-houses for the exercise of this virtue. A more thorough drill in the persecution line and a higher order of temptations to retaliate are not to be found in the State, but I sincerely doubt if that joyous beatitude can ever be applicable to life in a New Haven boarding-house. As you value health and happiness, Edward, cultivate cheek with discretion. Only bring this type of landlady to bay, and she is yours, and once having gained a dignified victory, oppression will be comparatively unknown.

I next would treat briefly of the emotional landlady, a much more difficult creature to manage. At the sound of distant murmurs, she floats languidly in, head at one side, silent reproach in her manners and general appearance, abject. "Good evening, all. I am quite glad to provide everything for you within my limited means, but believe me, I am losing a dollar a week upon every one of you and really cannot keep the New Haven House at these prices." We all feel convinced of her inaccuracy, but are reluctant to make the personal application. The result is a few blank stares and the silence is broken again by "Good evening, all," as she backs gracefully out. Edward, pay your bill that night and seek another boarding-house. That woman is more to be dreaded than the other, for you cannot approach her. She closes every avenue of attack and leaves retreat alone possible.

The treatment of the successful landlady must, then,

be regulated to suit the particular case. In the one instance courage suffices to obtain the proper result—in the other I suggest retreat. As a class they are about as pleasant beings to deal with as the average army-worm.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

Singing.

“The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, strategems, and spoils.”

Merchant of Venice, Act v, Sc. 1.

THE Hindoos regard the arts in general as direct revelations from heaven, but music, say they, the grandest and best art, is communicated to mortals by Brahma himself. It may be that our Christian readers do not fully sympathize with such expressions of gratitude for the divine gift of song. A few of them, possibly, find that midnight serenades ill accord either with investigation into the “harmony of the spheres,” or with nocturnal refreshment. Many of them, doubtless, the so-called aristocrats, are located too near the much frequented Calliope, whose dismal sounds, issuing at stated intervals, smite rudely upon the ears of the sensitive, disturb quiet meditation, and produce distraction in the brain of the laborious student. As for myself, among the many advantages of old South, I am happily unable to appreciate in the least these discordant inflictions upon my proud brethren. And it is very far from my purpose in the present article to venture an opinion upon the manner in which they, or our patient instructors, or the uncomplaining fellow-townsmen might describe the art of music as practiced by the great body of undergraduates.

College singing occupies a much more prominent

place in the daily life at Yale than one might infer from a perusal of the college catalogue, or an examination of the prescribed text-books. Indeed, to such an extent is this true, that from the earliest attempts of Freshman year within the secret walls of Delta Kappa, to the sad Parting Hymn of Commencement week, it is hardly possible, in a long time, to escape, for many consecutive hours, the echo of some college song. Every place in doors or out, within the limits of Hamilton Park and the depot, every hour by day or by night, is liable to be consecrated to this muse Terpsichore. Then, too, the singers are as various as the opportunities. Does any one imagine that they are selected from a particular stamp of men, or can be distinguished by certain general characteristics? It is a great mistake. The marking-books of the Faculty indicate nothing as to the relative merit in this department. The accurate scholar may or may not be a successful candidate for the Glee Club. The voice of the athlete is by no means uniformly most powerful. The company of the popular man is not always courted by his fellow musicians, nor is the loafer the only one who finds time for this occupation not included in the curriculum. In fact, every class furnishes a share, and every individual who can appreciate a difference between "Bingo" and "Old Hundred," expects to take an active part. So general is participation and so expressive is spontaneous music of the moods and feelings, that we may regard college singers as a pretty reliable barometer of the prevailing sentiment. Think a moment how frequently this emotional language is employed. How often in the business-meetings held in the President's lecture-room, are pauses in the regular proceedings filled up, to the relief of all, with familiar songs! On the march to Alumni Hall in tortuous file, "With

many a winding bout, of *little learning*, long drawn out," with what heart-rending tones do we assure the faculty that "Examinations are a bore"—tones equalled in earnestness only by the triumphant carols, with which news of a boating or ball victory is received by patriotic collegians! In certain cases, and that too without much provocation, the cars even may be the scene of many a boisterous chorus. The medical course could not be initiated without strains of "Saw my leg off short," and Pres. Grant and his suit, at their visit to our college, must tread the classic soil to the tune of "Rig-a-jig-jig."

There is one spot, however, both familiar and interesting, which I now approach with feelings of modest and respectful hesitation. Like the jackknife in the story, renewed in the course of every year in every part, but like the changing body of man, always preserving its identity, I feel justified in calling this spot the old college fence—ancient, mutilated, and dilapidated, but rich in tender associations. I do not refer, of course, to the entire railing which surrounds the campus, but to the venerable and traditional corner, having the big trees in the rear, and flanked on either side by South College and the Green; in front, Chapel street and the noonday sun, and just opposite, Hoadley's and the New Haven House; the portion, in short, which has been recognized from all time as the rendezvous of the three upper classes in their idler moments; with its comfortable curved bars devoted to the trespassings of the penknife, and its class sections carefully drawn and rigorously observed by common consent. *O Carmina! O Musæ!* where shall I find words to describe the musical scenes in which it has silently figured? What antiquated sage can measure the burden of song, from the flighty warble to the plaintive tones of "Teacher,

Teacher," which it has sustained—songs subdued and pathetic; songs promiscuous and uproarious? Many associations cluster round the college fence, of conversations and discussions, of stories and jokes, of LIT. readings and cigars; but none, perhaps, will be more lasting or more delightful to many concerned than recollections of impromptu musicals in the moonlight evenings, when we chanted "Stars of the summer night" to the deserted thoroughfare, and when the strains, softened and sweetened by the open air, the rustling branches and chirping insects, seemed to be wafted far away into the shadows through the green corridor of elms. At such times, perhaps even the least sentimental, if favored with congenial companions, and blessed with a musical voice and a sensitive soul, has found the discords and vexations of the day gradually supplemented by a quiet complacency, a sort of peaceful satisfaction with life in general, a closer intimacy with his associates, a deeper attachment for college, and an impulse toward sturdier and more hopeful effort in the future. It may be that he has been filled with those "noble hints" and "great conceptions" of which Addison speaks in the *Spectator*; and not possibly has gained a better appreciation of that law of harmony which is exemplified by Nature both in her minutest and most stupendous phenomena, and which ought always to be the regulating principle in human conduct.

It is curious to see what confusion is produced in the camp of student songsters by the appearance of any uncongenial element, in the shape of an unconsciously obtrusive individual—generally the possessor of a merciless tuning-fork—or, worse yet, by the introduction into the ranks, of an habitual grumbler. How speedily

the fountains of song are dried up, and how completely, it would gratify many an indignant soul to bear witness. I myself am prompted by feelings, which it might seem must long ago have been stifled, to compare certain Sunday evening gatherings of an agreeable character, held at the Freshman headquarters, on York street, in times gone by, with certain other gatherings that I know about, assembled for a similar purpose, in which suggestions and criticisms were as numerous as the individuals, and the tuning-fork was in frequent requisition. Is it necessary to say that the comparison would be quite unfavorable to the latter?

I infer, then, that singing, when it comes spontaneously from the heart and is melodiously expressed, does much to cultivate the heart, to banish misanthropy, to stir the imagination,—which among scholars, to say the least, sometimes grows a little dull,—and to furnish fuel, so to speak, for more laborious exertions. These sentiments are not the product of mere fancy, nor of morbid sentimentality. They agree not only with the observed effects of compositions by the great masters, but also with the history of national ballads, from the rhapsodies of the old-Ionian bards to the popular glees of the present times; and, in fact, with the influence of harmonious sounds everywhere. You have noticed how the boy whistles in the dark to keep up his courage. The housewife, you know, is apt to lighten her toil with a merry ditty. The soldier is dependent upon the martial music of drum and fife to brace his nerves for action; and it is said that when the men in camp are looking discouraged and despondent the transforming power of a spirited air is almost incredible. Perhaps, in the same way, among students, thrown together very much; as they are, and entertaining many emotions in common

the effects of self-made music, under favorable circumstances, may be just as striking ; and though I cannot, even after Junior lectures, explain the philosophical connection between regular tidal waves in the atmosphere, and sensations and impulses in the heart, nevertheless the fact, which the truthful "poet of the domestic affections" delicately expresses, cannot be questioned :

"There is in souls a sympathy with sounds ;
And as the mind is pitched, the ear is pleased
With melting airs, or martial, brisk, or grave ;
Some chord in unison with what we hear
Is touched within us, and the heart replies."

But in consequence of the exciting nature of the topic, I had quite forgotten my subject proper, namely, the prominence of singing in our life at Yale ; and have wandered very far from the immediate object of my description, the college fence ; so far, in good sooth, that I will not attempt to return. In my digression, however, I have had the company of the Freshmen ; for they, you know, are debarred the privileges of that favored resort and may not taste its musical joys. A few of this class may be seen gathering mysteriously, at midnight, under the closed shutters of Grove Hall, with intent to rouse the fair inmates of that cloister with "Nut brown maiden" and "Sweet dreams, ladies," and satisfied with the most modest sign of recognition from beyond the barriers. Then having themselves retired to their "little beds" in an exhausted state, we may imagine them breathing vociferously in slumber, and keeping time, as far as possible, with the mournful measure of "Home, sweet home," discoursed upon a cracked violin by some solitary fanatic in the adjoining room.

Verily it doth appear, after my survey, that students,

if only assembled in sufficient numbers, would boldly start up "The Pope, he leads a merry life," within the very pale of the Vatican, nay, under the awe-inspiring dome of St. Peter's itself. While, if no "peelers" were in sight, we may safely conjecture that the "Dearest maiden" would be summoned to the "Waltz" before the very monument of Newton himself, whose ashes repose quietly beneath his statue in an ancient chapel of Westminster Abbey.

Bowing.

I DON'T mean the bow from that pretty girl, on her way home from Miss Nott's, to obtain which I always walk a block out of the way to my eating-club. My emotions on that occasion are too sacred to be inserted among trivial articles on the manners and customs of the Yale students. It is rather to the greetings within the microcosm we inhabit, than to their counterparts in the outer world, that I wish to call attention.

What a wonderful difference it does make in what class a man is, as regards the way you salute him. Here, now, as I am walking across the campus, wondering how I can ever fill the required number of pages, comes a Senior. We wait till we are at the regulation distance. Then he, by right of superiority, gives the signal by moving his chin through an angle of three degrees, to which I respond by an inclination five degrees lower; while "Good morning, Mr. Stylites," "Good morning, Mr. Pomposus," is exchanged between us. A short distance farther on, I meet a Sophomore, and the same ceremony is reënacted, except that I, in my turn, give the command. Each time, however, the facial muscles of both parties remain perfectly rigid; although I confess that on looking back, I have not infrequently discovered some of those impudent under-class men grinning at my ceremonious salutation.

It does seem rather ridiculous, sometimes. Here is this man, superior to me in height, certainly, in brains

probably, and at all events, in the Harvard criterion, good clothes; yet I patronize him, and he submits to it, for no other earthly reason than because I happened to enter college a year before he did. The meekness of a Freshman before a diminutive Sophomore can be easily explained by the fact that in the person of the man before him he dreads the power of his whole class, while he knows that his own is as yet incapable of united action. But why this authority should exist over him unchallenged during his whole course, is to me a mystery.

A singular illustration of this distinction between the classes, may be found on the ground floor of the north entry of North Middle, where my humble apartment is situated. It so happens that there are representatives from all the classes there. We are constantly meeting, exchanging letters, parcels, etc., which have been wrongly delivered, and one would naturally suppose that four young men of about the same age, living in such close proximity, would see something of each other, form a defensive alliance against the Faculty and bores, and establish a communism of text-books, and that drug to minister to a mind diseased, Lone Jack. Far from it. We seem utterly to ignore each other's existence. The Senior cuts me; I, the Sophomore; he, in his turn, the Freshman. How the latter avenges himself, except by snubbing the Troy Laundry boy (in which, if he is successful, he deserves the thanks of the entire community), is to me a problem.

"So, naturalists observe a flea
Has other fleas that on him prey;
And these have smaller still to bite 'em,
And so proceed, ad infinitum."

It is not exactly snobbishness. It is merely the

effects of the wall of ice which separates the classes. I never knew but one man who was able to surmount the obstacle. But then he was Pilarious, whose sunny disposition melts all stiffness. No one ever saw any coolness about him except when the rest of the nine were flurried, and his absence was considered by all classes alike the only drawback to the otherwise unexceptionable "Promenade." It is true that Bucca waives all ceremony and calls us by our pet names before he has been introduced to us. But, for some reason or other, his efforts do not seem to be very successful.

It is singular how a man, whom, were he in another college and you met him for a week during the vacation, you would probably consider yourself quite intimate with, and call by his first name, during a three years' acquaintance with you at Yale, where formality is popularly supposed to be laid aside, always calls you "Mister." If you meet a member of another class outside of New Haven, in a railroad train, for instance, I know nothing more interesting than to shake hands across the bloody chasm and join with him in picking to pieces the characters of your respective classmates; but within the college walls you have nothing more in common. One remarkable instance of this armed neutrality existing between the classes was brought out last term by the elective system; when it was singular to observe members from two classes reciting together in history, how they instinctively divided into two hostile camps, whence they mutually glared defiance at each other.

"*Quot homines, toi salutationes,*" Cicero said, or at any rate ought to have said, even if he did not. There is the popular man, who has a smile for every one, because he is brimful of good nature, and the would-be

popular man, who does the same thing from motives of interest. It is not very difficult to distinguish gentry of this latter sort, even if they are all smiles. Then there is my friend, Jack Vane. There is no privilege which I enjoy more than a walk down Chapel street with him. In the first place, it is an unfailing sign that I am high in popular esteem, otherwise he would never commit himself in that manner. Moreover, I can always ascertain, by the way in which he greets a man, his relative position in the public favor. I have not enjoyed that pleasure for some time, but hope to gain it ere long, when I shall feel thoroughly posted. Peter is still more discriminating, and reserves his smiles for but a very select few, whereïn, let us hope, he is not mistaken.

The most striking example of the effect of being careful about one's bows, may be found in the following tale, which is not merely, as they say in Sunday school books, founded on, but is literally, fact. The innocent Lippus was beloved by all who knew him. Though far from being wise as a serpent, he was certainly as harmless as a dove. He had but one fault; and that was not his own. He was very short sighted and utterly incapable of recognizing anyone whom he met. *Hinc illæ lachrimæ!* I was formerly quite intimate with him, and many a time have we trod the beaten path to Træger's together. Then had I ample opportunities to observe the embarrassments in which he was constantly entangled. "Cursed snob," the under-class man would mutter, as he passed him by unnoticed. "Conceited jackanapes," the upper-class man would growl, as his greeting would be likewise unreturned. While the proud Tutor, not receiving the two fingers to the brim of Lippus' hat, which was his due,

would mentally resolve to give him an opportunity to spend his vacations in profitable study. Meanwhile, he pursued the even tenor of his way, all unconscious of the fact that he was committing the unpardonable sin. Occasionally he would try to rectify his mistakes, and startle some person he had never seen before by giving him an exceedingly gracious bow. But once did I see his patience give way. That was when, after bowing and smiling vigorously to some one whom he thought looked familiar, he turned to me and asked, "Who was that fellow? Thank heaven, I recognized him, anyway!" Whereupon, discovering by my answer that it was that man whom he had always hated since he stole his hat in Freshman year, I regret to be obliged to state that he uttered a succession of imprecations to blot out which the Recording Angel must have exhausted a stock of tears only equal to that possessed by a teething baby. All his efforts were in vain, however. His desperate attempts at recognition were considered insolent stares. The results of his blindness were deemed impudent cuts. A merciless retribution overtook him in the flower of his youth,—

"A cruel fate did him befall;
He fell, struck down by the ruthless black-ball,"

in the language of the poet. Of course, after that event, a proper sense of self-respect prevented me from any longer associating with him; for which I was sorry, as I had always liked his society, especially when he paid for the beer, as he did quite often.

Sleeping.

COULD a sprite possessing a rapidity of locomotion equal to that of Shakespeare's Puck, but endowed with the sounder moral attributes of one of good Hans Andersen's creations, visit our rooms one of these cold wintry mornings, and note down in full our thoughts and actions as we are preparing for our daily combat with the god Somnus, what a strange and diversified conglomeration would his record be. It would contain not a little that was interesting and worthy of speculation. Here and there a ripple of humor might break over its quiet surface. But for the most part it would be a tale of lamentation and of woe. Whatever may be the opinions of the outside world on this question, I am sure that we here at college long for and pray for the abolition of early rising, with a remarkable unanimity. Possibly it is the only point on which we could agree, but on it we are really united. We would look upon the everlasting demolition of that terrible bell, which rules so impartially and relentlessly alike dull and bright, rich and poor, much as humanity might upon an absolution from death. And it would enable us to lead, as that might humanity, a new, and, let us hope, a better life.

There is something fearfully galling and humiliating to a man of spirit, to be tied to the knell of that chapel clock as firmly as an infant to the apron-strings of his nurse ; to reflect that in precisely so many minutes after

he has broken the mystic spell and performed his ablutions, whether the day be bright or dark, whether he be in good spirits or poor, he will have to rise on his pins and recite like a machine to a heartless pedagogue. But if he is not sensitive enough to be put on the wrong track mentally, he will be sure to be physically. Take the case I have supposed. The innocent victim of a collegiate education having brushed away sleep from his bewildered eyes, may be called upon to gaze at the frost-work on his window-panes. His feelings may best be compared to those of a beggar in a poor-house garret. To be sure, frost-work upon the window-panes has been likened to "frozen dreams," "silvery mountains," and many other pretty things; but it is hard to foster much sentiment now, for sentiment is an exotic in a frigid zone. But supposing our friend has been very wise, and has spent a large portion of his patrimony in blankets and bed-spreads of all kinds, and has practiced until he can play the drama of "Every man his own Chrysalis" to perfection, and above all has not forgotten to turn on the "much-gurgling" steam-heater before retiring—what then?

It does seem as if the machinations of Waite and those steam-heaters were so simply devilish, that some day they must perish by being engulfed in their own iniquity. So far our grievances are the same, but what a vast difference there is in the way in which they are enlarged or eliminated by persons of different temperaments. I hear that you, young Jones, have secured a "philosophical," and are studying for the valedictory. You must be careful not to lose your reputation for being a good-fellow. I am glad to know that you were out playing cards till one last night, and were the merriest of the group. Before you retired you whispered

in the ear of your dearest friend, the alarm-clock, to wake you at half-past five. At the first intimation of its ghostly rattle you start bolt up-right in bed, rub your overstrained eyes, and with confused thoughts about college honors, the valedictory, and a glorious career in Congress, rush to the sponge-bath and a couple of hours' hard work over the psychology. At nine you are making a "dead rush" out of a torn-out leaf, to give you an air of abandon. A few years later you will be a goggle-eyed, mildewed clergyman up among the hills, glad to come back once a year for the sake of the free alumni dinner. Smith, you need not smile thus sarcastically. You are a victim of the same heartless egoism in another direction. Not feeling like studying last night, you did not prepare the morning lesson. That did not trouble your conscience in the least. On the contrary, you enjoyed a refreshing sleep, and came to consciousness calmly and pleasantly. Your mind was not rudely disturbed by visions of an unprepared task. You think to educate your æsthetical tastes by watching with half-closed eyes the slow progress of the first sunbeam across the opposite wall. You fancy it will lend a tithe of its glory to your whole day. It is nice to be a student. But you are old enough now to be a man. "Skinning" is not manly, and you mean soon to give up that pernicious habit. Meanwhile you muffle yourself up a little closer in the bed-clothes, and speculate upon the absurd but delightful luxury of a whole existence in bed, like "an oyster in its shell, content with the sluggish ecstasy of inaction, and drowsily conscious of nothing but delicious warmth," such as you now feel. Ah! what a heaven-sent gift to the lazy man is our new quarter-hour clock. It metes out to him, as it were, so nicely and so daintily the portions of

his bliss. No opium-eater's scales could be more honest or sensitive. The quarter-hours are such inexpensive and acceptable little gifts to present one's self with ; and then there is the delightful speculation and uncertainty as to whether they will be followed in the end, as by an omnipresent and watchful guardian, by the full, deep tones of the larger bell.

What shall I say to you, my poor, dilapidated bummer, Robinson? Were I a Hogarth, or a Steele, or an Addison, I might gloat over and publish to the whole town, your moral degradation and loss of self-respect. I would go back to the time—it seems a long way off now—when you were an awkward, bashful Freshman, but not afraid to say you despised and would have no part in drunkenness and vice. I would ask you whether you adopted the course which you have since pursued from inclination, or simply because you were weakly led into it by others? Ah ! but I forget the case is changed. You are an upper-class man now, and have a right to that sort of thing. There is nothing wrong in it ; only it is a trifle annoying to feel that your detestable bed has made your head and limbs ache so ; to find that you need to go to a city hydrant for a sufficient supply of drinking-water, and that you are obliged to put on your hat with a shoe-horn. Then your breakfast is a trifle slim. Your landlady has such a disgusting habit of putting things on the table half-cooked and in helter-skelter order. And the fellows will stare at you and insist that you were full last night. They are an ill-bred set after all, if they have called themselves your friends. You will not have anything to do with them after this. But above all, you are solemnly convinced that not another glass of liquor shall ever pass your lips. It is a noble resolution, and one which

it would pay any man to keep, but it does not seem, in the present instance, to inspire you with any great enthusiasm. In fact you sit there in rather a cataleptic and melancholy state, until the tinkling of that irrepressible bell calls you to chapel, whither hastens also the high-stand Jones, and behind him the lazy Smith; for all have thrown off the somnolent state, and daily life at Yale has begun.

Class-room Manners.

"MANY men of many minds" says the proverb, "many men of many manners" says J.; and many students have manners as distinctly their own as are their faces. And despite the dangers of being attacked for writing on one of "the old, hackneyed subjects of college life and relations," I shall endeavor to sketch for the reader a few of these individual manners.

There is the cool, cheeky man, who never loses his self-possession while reciting, and who fears not to say anything so long as it is plausible. He corrects the blunders of the instructor to his face, and, if the latter be at all timid, "bluffs" him. He will render a passage full of abusive epithets with all the force that a ranting actor on the stage could give, and by taking things in the most literal way possible will often set the division in a roar.

His counterpart is the man who, apparently or really, never dares to utter a sentence quickly or continuously, but would render the first sentence in Cæsar somewhat "thusly:" "All—ah—all Gaul—ah—that is—all—all Gaul is—ah—is divided—vided—ah—into—er—there—er—ah into three parts."

It is extremely wearisome sometimes to be compelled to listen to some of these "er"ing brethren. One feels as though it would be a relief to take hold of such an one and shake a sentence out of him.

In agreeable contrast to the slow and sure reciters is the Jack-in-the-box.

A specimen is occasionally found of one who fully offsets Jack's mechanical promptness by doing a great deal before he gets ready to recite, and by saying a great deal before he opens his mouth. It is an amusing study to watch such an one when called upon to recite. He never hears his name the first time, and when, by dint of a second summons from the instructor, and sundry whisperings and pokings from those around, he comprehends that something is wanted of him, he carries on an animated monologue by means of the expressions of his face. First, a look of blank astonishment says, "Is it *possible* that you want *me* to recite?" Then an air of perplexity says, "Is it me or somebody else?" "What's the question and what's the answer?" Then as he rises half way a gleam of hope conjectures "Maybe he made a mistake in calling me." As no facts strengthen this supposition, an imploring glance begs "Please call some one else." Then a reproachful look as he fairly gains his feet; "How *could* you call *me*?" Then a resigned, martyr-like look drives remorse to the instructor's heart, as it plainly utters, "Very well; I'll forgive you; but if I flunk, it won't be my fault."

Every class, every division, has its unfortunate man, who always *knows* a lesson perfectly, but never *understands* exactly what the instructor means by his questions. So he asks, "Do you mean this?" and "Do you want that I should give that?" and "Such and such is so and so;" all of which is wholly unconnected with the question asked. At last the unfortunate man sits down, leaving the impression on the rest of the division that he has flunked. Flunked! By no means! Didn't he *know* the lesson perfectly? But for fear a similar erroneous impression may have entered the mind (and book) of the instructor, Infelix lingers after recitation

and elaborately explains that he knew this, but understood that the instructor wanted this or the other, which was not explained in the text-book, etc., till in sheer self-defence the teacher exclaims "Well, I suppose the long and short of it is that you want me to allow you to make up the lesson." Infelix scorns the imputation, and, with all his dignity aroused by being so misunderstood, witheringly replies "*No*, sir ! I only want you to understand that I knew the lesson ; I don't care what mark you give me ;" and, turning grandly on his heel, strides out into the free air of heaven.

The Club.

"WHAT shall we eat, and what shall we drink," are questions which concern college students perhaps as deeply as the rest of mankind. However large their consumption of mental pabulum, and however copious their draughts at the wells of knowledge, they differ not from other men in requiring some more substantial supplies. It is of an institution founded to meet these demands that I propose to write. The college club is eminently an organization *sui generis*. Composed of a number of classmates, who board entirely by themselves, free from the watchful eye of the New Haven landlady, it furnishes, I sometimes think, the most favorable opportunity to be obtained for the observation of student character. And I hold that no man can consider his college experience complete, who has not been at one time or another in his course a member of one of these institutions.

The average daily life of a club furnishes much to interest a careful observer. If such is not your regular habit, gentle reader, I advise you to go to breakfast some morning early enough to watch the different members, as they come to partake of the matutinal meal. First enters the punctual man with lesson prepared the night before, ready to give his undistracted attention to the duties of the table. Soon after strolls in another, whose acquaintance with the lesson is so limited that his time during the meal is divided between plate and

book. As time passes on, you will notice that the salutations of the new-comers to their comrades grow briefer and more concise, and that the conversation, which may at first have been quite animated, gradually dies away until it hardly extends beyond requests for the various services of the table. At length, when the din of knife and fork is at its height, and the bell is just commencing to ring out its notes, in bursts the man who has "slept over," and has just time enough for a cup of coffee and a swallow or two of food. And as the manner of their coming is peculiar, so will their manner of answering the prayer-bell attract attention. As soon as the first warning notes are heard, you will see one or two picking up hat and books, and preparing to answer its summons. To the majority, however, the first bell is but a signal for renewed devotion to the work before them. Even when the second bell is heard, a few valiant spirits retain their seats, whom long experience has taught the exact number of seconds required for the passage from club-room to chapel. At length, however, the very last rushes from the table, and the room, a few minutes before full of noise and confusion, relapses into profound quiet. Such is breakfast at a large club. Each meal has its distinguishing characteristics, but I will only allude to the different phases which conversation takes at each. Breakfast, as preceding recitation, is chiefly occupied with questions as to the lesson, the different degrees of preparation upon it, and the chances of being up. Dinner and tea each follow a recitation, and the talk naturally turns upon its results. "Rushes," "fizzles," "flunks," "good luck," "bad luck," are expressions which you will hear on every side.

So passes a day in the club when the college world is

at peace. But would you become fully acquainted with the institution, you must be present when the ordinary dull round of events has been interrupted. Perhaps as good an occasion as any for this purpose is the evening meal, immediately after a rush in which all the members of the club participated. Each ready with some tale of personal daring and gallantry and all alike desirous to make known their part in the "victory" which is invariably gained, a greater "confusion of tongues" can hardly be imagined. Somewhat similar is the condition of the club after a good game of base-ball, or a successful boat-race. Excitement does not now run so high, but even on such an occasion one can hardly refrain from a desire to match twenty collegians against an equal number of the ancient denizens of Babel, with entire confidence that the verdict would be in favor of the nineteenth century.

But while there is much of interest in the outward life of the club, the thoughtful observer will prize the opportunity it affords for the study of character. The average college club contains some specimens of the genus homo which merit attention. Happy that club, if such there be, which does not contain the bore. However unlike the outside world in other respects, college resembles it in being afflicted with this pest. The college bore is *par excellence* a traveled man. No tale of most thrilling adventure can you tell, but he has witnessed or experienced its parallel. Indeed, you may consider yourself fortunate, if you are even allowed to tell your story uninterrupted by his busy tongue. As for any college occurrence in which you were the chief actor and he a remote spectator, you may well despair of ever having an opportunity to give your version of the story. If in your innocence you should once be so

bold as to interrupt him, in order to correct some glaring error in his account, a few sentences from him by way of reproof will convince you that you really have very little knowledge of what you said or did. Gradually, if you are docile, you will come to hear with the utmost composure the worst misrepresentations of your conduct and actions, rather than brave his indignant censure.

Another character, which you will usually find, is the college gossip. He is the man who is always the first to make known all changes in the regular courses of events, who keeps an accurate record of the health and movements of all our instructors, and is the first to announce the sickness or absence from town of any of them, who can give a complete list of the prizes and honors taken by every prominent man in every class, together with the societies to which he has belonged, and who in short has any amount of small talk about almost anybody or thing you may mention. Although sometimes his conversation is so puerile as to become disagreeable, you have only to contrast him with the bore and you will no longer complain. A club also contains a number of men not so prominent for any particular type of character. There is, however, generally some man who is known as the joker of the club, whose time is fully occupied in most excruciating attempts at wit and humor; some man who is always behind the times, and occasionally breaks in with some startling news which every one else had known a week before; and some man who is less renowned for his conversational powers, than for the sublime equanimity with which he disposes of whatever eatables are set before him.

It is the fashion with some to disparage clubs as

nurseries of slang, rudeness and ill-breeding. I will not deny that there is some ground for the criticism. I have sometimes seen a club when delayed a few minutes beyond the usual hour, which a passer-by might from the tumult have mistaken for a pack of barbarians. I have known men who elsewhere pass for gentlemen, whose conduct at the table would go far to disabuse one of that opinion of them. And it cannot be denied that conversation is sometimes indulged in, which few would care to repeat in the home-circle. But these things are the exception rather than the rule. They are the faults which seem inseparable from even the best of institutions. On the other hand, there is a heartiness and good-fellowship, the absence of which is not compensated for by the stiffest formality, secured by the most angular and cross-grained landlady. Taken all in all, the club is an important element in the social life, which is so pleasant and valuable a feature of the course at Yale, and I hope that it may long live and thrive.

Slang.

IT is a melancholy fact that all men are, by the influences of civilization, being gradually reduced to one level. This equalizing process is abstracting all individuality from life, and will eventually convert it to one grand plain, which can possess none of the elements of picturesque beauty, unless its monotony be mitigated by the relieving effects of mountain and valley. The romance of Knight-errantry, for instance, has gone by the board ; the spotted red handkerchief is no longer swung over the shoulder of the fortune-seeker : life is becoming altogether too substantial. Modern novelists tacitly acknowledge the fact by selecting a less material age than the present for the scene of a story in which romance is to abound. Since, then, all interest in life is born of oddity, we ought to cling tenaciously to any custom which savors of the time in which there was some life. Such a custom is the use of slang.

The enlightenment of modern times would drive the use of slang to the wall and characterize it as fit for the low and ignorant only. This is hard luck on us here in college where

“ The slang the gang is using
Is heard on every lip.”

But slang always stands as an exponent of the amount of vitality in any community. The Baconian method of reasoning can be adduced to prove it. A foreigner in our land is always contrasting with the comparative

hum-drum of the old world, American stir and energy; and slang is peculiarly an American habit. We are called a fast as well as slangy nation. Slang increases in prevalence toward the Pacific, where life has its greatest reality, and is almost entirely wanting in the stagnation of a New England village. Could maps be constructed "designed to illustrate," by means of shaded zones, this social phenomenon, the pale gray tint at Boston would deepen during its western progress and reach a perfect blackness around the mining-camps of California and Nevada. The shading, too, would be gradual, save in the region of our colleges where Cimmerian darkness would prevail.

Since, then, slang is the direct outgrowth of a vigorous state of existence, it is not illegitimate. It arises from a necessity for it and its peculiar fitness to meet that necessity. Its prevalence proves that it is more than a useless habit. All circles and professions have their peculiar forms of slang. There are the cant expressions of the bar, trade, the army; the church even calls its profession "the cloth," and everyone is familiar with prayer slang. A college student without slang is, to use a simile of Charles Dudley Warner, like an Englishman without side-whiskers.

Those who militate against slang argue that it is used where ability is wanting to convey an idea intelligibly; that by using it the person addressed is called upon to supply from his own imagination what the user is incapable of communicating. If this is true, ignorance must be the parent of it, and here is another reflection against us college students. I think, however, without undue conceit, that no fair-minded person can in our case connect slang with ignorance. Neither is it carelessness nor laziness. We use slang advisedly, because it

is a good thing in more ways than one. It is a tie that binds us together. It is like a provincial dialect which here makes us feel our community of interest, and when our ticket-of-leave in the shape of a sheep-skin shall have caused us to encounter the cold mercies of the world, one word of campus cant dropped in our hearing will stir our souls even as that of the homesick Highlander is, by the bag-pipes of his native land.

It is, too, an absolute necessity in order to save a Johnsonian verbosity. A college statistician has computed that the word "flunk" is used on an average five times a day by every undergraduate. If to convey the same idea contained in this expressive little word we were obliged to spin it out into "a failure to acquit ourselves creditably in recitation," a simple mathematical calculation will serve to show the enormous waste of time and words. College slang is picturesque, and very often affords a means for the practical application of the æsthetics of every day life. Call a match a match, and the thing is commonplace enough; but call it a "hell-stick," and this graphic way of putting it vividly paints the blue sulphurous flame, the suffocating fumes and the disgusting odor of the brimstone lake, the place of torment for the man who refuses to use the more toned and less inoffensive "snapper" instead of the aforesaid relic of barbarism. College slang is euphemistic; there is a balm for a headache caused by last night's debauch to have it said you were "slightly cheered" or "slewed" or "boiled." It is forcible; when we hear the command "skip" we know that argument is unnecessary but "prance" we must.

There are men, usually one in every class, who perform the duties of slang autocrats. They determine the value of new expressions and import the best to take

the place of old, worn-out ones. They are continually gasping after something new in their line, like a sworn-off smoker after a ring of tobacco-smoke. One kind of college slang is however independent of their favor. It is that which has been incorporated into the most legitimate talk about college and has the flavor of age to recommend it to conservatism. Such slang our fathers have used and our sons will use. We can meet the latter in after years on their native heath, as it were, and talk this time-honored slang about "rushes," and "cuts," and "flunks" without calling down upon our parental heads a slang expression of the Young America of ancient Greece, "smelling of Chronos."

Whist.

IT was the last day of the fall term, and I was packing my trunk for the journey home. Shirts and trousers, tooth-brushes, slippers and unmentionables lay scattered around in pleasing confusion ; and occupying the place of honor were two or three text-books, showing that vacation was not to be wholly given up to a round of dissipation. There was a Barker's Chemistry, with formulas long enough to fill up eternity ; a Porter's Human Intellect, if such a barbarous book can be called human ; two or three paper-covered novels, beneath whose French words was concealed an amount of indecency, the mere mention of which in honest Anglo-Saxon would have set one's ears tingling with shame ; and last, but not least, an elegantly bound copy of Pole's Whist. All these books had their different associations, more or less pleasant. The Intellect and Chemistry gently reminded of flunking, skinning, and conditions ; the novels, of an acquaintance with French, gained at the expense of the moral nature ; but the Pole—the infernal Pole—called up such an accumulation of woes, that by an ungovernable impulse it was hurled across the room, breaking, in its mad career, the \$3.75 lamp-shade, and overturning the inkstand upon a newly covered table. Perhaps it was a silly thing to do. Perhaps paying for the damage was not a very satisfactory way of relieving one's feelings. But unless I am very much mistaken, there are many in college who

would have done the same thing under the same circumstances.

It was out of sheer desperation that I first attempted to learn the mysteries of whist. I must premise that I am of a social nature, and am accustomed to drop around in my friends' rooms for a quiet talk and smoke. Many is the pleasant evening I had enjoyed in the days long gone by (ere whist had become the one absorbing object of life), lounging before an open fire in South, my favorite briarwood emitting clouds of smoke, discussing the latest injustice of the Faculty, or the chances of crew or nine during the coming season. All this, however, was at an end. The demon whist had taken possession of the class, and all else was banished from his presence. In the place of a jolly crowd hidden in clouds of smoke, each adding his mite to the general fund of innocent gossip and fun, four men are seated about a small table, their funereal countenances drawn down to a preternatural length, oblivious of everything but the progress of the game. Not a sound breaks the unnatural stillness, except now and then when the players stop to discuss a doubtful point, or predict how "many tricks we might have made had you only played so and so." And this not in one room, or two rooms, but in every room where, in days of yore, I was wont to pass the pleasantest evenings and smoke the very best mixtures possible. It may be easily surmised that I and those of a similar mind did not yield to the infatuation without a struggle. It was very dreary to enter a room and sit still for an hour, bored by your own thoughts, yet unable to open your mouth, the monotony occasionally broken by a jargon more unintelligible than the talk of a Sandwich Islander. But all this we did endure in the hope of the dawn of a better day,—

but only to experience bitter disappointment. At last, some of us plunged madly into that vortex of dissipation, New Haven society, in the vain hope of finding some relief. But even in this, again, we were doomed to disappointment. If Pole was the demon of the college world, Pole was ten-fold the god of New Haven society. The "voluptuous waltz" had been torn from its pedestal, and in its place had been set up that orthodox deity, Whist. One who did not play was, of course, debarred from enjoying these social pleasures. The numerous whist parties which filled up the gaps between the great parties of the season, left him out in the cold. And even when by chance there did happen to be something which he cared to attend, the conversation all turned upon how well this one played, and how poorly that one; what bad luck Mr. A. and myself had last night, but what good fortune Mr. B. and myself enjoyed the night before. In truth, wherever the poor unfortunate turned, before or behind, on the right or the left, there was nothing to be seen or heard but whist! *whist!!* WHIST!!!

Goaded, at length, to desperation, I attempted in an evil hour, to learn the mysteries of whist. Of the first few games I can speak with pride and elation. Of course, I had a beginner's luck, and held all the desirable cards in the pack. However carelessly I might play, and however many mistakes I might make, still victory perched upon the banner of partner and self. I was, indeed, often informed how many more tricks I might have taken, had I only led from clubs instead of hearts, or brought in my long suit at a particular moment, visible to the eye of a scientific player. But, under cover of extraordinary success, I could afford to disregard all such little innuendos. But alas! a change

came over the spirit of my dreams. Fortune basely deserted me. The luck which once was mine, was mine no longer. And then how aggravating it was to see even my good cards rendered useless by the science of my adversaries. Perhaps my partner was, by some rare chance, a really good player,—and then how pleasant to listen to his curses, not loud but deep, when in a fit of abstraction I trumped his trick or failed to answer his signal for trumps. Perhaps (and this was more frequently the case) my partner's knowledge was even less than my own, and then what a prey we were to the skill of our adversaries; what objects of unlimited game to all spectators! I had often heard of the hard, relentless march of science, sparing neither friend nor foe in its onward advance. I never before realized the truth which lay hidden beneath those words. They are now, however, words full of awful meaning. Sometimes, in my desperation, I even ventured to offend against the demon of whist by attempting to smoke and play at the same time. I thought, in my ignorance, that the soothing influence of man's best friend, tobacco, would assist me in bearing my defeat. But the demon always revenged himself upon me. At one time, in my absorption in the game, I entirely forgot my cigar, and was only reminded of it by the unexpected fall of a cloud of white ashes all over a new diagonal coat; at another, I, from a similar cause, dropped a cigarette, severely burning myself. My pipe I invariably allowed to go out, and then, in serene unconsciousness, by a more than usually energetic pull, I drew into my mouth a dose of nicotine large enough, on any competent medical authority, to kill a healthy giant.

After two or three months of this sort of thing, I became entirely sick of even the name whist. And yet,

when not playing, I occupied an almost solitary position among my classmates, since that seemed to be universally acknowledged, as has been already said, the only amusement worthy of attention. I was told that my dislike to the game was due to slight knowledge and short experience, and I was advised to learn the modern scientific game. With this in view, I purchased the elegantly bound copy of Pole already mentioned, and made an entirely fresh start. I read with great attention the entire book through twice, including the preface ; as it was impressed that nothing on any account, was to be omitted. I also, by dint of severe application, continued through a series of weeks, learned by heart those numerous specific rules which take up so large a portion of this invaluable treatise. Now, I thought, I am armed *cap-a-pie*, and can venture again upon the field. But this time I did not meet with success even at first. My career was a mortifying failure throughout. I have not—I blush to own it, but truth compels me—either a good memory or a logical faculty. As a result, I invariably played according to rule, but unfortunately always the wrong rule at the wrong time. I never could tell how to vary my playing according to the special requirements of a particular case. My stupidity was now made more apparent than before, as my mistakes could not be attributed, by even a partial judge, to ignorance of the rules. I had always a genius for blunders, and now this genius shone forth resplendent. I at this time accepted a few invitations to make up a hand at one of those numerous whist-parties. But it must be confessed that I was insufferably bored, and perhaps, also, succeeded in making a complete ass of myself. I could extract no enjoyment from a two hours' silent *tête-à-tête* with a pretty young lady, especially when

I was continually disgracing myself by constant blunders, and continually trapping her into even worse ones.

Slowly and sadly it has dawned upon me that nature never intended me for a whist player. I hate the game ; nay, the very sight of a pack of cards sets me wild. That, to me, most expensive edition of Pole, has long ago been consigned to the flames. I look back upon that Christmas vacation as one of the happiest periods of my life. For three entire weeks I was buried in a part of the country where even the mention of cards was thought a deadly sin.

I know not what may be the developments of the future. From the present indications I should judge it not improbable that a knowledge of Pole will be one of the requirements for admission to Yale in the year 1900. If this be the case, no son of mine shall ever join the annual procession to Alumni Hall.

CLASS-ROOM HUMORS.

Reflections on a Great Bugbear.

I WIPE my pen, pick up my blotting-paper, hand in a dozen pages or so of copper-plate manuscript, put on my hat, and, standing on Alumni steps, realize or attempt to realize that another year has gone, that another annual is shelved. I say *attempt* to realize, for it takes a mind of more than ordinary calibre to grasp the full length, breadth and depth of those three words, "annual is over." It has been looming up before us for ten months; first term, 'tis true, it was only a mist; but by winter it had settled down into a fog; while the hot weather finds it a dense, impenetrable cloud.

Last week I said to myself, "this time next Tuesday annual will be over:" and yesterday I thought 'this time to-morrow annual will be over,' and last night I dreamed that every question in Philosophy was "explain the gyrometer," and that I was busy flunking them all, when with a start I woke up, and, after feeling the bed-post to make sure that it was only a dream, turned over with a sigh of relief, murmuring "this time to-morrow annual will be over."

Yes. The Rubicon is passed, and I stand on the steps and feel the cool breeze blowing over from 'Divinity,' fanning my flushed face, and remember with quiet satisfaction that flourish at the bottom of the twelfth page, dwelling with pleasure on the 'P. S.' inserted in the left-hand corner:—

"*Prof. Cramhard.* I have been obliged to omit the 119th question for want of time."

I smile internally, and pat myself metaphorically on the back, and think, 'pretty smart thing that,' and am immensely disgusted at finding out afterwards that one hundred and twenty-three out of one hundred and twenty-five fellows have done exactly the same thing.

I glance over the printed paper in my hand, and as my eye runs over a score or two of questions a great '4' seems to be photographed on them all; but I stop at No. 47 and reflect. I believe I had a pretty general idea of that poser, though there were some points not altogether clear, and after all, I put down so much that Cramhard will have to get a double-action telescope to pick out what I didn't know. Well, I'll call it 3:50 any how; he ought to take it for granted that I knew *that much*."

I am alone outside the hall, thoroughly at peace with myself and the world in general; but I don't forget the inquisition in full blast on the other side of those oak doors. Will I ever forget the look of anguish on poor Sam Crook's face, when he telegraphed over, "I have got the wrong skinning-paper." Poor Sam! he hadn't a leg to stand on in English literature and logic. He learned short-hand just on purpose to bridge this difficulty. He had worked steadily for two days and nights and had Shaw and Atwater almost verbatim on a manuscript edition of 16 feet by 1½ inches, but somehow got his papers mixed and brought in an abridged 'Loomis's Astronomy,' by mistake. This was even worse than Tom Evans' *faux pas* last sophomore annual. Tom wrote the 'Analytics' entire on his shirt-cuffs, but put them on with the writing *inside*. This he discovered only when in the hall, and was then too much scared to change them, flunking dead of course. Tom was always ready to swear that he put those cuffs

on right, and could only account for his misfortune on the wild hypothesis that the ink had soaked through to the inner side.

The faces inside bending over those cork ink-stands may be divided into three classes, each sharply defined and to be recognized at a glance. First, the man who is doing well. You can tell him by his fingers at once; the first two, with the thumb, being well bedaubed with ink. He has glanced over the paper; feels sure that he can strike every nail square on the head, and then with the rapidity of a phonographer turns off page after page. Of two evils I believe I would prefer the lot of Tantalus rather than sit, stuck myself, and watch this man making one continued spurt from alpha to omega. Every individual hair seems to indicate a desire to stand on end and cheer; his eyes sparkle, and the corners of his mouth twitch with nervous excitement; in fact, every feature, muscle and ligament seems to be playing on the surface of an invisible chuckle, and each to be saying in his own way, "soft thing."

To the second class belongs the man who is doing only fairly. He has looked over the list and feels that he has a general idea of most of the questions, can write something on each and perhaps come very near the mark on two or three. He has recognized the fact, too, that quantity must be put in the balance against quality, and that good penmanship will not injure his case. This task of writing a good deal and of doing it in good style, gives class No. 2 little or no time for stargazing.

But by all odds the man most thoroughly interesting to an outside observer, and most wretchedly miserable to himself, is the man who is in a hopeless and desperate condition of *flunk*. On ordinary occasions, this gen-

tleman is one of the gayest of the gay ; but the settled gloom on his countenance now, the suicidal look in his eyes, the drooping languor of his legs and the general appearance of goneness mark an eclipse in the sunshine of his joys, an eclipse total and annual, though not, thank fortune, perpetual ; for this little trouble will soon roll away from the disc of his happiness and before long he will be shining again on his friends, just as though yearly overhauls were myths.

This third class may, I think, be subdivided into two. Of one of these is the man who feels that the waters are about his eyes and ears, but still hopes on, and looks out for straws. He is nervous and uneasy while keeping a close watch on the four guardians of scholastic virtue. He attempts at unobserved intervals to establish communication with his neighbors, or goes up to the water-cooler, hoping to meet a sympathizing and posted friend there, with the possibility of getting a glimpse at something valuable on the way back, or, as a dernier resort, he assails, with fulsome smile, the tutor's rostrum, thinking that perhaps he may glean a grain of information by asking an explanation of some question.

Flunkist No. 2 is a conscientious young man. He belongs perhaps, to a Mission Sunday School, or may have been a prominent church-deacon, and, of course, has no skinning-papers. He crammed up some odd places and came in hoping to get two or three of them ; but alas ! not one familiar resting-spot meets his anxious eyes, and for two and a half hours we have a picture of despair to be found nowhere outside of Dante's "Inferno." If Whittier had passed through the course here, his idea of sadness would have been materially

changed, and his renowned couplet would perhaps read somewhat thus :

“ Of all sad words, except dead drunk,
“ The saddest are the words *dead funk*.”

But why should I stand on Alumni steps contemplating horrors? School's closed, let's be off; and I am just about to move down the path when the door is hastily opened, and out rushes a frantic youth. I recognize a fellow divisioner and greet him with “ Ah, Bill, how did you get through?” “ Magnificently ! never did better in my life ! dead rush !” I receive this statement *cum* a considerable *grano*, for William has never been found guilty of even approximating to a perfect recitation. And here let me offer incidentally this piece of advice to the uninitiated. Don't believe a man who, within five minutes of getting out, says he has made a *dead rush* ; the chances are twenty-five to one that he will take two for his mark before an hour has passed.

I move on, and the first shadow shows that the chapel is near by. O ghosts of broken slumbers ! O ghosts of unfinished breakfasts ! O ghosts of empty stomachs ! *requiescatis in pace*. For two whole months the echoing footsteps of no belated pilgrims will be heard along the aisles of this lofty edifice. For two whole months thy downy cushions will be unpressed. Late-rising students no longer bend reverentially over half-conned lessons. Freshmen shake not with the “ *pons asinorum* ” before them. No ghastly monitor puts on a sickly smile when he sees a four-seated pew with only three in it. The choir in the dark recess sings no longer its unearthly but harmonious strains. Fair woman from above no more looks down on frail and sleeping below——

I had got thus far, musing sweetly, when an ebb tide of liberated co-laborers seized me with "I say, Jack, what answer did you get for the 16th?" Another calls out, "Is the 14th ablative of cause or means?" While still another voice is heard, high over all, crying out "I say, Jack, is *regerent* sentiment of another or essential-part?" I have no wax with me, so I put my fingers in my ears, put on a soft non-committal smile, nod wildly *yes* and wait till these syrens float away. Experience taught me this dodge. When I was young I used sometimes to differ from my questioners and always had the pleasure of being informed that I was most assuredly in the wrong. Another good expedient is to rush from Alumni hall directly to your room and lock yourself up for about fifteen minutes. This you will generally find long enough to do the business. Some fellows, however, will keep up the cross-questioning for an hour or more. Of this class was John Z. who used to bore the club so much with his questions that they decided on giving him a lesson. One, day, after a mathematical examination, John rushing into dinner, crying out "I say, fellows, is the *fourth* $R \cos X$ or $R \sin X$?" Everyone instantly stopped talking. Amid a death-like stillness Dick B— arose and said: "Let me inform you, Mr. Z., that the examination in Trigonometry closed at twelve precisely, and that it is now quarter past one—roast beef, Mary, rare, if you please."

I drift on lazily and am soon behind the Lyceum. O how cool this breeze feels, when I think of those hot summer afternoons in Prex's lecture room, and I say to myself, what a wonderful creature man is, remembering how I could snooze delightfully through all those Greek lectures and at the end be able to tell

all about Platea and Epidamnus and the twenty-nine causes that made Themistocles such a remarkable historian.

I don't remember doing much in the Morpheus line, however, in the room directly overhead. In fact, the division needed all its eyes and ears to keep posted on what was coming. Well, that's all over now. 'Why so?' 'More accurately.' 'And the name is?' are to us only echoes past. The transit was correctly adjusted, and we have passed over the meridian. May the compound of 'nodes,' 'evection,' 'dips,' 'meridians,' 'librations,' etc., etc., go to the right spot and find a resting-place there.

I go up stairs to my room; there lies a book on the table open at that tough place over which I spent an hour and a half and which of course we didn't have. I swear I *never will cram* again; I shut the book and put it away; I give my sweep a dollar, I tell Fine Day that I *have* some old clothes, I go over to the fence and shake hands with everybody, and then I go to dinner.

Examinations.

THE pile of examination-papers is nearly exhausted. To-morrow the bottom of the chest that has guarded them so carefully will be reached ; the last manuscript will be handed in, and Alumni Hall will be cleared for more joyous scenes. Day by day for the past two weeks we have pumped our heads full, only to enter that hall and have them pumped empty again, and now the respite comes just in time, for the pump has given signs of failing, and the reservoir is leaking badly.

In respect to these examinations I find there is everything in getting used to them. The first time I approached that hall it was with some such feeling as that with which I used to walk up to my mother when I had been in swimming contrary to orders. That great yawning doorway at which I have since seen children and ladies shudder, seemed to open its jaws for me. How I wished that one of the stones from that gloomy archway might fall on me. There is a good quotation somewhere about calling on the mountains to fall on us and the hills to crush us, which illustrates my feelings, but which I cannot quite recall. Perhaps you remember it. Since that day, having grown in years and discretion, I have grown bolder. After a few nervous twitchings of the pump-handle, and a consciousness that a new leak has burst out in your reservoir, you leave your room and join your classmates before that yawning door, as the hour for examination approaches.

You are not much encouraged by the subdued air which pervades the crowd, think the assembly is a little too funereal in its aspect and try to crack a joke—a laudable enterprise, but fruitless. You have undoubtedly noticed that the man who opens the door to admit you, always stations himself in the doorway, and looks pensive and sad—but it is only done for a scare. The inside of the hall appears at first sight as if ornamented with a view to holding therein a congress of nations. As you gaze around upon the “Arms of the States of the American Union” and the portraits of the great men who have gone before you, you feel as Napoleon’s soldiers felt in the presence of the Egyptian pyramids—“that centuries are looking down upon you.” There is nothing lacking to inspire you, and with the arms of your state above your head, and the legs of a rickety chair beneath you, you boldly determine to rush or—flunk.

How still everything is! The guards who are appointed over you are as silent as the grave as they distribute the bills-of-fare for this feast of reason and flow of sweat. And now there is a thundering at the door by some foolish fellow who has waited to fill his lamp and “crib” a few points on his cuffs. The guards stand unmoved at the four sides of the room, grave and gloomy; silence again reigns, and naught is heard but the scratching of pens and a few suppressed sighs. If you sit on a back seat and don’t want to devote yourself too hard to your paper, you find yourself splendidly situated to exercise your judgment in what constitutes a boating man. Such an assortment of backs was never seen in one collection before—in all degrees of curvature from the start to the finish of a stroke. You long for a sight of a tutor’s back, but they all stand or sit

with backs firmly planted against the wall, and nothing visible but eyes.

And now you are wondering what that cross made with chalk upon the floor under your table is, thinking that the cross you are bearing now is heavy enough without an additional one, and reading the names of others who have sat at the same table and left their autographs there; when suddenly you find that in a few minutes the two hours and a quarter will be up and you are bound to be out among the first. Now you go to work in earnest, every once in a while jumping up to gaze at the only friendly face in the room, that of the clock. There is one question you cannot answer, and you know your right hand neighbor can, so you gently ask him to confide. But he isn't confiding as much as he was when he wanted to borrow your "Harper" to cram up on, and only scowls and spoils his boating back by humping it. The man on your left knows you have an answer which he cannot get, and asks you for it. You were well brought up and learned the golden rule long ago, and so you only scowl and hump *your* back. Then you take your "Rules for Examination" out of your pocket and significantly point out to him rule 10: "All communication between students during examination is strictly forbidden," and indicate by words and winks that you'll tell him all about that question when you get outside, for which he gratefully curses you. The two hours and a quarter are passed at last, and one of the gloomy guards rises, and in sepulchral tones proclaims: "Those who have completed their work may hand it in and be excused. The next examination will take place on Tuesday morning at 9 o'clock on the Greek of the first two terms," and his voice sounded so much like that of a judge passing

sentence of death that you almost expected him to say, "and be hanged by the neck until you are dead, dead, dead !"

You hand in your papers and depart, and the first comforting news you hear after coming out is that the University nine has been awfully whipped. You are glad now that annuals kept you from witnessing the game. Of course you "rushed," or if you didn't, you don't tell anybody about it, and are glad to have escaped. And now the last man is out, you have compared answers and found out your mistakes, have shown your left hand neighbor what the proper answer to his question is ; and now the gloomy man, with a pile of manuscripts under his arm, is closing that gloomy door, and soon that archway will be frowning down upon passers-by. Soon it will smile for a brief week on those whom it has terrified in days gone by, and then will frown again on the "candidates for admission, four abreast."

Analytical Algebra.

COMPLAINT is sometimes made that in the teaching given at Yale the æsthetic side of studies is neglected: e. g. that in the reading of Greek and Latin texts, the structure of the language is attended to and the thoughts of the authors disregarded. The complaint seems to me partly just and in this article I will sketch out a plan by which the study of Algebra, for example, might be made not only to sharpen the reason but to train the critical faculties and elevate the human soul. Professor Packard once told his class that the curriculum had made no provision for the culture of imagination. How much might be done in that way, even in pure mathematics, by a proper mode of treatment, will be seen perhaps from the following outlines of a *cours*.

A late ingenious writer has tried to show that the false science of alchemy was only a covert way of expressing by means of a symbolism, truths in moral and political philosophy which it would have been unsafe in the Middle Ages to maintain openly. An analytical study of Algebra will develop the fact that underlying its artificial symbolism, its alphabetical triflings, its obscure, and too many meaningless formulæ, there lies a life-drama of dark and stormy passions—a tale of fate, of crime, of temptation and fall. It will be remembered that the science is of oriental, of Arabian origin. The oriental mind takes pleasure in mystic and figurative methods of expression and it may well be, that this method has been

taken of preserving under the forms of a language whose true import is revealed to a few choice spirits in every age, one of that body of legends almost coeval with the race—the folklore of the East. It is a tale of the triumph of the strong over the weak ; the evil over the good ; the tempter over the tempted ; the Mephistopheles over the Faust.

It will be seen that among the different writers who have treated the subject, under some minor differences of style and statement, there is a general agreement as to the relative position of the two central personages of the drama—the characters of A and B. What this relation exactly is, it is impossible to say. It is usually indicated numerically. Sometimes it is expressed in terms of the mysterious and unknown quantity x which the reader is always requested to find, but which if found at all (which is rarely the case) resolves itself into some number as baffling to the curiosity as the number of the Beast in Revelations. What light does it shed on x to discover that $x = \frac{2}{3}q$ or that $x = \sqrt[4]{2na}$? Then, too, x is usually variable, sometimes infinite, not seldom imaginary or absurd. It has indeed been directly asserted that the relation of A to B was as p to p' : but what was p ? what was p' ? The clue to this cipher is certainly far from ascertained.

For these reasons it is advisable in the æsthetic study of Algebra to neglect the long pages of statistics or figurative matter which form the bulk of most treatises. They shed no light on our researches. It is only in the problems or what may be called the letter-press of the work that I find any consistent and rational statements about A and B. Even here the cautious and singularly non-committal manner of the historian leaves much untold. Algebra may be called like Rhetoric “a science

of hints and suggestions"—or better a science of puzzles and riddles. The Sphinxy chronicler makes a guarded statement and then suddenly asks a question which often seems to have no connection at all with the previous statement. Almost every sentence ends with an interrogation-point.

From these materials, however, meagre as they are, the following general results may be gained as to the character and relations of A and B. B is the hero of the drama. He seems to be a man of fine feeling, of a generous and social, open and confiding nature, but of a weak will and easily influenced. I find him with a kind of humorous benevolence repeatedly distributing coppers in geometrical progression to the poor. He seems to be the careless and good-humored gentleman referred to by Mr. Todhunter on page 208 of his Algebra. "A gentleman sends a lad into the market to buy a shilling's worth of oranges. The lad having eaten a couple, the gentleman pays at the rate of a penny for fifteen more than the market price," &c. His easy credulity and recklessness seem to have led him into extravagance and folly. I find him speculating in city real estate, investing x dollars in rectangular lots containing m square feet. He seems to have fallen in with the sporting ring and to have run around islands on a wagon—always losing; to have invested in lotteries—always drawing blanks: the chances of his drawing a prize being usually represented as $n:m$ —no doubt ridiculously small.

On the other hand A the Iago, the Mephistopheles, the devil of the plot, is painted as a man of a secret, reserved, and tortuous mind. Contrast the open-hearted, unsuspecting frankness of B with the shuffling evasion of A's answers to the simplest question. Thus A being

asked by B how old he is replies, " m times the cube of C's age $= \frac{1}{n}$ of the square root of my own." Whenever A and B are brought into contact, the former is represented as the superior in mental and bodily strength. In these numerous and mysterious trips which they are perpetually taking between two places distant x miles from each other A always accomplishes the journey in one m^{th} of the time that B does. A always performs with ease in the incredibly short period of n days that piece of work which the indolent B requires fully m days to complete. At an early period in their history A seems to have laid B under some dreadful obligation or to have discovered some terrible secret which places the latter wholly in his power. The power thus obtained he uses with remorseless cruelty. He persuades B to invest his money in partnerships when B contributes m dollars to A's n . He extorts hush-money from him in sums of 500, 1000, nay, even y dollars! With a fiendish humor he pretends to regard these installments of blackmail as loans—loans of pure accommodation for t months and at r per cent. interest—of course never paid.

What the secret of this influence was I cannot say. Was there a woman in the case? There is something in the character of C—a personage occasionally introduced, which leads to the suspicion that she was a woman. Thus on page 474 of Todhunter we are told "It is 3 to 1 that A speaks truth, 6 to 1 that B does, and 1 to 3 that C does. What is the probability that an event took place which A asserts to have happened, and which B and C deny?" Three conclusions seem to be justified by this statement.

1st. The remarkable natural deceitfulness of C points not doubtfully to her sex.

2d. B appears by this time to have become involved

in a train of prevarications made necessary perhaps by his attempts to conceal the secret referred to, and to have lost a portion of his natural truthfulness.

"O what a tangled web we weave
When first we practice to deceive."

But even so, his word is more to be trusted than the organic duplicity of A.

3d. The above problem seems to have presented itself to the mind of B while endeavoring to free himself from the toils of A. He reflects whether his own words coupled with that of C may outweigh (possibly in a Court of Justice) the unsupported testimony of A. He is tempted to cast off the thralldom and boldly deny the "event" obscurely alluded to, which can be no other than the terrible, possibly guilty, secret which A uses to his destruction.

If any such plan of relief presents itself to his mind, he is too weak to carry it out. He falls more and more hopelessly into the toils and struggles less and less. The malign influence of A becomes strongest as the drama sweeps to its catastrophe. B invests with increasing recklessness in the lots and lotteries. He probably also takes to drink, for we read of "hogsheads, one of wine and one of beer, for cubical contents as m , n , and exhausted respectively at the rate of x and y quarts per diem."

Towards the close of his melancholy career, A gets him into gambling. It is needless to say that he is no match for the latter. The chapter on "probability" is nothing more or less than an account of his losses at cards and dice to the Hon. Duccase. Thus on page 468, problem 27, "two persons A, and B, engage in a game in which A's skill is to B's as 3 to 2. Find the

chance of A's winning at least 3 games out of 5." Sometimes there seems to be a pool in which several engage, —possibly one D, a character who appears but seldom, and seems to be a tool of A's—was present among others. On page 470 we have a description of one of these friendly games. "In a bag are n balls of m colors, p_1 being the first color, p_2 of the second color * * * * p_m of the m^{th} color. If the balls be drawn out one by one, what is the chance that all the balls of the first color will be drawn, &c.?"

The catastrophe of the drama is shrouded in impenetrable night. What was the fate of A, of B, of C, of all the rest of the alphabet, including old Izzard, "that gray haired man of glee?" I cannot say: but enough has been done towards resolving the enigma to show how much would be accomplished by a critical study of Algebra in its æsthetic relations, disregarding those tables of meaningless signs and formulæ which are made the sole object of study under the present false, disciplinary system.

"The limits of this introduction," as Mr. Buckle would say, forbid me to do more than indicate how valuable the same method of treatment would be if employed, for instance, on that graceful work of fiction, "Arnold's Latin Prose Composition." Balbus, Caius, and even Titus Manlinus, the *nobilissimus juvenis*, would be no longer mere pegs to hang instructors upon, but living, breathing souls like the generous, the gentle, but alas the unhappy and fallen B.

Balbus.

POSSIBLY some few of my readers may have chanced, while exploring the musty recesses of Hoadley's or Richmond's, to discover a copy of a quaint old book entitled "Arnold's Latin Prose Composition." If a love of antiquarian research led them, as it did me, to examine the contents of this venerable volume, they found that, like a dictionary, it is mainly composed of short paragraphs and sentences, very interesting in themselves, but remarkably disconnected.

Passing over all discussion of the probable authorship, date and purpose of this book, and only noting that internal evidence indicates that the various events which it narrates took place not very far from the commencement of the Christian era, I would ask your attention to the sentences, some of which may be shown, I think, by a judicious use of the critical and imaginative powers, to contain many interesting allusions to college life 2000 years ago. The sentences which I have culled out for this purpose all seem to have been extracted from the private journal of a collegian of that period. In them appear four principal dramatis personæ: I, the writer of the journal; You, a most youthful personage; Balbus, whom, for want of a better, may be called the hero: Caius, a rival of Balbus; also, He, Him, They, Them, Some, &c., "attendants, soldiers, &c."

The early life of these collegians is wrapped in the

most profound obscurity. We may conjecture that they were born early in life of poor, but dishonest parents; that they spent the days of their boyhood in driving the hens to water, milking the dogs, and other rustic occupations; that they were "birched" at the common schools, and "rebelled" at the academies; and that they got blue-papers at the examination for entrance to college; but all this is mere conjecture, for we receive no information concerning them until they are fairly in college. Their relations to each other in college are more or less clearly indicated by the sentences which I shall quote, from which it seems probable that Balbus, Caius and You were all in the same class, while I was in the class above them; that I was, at first, the special patron of Balbus and You, though afterward taking up Caius in place of Balbus; that Balbus and Caius were the leading men in the rival Freshman societies; and that You was, at first, the fast friend of Balbus, probably his chum, but afterward became alienated from him. Accepting as true these supposed relations of our ancient collegians, we shall easily understand the various glimpses of their college life afforded by the sentences, which, by the way, it will be best to take up as nearly as possible, though by no means arranged, in chronological order.

The average age of entering college was probably about the same as now, for we find "It is certain that Caius served his first campaign at the age of 18." Of course this was the Freshman campaign; hence, he must have entered when about 17. An allusion to initiation into Freshman societies is undoubtedly contained in the question, "Was not Caius within a very little of being killed?" From this it seems that these initiations were as cruel and barbarous then as now.

Doubtless our friends were soon visited by certain very polite upper-class men ; for we find it recorded, " They said that Caius would give if he had anything," which clearly proves that the fascinating and alluring sport of getting subscriptions was in full blast then, and probably it ruined many a fine fellow, even as it does to-day.

As " Caius was more brave than prudent," (*i. e.* he was rash,) he incurred that dread penalty, a letter home, early in Freshman year. We can imagine his division officer thus addressing him : " Mr. Caius, I am deeply grieved to inform you that you have received sixteen marks, and that therefore the painful duty devolves upon me of sending a letter home to your father." Yalensians alone can imagine his wild anguish as he heard these words and thought of his father's grey hairs brought down in sorrow to the grave ; they will not wonder that, nerved by despair, he went to the P. O. and, by putting an oyster fry and a bottle of Falernian " where they would do the most good," got possession of the blighting epistle before it started on its dread mission. But, on reading it, the contents did not appear so very dreadful, and the ingenuous youth shrank from deceiving both his loved instructor and his venerable sire. Hence the determination which I records : " Caius is going to send a copy of the letter to his father ;" doubtless keeping the original for memorabil.

Freshmen seem to have been as conceited in their ignorance then as now, for we find I endeavoring to take his friends down a little, by assuring them, " Both You and Balbus are ignorant of many things." But a little later we read : " It cannot be denied that Balbus seems wise to many persons ;" implying thereby that he

had acquired the art, not yet wholly lost, of taking a good stand with a very small acquirement of knowledge. He seems to have plunged at once into college politics, and to have bent all his efforts therein to carrying out the wishes of that extremely influential friend of his in the class above him, I. And with success, for the latter asserts, "Balbus has deserved well of me," with the logical conclusion, "It remains that I should assist Balbus." Strange as it may seem to us, in those days college politicians did not deem it necessary to keep their word, for I says, "Both you and Balbus have uttered many falsehoods;" and, though declaring, "My friend Balbus has more influence with me than any other person," he asserts "I shall not easily believe Balbus." But Balbus' willingness to toa—no, to please and accommodate, nearly got him into trouble in his own class. Some questionable transaction—perhaps in the Freshman campaign—so incensed his opponents, that one of them, perhaps Caius himself, determined to openly accuse him of treacherous conduct; but his faithful chum, You, intervened and, either by his smoothness of tongue, or by assuring the would-be accuser that his contemplated action would offend that influential upper-class man, I, saved Balbus from the threatened danger; a service which I thus recognized: "It was owing to you that he did not accuse Balbus of treachery."

Thus far, everything was lovely between Balbus and I, and I unhesitatingly upheld Balbus as superior to Caius, asking at one time, "Which is the wiser, Caius or Balbus?" and immediately answering his own question, "There is no doubt that Caius is nothing compared to Balbus." At another time he admiringly exclaims, "Is there any man who can be compared with

Balbus?" Alas, that a friendship so close, so disinterested, so beatific generally, did not endure! Soon I began to suspect that Balbus was no longer faithful to him, but was bent on some scheme of private aggrandizement. "Even Balbus is not averse to ambition," he says, and adds doubtfully, "I am afraid I do not see through Balbus's designs." Soon convinced that his suspicions were well founded, and wishing to ascertain whether You considered it better to follow Balbus or himself, he cautiously asked, "Do you envy me or Balbus?" You wisely preferred to keep the good-will of I, and the two, deserting Balbus, made common cause with Caius, to whom I transferred his paternal care and advice, thus: "I warned Caius whom to guard against," and "I will warn Caius how advantageous it is to keep one's word." Later on, we find I asking, "Was the funeral pile lighted by you or Balbus?" which shows that the change in the relations of the parties must have taken place before the burning of Euclid in Sophomore year, I wishing to know which of the now rivals had obtained the honor of applying the devouring flame. So hostile had the once chums become, that they came to blows once at least, for I asserts, "Both you and Balbus have lifted up your hands." What a scene for a painter! Mill between Damon and Pythias!

Probably Balbus now made some declaration of his high-toned determination to break up the odious system of toadyism which prevailed. Whatever his dodge was to win popularity, it was in some measure successful, for "There was some one who assisted Balbus." These co-reformers braced him up, it seems, for "About all of them visited Balbus; 'Keep,' said they, 'your word; finish the business which you have undertaken.'" Thus supported, it might have been dangerous to entirely

overlook him, and so I prudently says, "I will enquire of Caius whether Balbus should be consulted;" which enquiry resulted in the conclusion, "We must consult the interests of Balbus." But ere long the adherents of Balbus saw that they were on the losing side, and so lessened his power by deserting him, that his interests demanded little consultation, and I asks contemptuously, "Is not anything enough for Balbus?" The last mention we find of the college life of our friends shows that Balbus had, by some means, got a part in one of the plays at a Thanksgiving Jubilee, most probably in his Junior year. But by this time both I and You thoroughly disliked and despised him, and in spite of their former friendship for him, were willing to see him publicly disgraced, and even to aid in disgracing him. We read, "I will make no objection to your hissing off the stage that very bad actor, Balbus!"

Poor Balbus! Like many a college student now-a-days, he started in his course most brilliantly, and seemed destined to continue throughout as he had begun, a leading man in the class. But he was too ambitious, too unscrupulous, too economical of the truth; and "rising like a rocket, he fell like a stick."

IMPEDIMENTA.

My Umbrella.

It has always seemed a curious thing to me that funny people should be so prone to jest about the umbrella. The child *Punchinello* made his bow to a long-suffering people with one pocket stuffed full of this sort of gossip, ending with a "to be continued." I suppose he did this in order to establish his claim to be considered one of the funny fellows. Now I have often puzzled myself in trying to find out the reason of this. I have asked myself if it were occasioned by the peculiar shape of the umbrella—by its diminutiveness in fair weather and its bulk in stormy weather—by the character of its materials—by the uses to which it was put—by its migratory tendencies;—but in every instance I have failed to solve the riddle. So far as I could see, there was nothing funny in the umbrella itself nor in its relations. Indeed, as I have become better acquainted with the article in question, I have found very many things about it calculated to produce soberness if not sadness. And especially has this been the case since I have been in college.

If you ever observed the advent of an incoming class, you have probably noticed that each member comes provided with a new umbrella. The carefulness of a mother is as sure to provide this protection for her boy, physically, as the Bible in his trunk for his protection, morally. In this way the supply of college umbrellas is kept up. Of course, a professional wit would extract

much matter for laughter out of this. But it does not strike me in that fashion. Consider, in the first place, the amount of misplaced confidence on the part of parents, which is utterly destroyed in this process. To be sure, some one may say that misplaced confidence is a drug in the world, and the quantity destroyed in this case is of no particular account any way ; but when we remember how often the average student is obliged to draw on the home stock of this commodity, anything which tends to diminish the article in question becomes at once a matter of great importance.

But the effect produced upon the student himself is, after all, the main thing to be considered. And certainly no one at all conversant with college life can deny that this effect is a serious and a sad one. A young man comes here with his new umbrella. It is, to him, an indication that he has at last assumed the *toga virilis*. Whatever else he may lack, he certainly is the uncontrollable owner of an umbrella. It is, as it were, a patent of manhood, granted to him by the authorities at home. But this young man is the victim of a singular delusion. He has, in addition to his other vagaries, a notion that he is the peer of every man in college, each one, like himself, the owner of an umbrella. Accordingly, he treats them as such. With primeval simplicity, he regards this as the elysium of umbrellas. Perhaps it rains, on the morning of his first appearance at college. With umbrella spread, in proud conspicuousness, the youth starts for chapel. With unhesitating confidence he leaves it at the door—not even stopping to wonder why he has no example for this original proceeding. There it stands, in solitary grandeur—a striking and overwhelming proof of the original innocence of man ! It is, indeed, a sight which thrills the heart of every lover of his kind !

Meanwhile, the new-made peer goes through his devotions in proper form. Not a thought of his umbrella disturbs the sweet serenity of his spirit. The services over, the young man, after conscientiously bowing to the Prex, departs. Now just consider his situation. His natural amiability, increased by the refining influences of a preparatory school, and at the present moment subdued by the chastening atmosphere of the chapel, leads him to put the most implicit faith in all mankind, and particularly in that part of mankind now included within the pale of Yale. His heart swells as he thinks that he, too, is part and parcel of the noble human family. Under the influence of these emotions, he looks for that new umbrella. Of course it is not to be found ! It has gone to swell the general stock of college umbrellas. But the Freshman ! Who can estimate the harm it has done him ? His faith in human nature—the sense of his own dignity—the religious calm of his spirit—all obliterated in an instant ! And yet some men are found heartless enough to joke about such things !

This, however, is by no means the end of the matter. Iniquity is a wonderful breeder of iniquity ;—whence it follows that he who has had an umbrella borrowed, generally becomes, in the end, a borrower of umbrellas. Of course this result is necessary to the maintenance of the system pursued here ; because if every man who needed an umbrella were foolish enough to buy one, there would soon be a surplus, and when this was noised abroad it is not too much to presume that members of incoming classes would become so recreant to the duties of their station in life as to come to college unprovided with these highly ornamental articles of outfit.

But this borrowing may be carried too far. Observe

the practical effects. A friend of mine was the owner of an umbrella, purchased with lawful coin. Under its kindly protection he had weathered two years of college life. When storms were the most violent, it was his best friend. For all its sorry appearance, he was attached to it. One evening he left it at his door. It was an infantile act. He has never seen it since. But my friend was a philosopher. He privately assured me that he had really wanted a new umbrella,—one with all the modern improvements,—for a long time, but habits of economy would not permit him to buy a new one until he was rid of the old one. I think he felt under obligations to the man who took it. Not long after this, my friend appeared with a new umbrella. I can't remember a tithe of its peculiar excellencies—for each one of which he paid a good sum, as the manner is ; but, taken all in all, it was a very remarkable piece of property. Owing to his inadvertence, however, it ran the same risk as its predecessor, and, it is almost needless to add, incurred a similar fate. My friend's philosophy has not been heard of since. He said little, but it was to the point ; and in the time that has elapsed since then, he has become the possessor of seven umbrellas.

Now a witty man might consider this a capital joke—but I cannot. It is demoralization demoralized. For the system does not provide for such unlimited borrow—it is not expected that any man will have more than one borrowed umbrella on hand at a time. But here is a man who has seven ! One of two conclusions is inevitable : that either six borrowers have been robbed of umbrellas borrowed by them, or those who naturally provide these six borrowers with umbrellas are unable to supply their wants, on account of the

rapacity of my friend. This is a serious matter, one in which every college man is interested, and one which least of all is capable of exciting mirth ;—though there are persons who will try to make you laugh about it. For such persons I am profoundly sorry.

There are phases of the umbrella question which might be examined ; but I think it would be very saddening work. One recurs to me now. It is the possible danger that some member of one of the lower classes, after having had his own umbrella borrowed, may go into the same business on his own account. This, of course, would be destructive to the system—since at least the newest comers are supposed to procure their umbrellas only from regular dealers. How sad it would be, if they, in a moment of thoughtlessness should thus go contrary to the plainest maxim of the system ! But the shocking disregard of all college principles of right and wrong which such a procedure would indicate, is the worst feature about this possible change. For the credit of Yale, it is to be hoped it will never take place. Leastwise, let's have no joking about it !

My Pipe.

"A lytell ragge of rethorike,
A lesse lumpe of logyke,
A pece or a patche of philosophy,"

—JOHN SKELTON.

MY pipe is a very ordinary one, but it has a deal of comfortableness about it. A cherry stem, which still keeps the smell of orchards, and a plain, but plethoric bowl: this is my pipe. It has no ornament, save a trifle of antique carving about the edge—and this is wholly accidental, coming from sundry knockings against the stove, in my lazy attempts to empty it. I like it the better that it gets ornaments from hard knocks. A dry old fellow is my pipe, and yet not utterly without a certain juicy humor;—as my friends are wont to lugubriously observe, after smoking it. But my pipe and I understand it all; we take our comfort just the same.

And yet we have our ups and downs, my pipe and I. We try, however, to bear all that comes with philosophic patience, if not with philosophic indifference;—for as my pipe often says, rainy days last only twenty-four hours, just the same as sunshiny ones, which I have never yet been able to gainsay.

My pipe is an every-day friend: it enters into all the business of my life. It marks the cheerful epochs of each day;—breakfast-time, dinner-time and supper-time precede its pleasant companionship; meeting a friend necessitates its introduction; a letter from home is more relishable from its presence; it helps to "welcome peaceful evening in."

My pipe makes stormy weather bearable. When rainy days come and the leaves are falling, it grows joyful—for such weather promises more of my company. Blessings on the friend who is thus most faithful in adverse seasons! Given plenty of tobacco and a match or two, and it will smoke me all the day long, then. And truly it does soften the fall of the orphaned leaves to see them go fluttering earthward through the fragrant clouds of tobacco-smoke which issue from my pipe; while the patter of the rain is wondrously softened under its mollifying influences. Indeed, I am not sure but that this is the chief charm of my pipe—that it tones down all the roughnesses of life, and while it in no sense weakens my apprehension of their existence, yet so removes me in feeling from them that I am able to view them rather as a spectator than as a sufferer. My brother, then

“*Nec te poeniteat calamo trivisse labellum.*”

The groundlings may declaim; but you, sitting in the “calm lights of a mild philosophy,” can well afford them this privilege.

Even the Lord’s day is not unblessed by my pipe. And surely a college Sunday needs something to relieve it. Not to mention the dismalness of prospective or realized chapel services, and other incidental matters of a like nature, with which we are “disciplined,” it is enough that we have no home here at college, such as most of us have previously enjoyed. But my pipe rises to the full measure of the situation. It strengthens for chapel; it refreshes afterward; it steadies for the excitements of a mission Sunday-school or a united service; it quiets in the hours of meditation which follow. But on a Sunday night my pipe fits me for fellowship. In a cozy circle of genial hearts, my pipe reigns over me with undoubted supremacy. For me it softens the jest; for

me it liberalizes philosophy ; for me it increases charity. Enveloping us in its all-embracing folds of smoke, it makes us brothers indeed. Later, when that sober and half melancholy mood follows which always fills up a part of the sitting of any group of college friends, my pipe fits itself to the humor of the time. Not a wink escapes it—not a wrinkle of laughter disturbs its calm serenity. As the talk runs on about the now and the to-come, about goodness and badness, about destiny and God, it tells me to be patient in the present, to wait and hope for the future ; it softens for me the coldness and abstractness of virtue and teaches me to be pitiful to the sinner—whispering that although sinning he may have been sinned against, and adding that He who is all-merciful, as well as all-just, may be kinder to him than I think ; it bids me have faith, for

“ God’s in his heaven—
All’s right with the world ! ”

And afterward, when at last the kind faces and loyal hearts have gone, and my pipe and I are left alone, it grows still more communicative. With a comical denial of egotism visible in its honest old face, it asks me to notice how it is always faithful, patient and ready in my service ; how it is as much my friend when comfortable in my old boots as when I have torment-causing new ones on, ending its questioning by asserting that if it, only a pipe (and there was a pathos in its tone when it says this, which means, to me,—if I only were a man or a woman, I would show you what a human friend ought to be), can be so constant and true, how much more true and constant must a sentient entity be ;—and thus it leads me to have faith in my kind—thus it persuades me that goodness and faithfulness are active principles in some human hearts. My pipe, with a rare

generosity, does not assume to itself all the excellency there is in the world.

But my pipe, unwittingly, has led me into trouble. At home, especially, is this true. My father, worthy man, smokes—as what worthy man does not? “*Qui vit sans tabac n'est pas digne vivre.*” But that his boy should be a devotee of the pipe—ah me, that is putting the boot on the other foot! So I get my regular lectures—though I have noticed that my father is able to put a peculiar unction and force into his speech if he be but smoking at the time: to explain which many ingenious theories might be framed.

And this, with other things, have I suffered on thy account, my pipe! But thou art too kind—too faithful—to be relinquished for such petty vexations. Thou, if no other, art always suited to my mood. And I have need of such a friend: for life is changeable and I am human—so sometimes I am pleasant, and why nobody knows; and often I am sour and cross with as little reason. A good dinner, a pleasant word, a happy thought, are dominant over the best of us. And my pipe knows this. Well-filled and well-lighted, its big mouth sends forth the sinuous smoke in complete accord with my humor: thin and spiteful puffs when excited or disturbed—long luxurious whiffs, surrounding me with a thick cloud of hazy blue, when lazily contented. In this way my pipe tempers my disposition: alleviating and diminishing my perplexities and sorrows—moderating and etherializing my pleasures and joys.

My pipe is singularly gracious and helpful to me, however, when I am melancholy or meditative.

“ Ven clouds are plack above,
Und much is plack below,
Tish den dat I do love
A cloud of smoke to plow.”

I remember returning to my room one Sunday night—not so long ago but that I remember it—heartily sick of living. The friends I had seemed of no worth to me, because the one I believed in was a myth. The night was cheerless, and old South College looked grim and forbidding. Entering my room, my pipe, in good-natured attempt to cheer me up, tipped me a wink of welcome, although I could see beneath this assumption of good feeling a look which said plainly—"Well, old fellow, here *is* a pretty fix!" I scowled at it, as my manner is with my best friends. My pipe sobered down at that;—even its cheerfulness gives way before one of my north-east moods. I sat down then for a visit with the blue devils. They were not behindhand in coming, either. All about me and over me they perched. One wonderfully ugly imp planted himself directly upon my knee. How fraternal he was! I understood then how honest Sancho Panza came to say "gadenookers!" In utter desperation I finally shoved the little heathen into the stove, and rejoiced in my soul to see the blue spurt of flame which signalized his return to "night's Plutonian shore." Wretchedly I turned about for comfort. And there was my pipe. You who smoke, know what it did for me.

He who remembers and reflects needs to smoke. A dapper genius lurks about the ragged edge of my pipe, with wand in hand, always ready to show me pictures of the past. As I gaze at the quaint magician, but dimly seen through the revolving blue, I lose myself in memories and reveries. Childhood days and early friends appear before me. The song of the robin, first heard upon a June morning long time since, haunts me with its original influence; again the sunshine shimmers down through the trees upon the head of my little girl

sweetheart, as it did when we teetered under the apple-blossoms summers ago ; the story-books are once more full of marvels for me, and I wonder whether Robinson Crusoe and Masterman Ready are yet the heroes I sometime imagined them to be ; just as my pipe goes out I see myself, pure and guileless, kneeling at my mother's knee and stammering out a drowsy—

“ Now I lay me down to sleep.”

——But I can never tell all about my pipe. Here it is before me now, good and kind and faithful as ever. I think I'll smoke.

My Stove.

I know not anything more pleasant, or more instructive, than to compare experience with expectation, or to register from time to time the difference between idea and reality.

—DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

THE stove has long ruled in Yale College. But—"The king is dead : long live the king !" And yet the old despot was not a bad one. Even though he be dead I see the relics of his power still remaining in the older buildings ; while wherever two or three of the cherishing mother's children are gathered together the central figure of their college reminiscences is the old stove.

I remember not only when the stove was omnipotent but also some of its peculiarities.

In the first place it was always an article of furniture ; —often, too, rather useful than ornamental. Whether ornamental or not, however, it was always a familiar and confidential member of the household. It first made my den look something like home ; it welcomed me back at each beginning of term-time ; it kept its countenance in spite of my best jokes ; it preserved its serenity when I lost my temper ; it looked cheerful when I was blue ; it noticed all my weak points and yet remained my friend ; it endured my gibes and cursings with unvarying gravity, and warmed me well for it afterward. Notwithstanding its solemn appearance, however, it had a touch of humor about it. Often and often have I caught my stove drowsily and laboriously chuckling to

itself at the thought of my state of mind upon finding as prospectively good a fire as I ever saw in my life out in the morning. Apparently it used to be meditating some joke at all hours of the day, but it never quite made up its mind to attempt it until late in the evening:—and so it happened that I always went to bed in a delicious state of uncertainty as to whether I should ever see that fire again or not. The hopeful-spirited man to whom I sold my stove thought this peculiarity ought to diminish its value to a mere fraction of the price I put upon it, but I finally convinced him to the contrary. Said I—“My dear sir, supposing you should start on a trip round the world, and should leave a good fire in that stove, would you want it to keep burning all the while you were gone? Not at all;—every one of poor Richard’s maxims would be irrecoverably demolished by such a proceeding as that, sir. Very well. Just take that stove; make as good a fire as you can in it; say good-bye to your weeping friends; put more coal on the fire and seize your carpet-bag;—then calmly lock your door, and I’ll guarantee that that fire will go out before the key touches the bottom of your pocket!”

As I sat by my stove for the last time previous to its removal, naturally I thought about the approaching change. Those new buildings with all their modern improvements rose up before me in their ideal beauty. And especially the heating apparatus. A vast skeleton of iron pipes and brazen coils upreared itself like the gothic steed of the Potomac warrior. And every one packed full of steam—every pipe, little and big, fairly sweating with the steam it contained. I began to fear my new home would be uncomfortably warm. And then steam—steam! Ominous word for me—connected, from the day in which I burned my nose trying to smell

of the spout of the family tea-kettle, to the time of the last railroad disaster, with horrible things ! I looked at the shadowy fabric again ;—I saw no way for the steam to go, if it got out, except perhaps upon my unsuspecting back, perhaps into my innocent face. But that would hardly be called an improvement, thought I, even by an intelligent, though interested artisan. And then I smiled grimly at my stove as I thought it could play no more jokes on me ; “Summer the year round after this, you know, my dear old friend,” said I, blandly. An equable temperature, that’s what’s on the programme of the future, which will tend, let us hope, towards an equable temper ;—whereupon the ungrateful old hardware nearly tipped itself off its legs trying to put a damper on my expectations. The next moment one of my boots went nearly through its shaky sides, thereby making it a piece of fixed property for me.

It was in July when I saw the perspiration on the iron pipes and brazen coils ; in January those beaded drops were turned into icicles ;—and I still live ! I have gotten over my ancient dread of steam—at least in the mild form in which it has assailed me. I verily believe I could stand in it up to my neck and not shiver—unless with cold. I now understand what an equable temperature means—two-degrees above the freezing-point and a temper at the same level thrown in !

A steam-heater is beyond question an ingenious contrivance. It warms the body and disciplines the soul. In this respect it seems to have been patterned after the prospective abode of unrepentant sinners. It delights the eye and tortures the ear. In this respect it resembles the shrewish talk of a pretty woman. It is now hot and now cold.

The normal condition of the steam-heater is one of

frigidity. It tempers the air delightfully, in the summer months. Even in May and June it adds much to the pleasure of life. With the warm air streaming in at the open window one enjoys sitting by it and reading about the pre-Adamic world. The steam-heater, when fully up to the modern standard, is an odoriferous arrangement, and yet it never suggests the aromatic musk or the spicy spikenard. Oil of long-standing and much experienced in the vicissitudes of fortune issues from it in a delicate mist, and the clayey tenement of the unfortunate tenant of the room is kept well-oiled for unavoidable contests with a cold and unfeeling world. The steam-heater is a great promoter of sociality. Most men when under its influence have something to say, and it's poor fun to scold about a cold to one's self. It exhilarates one to hear a crowd of fellows, on a cold day, talk about a steam-heater. There is a crispness and vigor in the conversation which augurs well for the future of the U. S. Senate.

The ideal steam-heater, like the ideal baby, is a delightful thing. But, as the real baby seems to be always the victim of a chronic disarrangement, so the real steam-heater is generally out of order in some way or other from one week's end to another. For instance; the pictured steam-heater is always represented as swelling with steam. In point of fact, however, the every-day steam-heater is as a rule in a woeful state of collapse on account of the lack of steam. As an useful fixture in a room, therefore, it is at the best unreliable; while as an ornamental fixture it is too suggestive of this age of brass and the business of the shop.

In a well-regulated family it is possible that the average steam-heater might be of some use. In stormy weather I should suppose it would be a good thing on

which to hang clothes, though unless there was a good stove in the room I doubt if they would ever dry ;—for which statement old Falstaff's saying, that "a good wit will make use of anything," is my chief warrant, though, to be sure, he never so much as dreamed of steam-heaters.

My Clock.

THOUGH the category of "Possessions of mine," with which the reading and traveling public has been favored—I came very near saying bored—for the past year or two, has been well-nigh exhausted, extending in an unbroken succession from "That Husband of mine," with his "wide-awake hat and cut-away coat," down to "That Wife of mine," with all her distinctive peculiarities, one possession has unfortunately been passed over. I cannot conscientiously accuse our popular writers of neglect in this matter, and yet the subject has not been mentioned. I refer to "*That Clock of Mine*." So it becomes my painful duty to inflict upon the literary world one more, and I hope a final, history, whose title is to be vaunted with glaring capitals upon the bookstore bulletins, and shrieked with the discordant notes of the newsboys upon every railroad train in the land. It is necessary for me to state by way of explanation, and in order to save myself from the imprecations which might otherwise fall upon my defenseless head, that "That clock of mine" is *not*, dear reader, the identical time-piece the story of whose birth, life and death has made melodious the midnight air on many a college campus, and which is credited with having belonged to "My Grandfather." In these prominent respects does my clock differ from the above. First, it was *not* "bought on the morn of the day that I was born,"—how could it have been, when I purchased it myself? Secondly, it

did *not* "stop short—never to go again, when the 'old man' died," because, unfortunately, the 'old man' is still in the land of the living, and, Thirdly, it never belonged to my grandfather at all! And so the avalanche of wrath and the vengeance which every sensibly-minded man has sworn upon the next poor unfortunate who should allude to "My Grandfather's Clock," must for the present be spared from me.

The metamorphoses which the Yale student's room undergoes during the four fleeting years of his tarrying in the land of elms would indeed furnish material for many a popular writer. The various stages of its transformation are interesting to study. First, the Freshmanic, in the top floor of North or North Middle. Its occupant, with the parental instructions to beware of college extravagance still fresh in his memory, furnishes it scantily and barely, and lives like his fellow-student at a four-dollar club, in the hope of something better and brighter to come in the future. Second, the Sophomoric stage amid the classic and venerable shades of South Middle,—with forty centuries more or less looking down upon us! This is the year when ingenuity and Sophomoric taste vie with each other in decoration. The traditional bangers and stove-pipe must be crossed above the door, and the announcement, "Children positively not admitted here unless accompanied by their parents," must be placed in a conspicuous position. In a word, everything must be done to strike terror to the Freshmanic heart and inspire him with reverential awe when he is summoned before that dreaded tribunal which is very likely to hold its sessions in the afore-mentioned room about the beginning of the fall term.

Sophomore annuals safely passed, "a change comes

o'er the spirit of his dreams." Childish things must be put away. South Middle, with all its tender associations, must be handed over to the ruthless Fresh. The dignity of Junior year must be assumed, and a room in Farnam or Durfee is considered the only proper thing. And at this stage I must beg leave to pause, for, thanks to an indulgent faculty and skillful systematic skinning, I am now enjoying the privileges of Junior year at No. — Farnam. There! I came near telling the number of my room, which would be a decidedly rash and dangerous procedure, not only "giving myself away,"—of all things most dreaded by a college man—but it would spoil all chances for guessing and conjecture, which are the reader's special privilege.

The most prominent piece of furniture in my room is a tall, slender, wooden clock. It is an ancient time-piece, which, like the "Horologue of Eternity,"—

" Points and beckons with its hands
From its case of massive oak !
Like a monk who, under his cloak
Crosses himself and sighs, alas !
With sorrowful voice to all who pass,
 ' Forever—never !
 Never—Forever.' "

I came across it at an auction of ancient furniture in New York last summer. A second-hand dealer and myself were the only bidders, and finally it was knocked down to me at —, but to tell the price would take away all the beauty. I bought it, brought it to New Haven, and placed it in my room, where, thanks to a little oil and furniture polish, it looks as bright as in its youth, and the old pendulum performs its slow and steady oscillations with all the regularity and dignity of years gone by. It may seem childish and foolish, and

yet I love that ancient clock. It has come to be so companionable that I regard it as a friend, and sometimes when it starts to strike, it almost seems as it were alive and trying to speak ! It used to show all the changes of the moon and planets in former days, but now the wheels are out of order and the solar system for the present is at rest. The new moon tries pretty hard to creep out from behind the cloud in the sky which is painted on its face, but remains hidden in spite of itself. Some days it looks so bright and cheerful, and seems to say with its stately tick as I leave it to go to recitation :

“ Rush !—Fizzle !
Fizzle !—Rush !”

And then I always get a splendid mark. But of late its tone has changed, and now its voice is subdued and sad, and there is a touch of plaintive melancholy in it as it motions to me with its ancient hands, and warns me,—

“ Flunk !—Fizzle !
Fizzle !—Flunk !”

Too true ! too true ! old friend. Physiology and Ahn have done their work, and what was once a splendid stand is now upon the ragged-edge of average. Two letters with the college stamp have evaded all the plans of interception and reached the paternal hearth—the outlook is indeed a dark one.

DESCRIPTIVE PIECES.

The Thimble Islands.

THREE years in New Haven, and have never seen the Thimble Islands! Well, a day or two on salt water and in sunshine, will do wonders for that dyspepsia of yours; so borrow a double-barrel from somebody, and join Captain and the Doctor on a ducking-party. Four of us will be merry enough for the Gem; there's a capital cold lunch in that hamper, and never mind what it is that clinks against the ice in the bucket.

Captain's portly form looks odd enough in his well-worn shooting-jacket; which tells, however, many a tale of swift destruction to innocent snipe and plover, in its ooze-drabbled edges, and the evident traces of Charm's muddy paws. His moustache, too, takes a still fiercer curl as he carefully sifts the powder into his flask. One cannot look at him without thinking of Kingsley's ideal naturalist. "He must be strong in body, able to haul a dredge, climb a rock, turn a boulder, walk all day uncertain where he shall eat or rest; ready to face sun and rain, wind and frost, and to eat or drink thankfully anything, however coarse or meagre; he should know how to swim for his life, to pull an oar, to sail a boat, and ride the first horse which comes to hand; and, finally, he should be a thoroughly good shot and a skillful fisherman; and, if he go far abroad, be able on occasion to fight for his life."

Even the Doctor's impregnable countenance is lighted with a complacent look, not to accuse him of a smile,

which reminds one of some old granite fortress, brightened by a ray or two of sunset.

You and I, unsportsmanlike in our boating flannels, wear perhaps too unsophisticated a gladness on our visages, though the well-earned tan on our hands and faces, together with the patches on our fishing-boots, will clear us from any sweeping charge of verdancy. But the tide has turned ebb by eight o'clock, and we cannot afford to lose this fresh south-wester, which every October morning does not give us, so pulling off to the stake in Brooks' diminutive scow, we are forthwith on board. Not a very bad twenty foot craft this; hardly celebrated, or likely to be, regatta-wise, but staunch, and a sufficiently good sailer. Haul away your throat-halyards!—now the peak!—slack a little for boom-lifts?—up with your jib!—lay her head a little more to port!—and as the sails fill, we slip off easily toward the old fort, for we cannot quite lay our course, with the breeze in this quarter. As we get beyond the wharf we can take in New Haven at a glance, just astern. To port are the hill-barriers of Lake Saltonstall, dark with evergreens; Indian hill, crowned with the fort, which ancient settlers of Quinnipiac made good against the Pequots; and right over the bow, Fort Hale, round, wave-washed, and rugged in its ruin, not very formidable in look, and, even in its best days, less dangerous probably to an invading armament, than the crooked channel, and these mud shoals on which we shall ground if we do not come about.

The next tack disclosed the white shining crescent of the cove beach, with the country houses above it, and, once more on starboard tack, we leave the stunted cedars and barnacled rocks at the lighthouse; the flat beach, and creek outside, and are fairly into the Sound.

Now we can make straight sailing to Branford Point, and well beyond it you may see a cloudy something just above the water; that is the outermost island. Round we come, 'let her pay off a little more—slack your main-sheet!' and we relapse into the most perfect inertness, until, with the thin jets of smoke from his hitherto compressed lips, the Doctor slips out a congratulatory "Ah!" and is again silent; but there are four muzzles pointed over the weather bow, at a half dozen fishy, tough, black ducks—and a simultaneous bang. When we get on shore we shall be more sportsmanlike, and not quite so inclined to broadsides. But here is the advantage of having a shot in the party; there is a dead duck without doubt, for there it flutters, and quite as undoubtedly, the Captain must be the successful marksman. But we are race-crew men, and he gracefully shares the glory; and lets the game go to the commonwealth, without grumbling; the epithet "beastly," with the accompanying "hem," referring, beyond question, to the prospective flavor of the duck.

Subsiding again into leisure, Captain regales us with a scientific account of his new invention for increasing speed in ocean navigation. The great mechanical and scientific minds of two continents have made this a principal object of inquiry for years. 1st. How to increase the speed of ships, by models securing a sharp run and light draught. 2d. How to steer a balloon, which is supposed to have sufficient speed already.

Truly it is real greatness that shows simplicity in invention, causing to wonder, all those who had before perplexed themselves with intricate solutions of the same problem.

Captain simply combines steamship with balloon, lifts the sharp beautiful hull till only keel and rudder

and paddles touch, and the nicely balanced fabric will slip from wave to wave, with the lightness and velocity of the balloon, and meeting the resistance of the air alone ; but moving, nevertheless, with all the steady security of a steamer, finding propelling-resistance and steerage-way, in the denser medium of water. He grows eloquent as he expatiates on the feasibility, the economy, the safety, the speed. He gives us the cost in dollars, tells how beautifully the fair craft, Nautilus-like, shall fold the silky tissues of the balloon, when the storm is too powerful and head winds assail her, to come forth more beautiful, on, or rather above, the assuaged element. Finally, with formulas and stoichiometrical deductions innumerable, he shows conclusively how little burden or expense to the ship would be the

$\text{SO}_3.\text{HO} + \text{Zn} = \text{SO}_3.\text{ZnO} + \text{H}$ or $\text{HCl} + \text{Zn} = \text{ZnCl} + \text{H}$, necessary to the production of hydrogen to fill the balloon, if once collapsed by stress of weather. Where is the Great Eastern?

Another hour and a half brings us to the Islands. "Keep outside the spar-buoys," which the Captain facetiously terms "pugilists," and once by this confused jumble of rocks and sand-bars, we are in the narrow channel, and what is worse, in a calm, with no means of determining what will come next, a puff off the land, or a white squall. The hamper and the ice-bucket are examined. Then we all join the Doctor in the tobacco movement ; for, save while he was eating, his pipe has been between his teeth since we got under sail. Still nothing to help us in another mile, no motive power save tide, and Kidd himself never could have calculated the multiplicity of eddies among these countless rocks. So dreamily we puff the fragrant clouds, more dreamily gaze down into the placid wave

—not the pure green of mid-ocean truly, but yet far other than the muddy brackish stuff in the harbor ; and we look down

“Far through the wine-dark depths of the crystal, the gardens of Nereus,

“Coral and sea-fan and tangle, the blooms and the palms of the ocean,

“Silvery fish, wreathed shell, and the strange lithe things of the water.”

Or as the Captain less poetically suggests, “we see sharks in the eel-grass.”

But you were right ; that cloud to southeast is rolling up a little and will give us a blow. There it comes, ruffling the smooth surface, now lashing it. Lucky it is that we have her head well up into it. Now make Pot Rock and the cove before we get the heaviest of it ! or we shall be put to our swimming. Let the jib stand ! Haul it a little closer with the main ! She reels to it gallantly, but heavier comes the gale ; we cling close to the weather gunwale, but are almost buried to leeward. Steady in this narrow inlet ! that is a rock which grates the rudder, but we are already in the lee of the island, and now through between these big wave-worn ledges, and in Capt. Kidd’s famous hiding-place, quiet enough, deep and fair anchorage-ground.

We thought it tried our nerves a little coming through here in this little thing, but consider the skill it would take to jam a heavy armed pirate through these windings ! But here Kidd used to lie at anchor, concealed by the high rocks and trees of a perfect circle of islands, with more than one channel, dangerous and intricate to protect him. Hard up your helm ! Lay her right into that small cove ! Let go main sheet ! Now we will make all ship-shape and see his look out, the top of

Ambulatory.

"Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her."

AMONG the facilities offered for acquiring an education by New Haven, I count its natural facilities as by no means the most insignificant. "To eat, drink and be merry," we do not ask a scriptural confirmation to assure us, is not the formula of the healthiest philosophy. If board and lodging are the only noble objects, if there be no kindly influence in virtuous emotion, or no discipline in the exercise of the most refined enjoyment, then let us stick close to the atmosphere of antiquated literature, or enshroud ourselves in the mustiness which our libraries afford. Nevertheless man cannot live by erudition alone; and if he give himself up to Greece and Rome so completely that he is always a few thousand years behind his times, his whole life will be a prolonged endeavor to re-heathenize the world. I however, am bold to say, that it may be worth our while to study the "books in the running brooks;" and that we are standing quite as near our Creator when the sky only is over us, as when reading the mummified morals which have never been accepted in any period of history.

Better than a good Greek recitation or an original demonstration in Euclid; nay, even better than a meerschau and a hand at whist in a fetid room, is a walk to West Rock,—with its view of the city and the distant

meadows, where Mill River, like an antediluvian snake winds toward the Sound ; with its prospect of the Giant sleeping in his majestic calm ; with its Judges' Cave, and all the neighboring trees whispering as you come up—"So, let us see how this fellow worships here !" in a word, with its balms of lively pulse, and purified thought, and gentler sympathies toward all mankind. The writer of this is of a phlegmatic temperament, and yet if he ever does feel like calling for a lyre, it is when he looks out upon that file of grand old hills, which have been halting for some centuries beyond the western boundary of this city. He has seen them by a clear summer dawn, when they seem to lie along the horizon with such a wealth of good-natured strength that, in his enthusiasm, he has wished to be broad-armed enough to hug their shaggy bosoms. Or he has seen them on a dark November day, when they loomed up sullen and impregnable, as a heavy grief upon the mind.

He saw them at another time. It had been a sulphurous Independence Day ; and a friend and himself—hunted from one lurking to another by clash and clang unceasing—fled by night from the city toward West Rock, as it basked mellow and beautiful under the full moonlight. The uproar died away, long before we reached its base, and changed to utter stillness as we stood upon its summit. We sat down there lifted up toward the heaven. Below us in the town, we knew there was a horrid din and horrid smell of brimstone, loud obscenity and swearing, and swarms of vicious thoughts ; while here all was serene and noiseless, except when a foreign sound came softly floating in upon us. We had gone out feverish with trivial ambitions, and saddened by ephemeral sorrows, but the night-wind was taking them away.

It went hard with our self pride at that time. It went hard to listen, in that still hour, to the whispers of the heart, and find them passionate and guilty. It went hard to gaze up at the calm, rebuking stars, and feel our sophistry falling off and leaving us naked and pitiful. But it brought a deep peace, thus, as it were, to own our shame on that high place before the Universe. And the smaller peaks were watching us, yet we knew they would not babble any of the secrets we might trust to them : our little confidence, along with other stranger things, we felt would be forever unbetrayed, till the Great Command should thrill them into speech. After much meditation, we started to descend, feeling our way with caution lest we might slip and dash ourselves to pieces ; and turning toward our city dungeon, we left the gray Rock with its mystery, to Silence and the Night.

Old Rock, so often eulogized by College rhymers, I too would add a thankful word, however clumsily it may be spoken. Thou hast strengthened me when weak, hast cheered me when cast down, hast chastened every dangerous speculation. As I go wandering abroad, I may, indeed, see many more pretending mountains, but thy memory—clinging with other College recollections—shall often call me back and make me once again the wayward student of past years. From the youth who comes up here to Yale, thou wilt attract less giddy pupils ; and unto these as unto me, thou shalt become a stern yet faithful teacher, whose intelligence shall not grow dim with age. Our instructors may be slow to see thy influence, but thou art greater than them all ; worshipped with a higher love and served with a more perfect obedience.

But the “melancholy days” of rain and frost must

have their rule, when hygienic law prohibits strolling off among the hills. Yet must we break with Nature during the long winter months? Trust me, if we are fair-weather friends, we shall get but scanty pleasure from her acquaintance. "Why does not every one (who can afford it)," asks Leigh Hunt in his graceful way, "have a geranium in his window or some other flower? It sweetens the air, rejoices the eye, links you with nature and innocence, and is something to love." I fear that certain of us will put the idea to flight, as sentimental and unmanly, and feel it more ennobling to tipple vigorously, and shrivel into that dismal being known as a jolly blade.

I will turn from these then, and ask the gentlemen among us, why they do not act upon the hint, and detain one of these tiny hostages for the return of milder skies. The little elf will charm away with its soft presence the coarser feelings which the lustiness of young life is apt to call into being, and a score of times each day, will thrust its cheerfulness upon your gloomy reveries. There is a prevalent opinion that birds and flowers are fit for girls, but that a boy to be noble and hearty and in no respect a milksop, must put away innocent things, and get a little of the fiery flavor of sin; that men respect him more, and women smile upon him sooner when he has a small coloring of vice. Hence he indulges in semi-profane words, chews tobacco and demeans himself stoutly, in order to gain the poor name of a plucky mettled fellow. I am not sure but this would be quite to the credit of a cannibal, but I am sure that it is totally repugnant to the spirit of civilization. Just look at it! God has been exhibiting before us a series of magnificent cloud-paintings, each day renewed; He has touched the forests with a loveliness of color in-

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conceivable; at His command the flowers have been blossoming ever since the world was made, and yet man has gone on disregarding all these pleasures, until a good part of the planet's probation has already passed. We ought, then, in this century, to make up for our lost time. How many sunsets and how many autumns have faded away unenjoyed! Now, when our minds are so impressible, we ought to cherish all the more exalted feelings, and remember that the birds, shrubs, cliffs, and skies, are all that remain as the Almighty made them—the last surviving treasures of an incomparable creation.

When I enter a student's room and find a hyacinth on his window, or a bird making music just outside of it, I feel immediate respect for him. I say to myself that he is one probably who honors father and mother, who will not overreach you in a bargain, and will give you pleasant words oftener than sharp. For there is such a delicate admission of the amenities of life here, that he cannot be entirely depraved. Besides, it is not altogether fanciful that it may educate him somewhat. As the bulb gave no sign of its expanded splendor, so may there be in some nook of his heart an undeveloped affection; and as, day by day, he notices the swelling shoot, putting forth leaves and crowning itself with a wondrous blossom, so may the affection grow greener, and in the end burst into perennial beauty.

The man who loves the country, I repeat, cannot be a bad man. Many fine fellows doubtless take to it easily, when the partridge is in season, but let us beware how we bestow upon them for it, unjust praise. Nature is plain honesty. No print of earthly fingers on her hills and leaves and streams! Springing into life fresh from the hand of Him with whom is only truth, she strikes a discord in the dishonest soul; the insincerity of city

life chimes with its inclination—the canvas landscapes of the theatre are nearer to its liking. But to him who has not parted with all sentiments of virtue, rural life presents a fascination which cannot be imitated. It is continually warning him by its eternity of his mortality ; and teaching, by day or night, how small an atom he is of the creation. Twice in my life, at least, I have been humble. Once in a bright midnight when I looked down over our western Babylon with its crowded ulcerous civilization, and saw the Pleiades overhead, “like big eyes glistening with tears over the little lot of man ;” and again when I watched alone through the night on the bank of a great river—whose waters had conquered three thousand miles of their rapid journey to the Gulf—with starlight above me, and a wilderness on either side.

It is not probable, however, that we shall take much notice of Nature as an educator, for many years to come. Half a century hence, however, when our woods are hewn away and our hills blotched over with unsightly tenements, our sons shall begin to appreciate the blessings which their fathers cast aside. Our character, moreover, will by that time have been changed, or rather, formed. We shall have recovered from the abominable habit of calling Tennyson pretty, and of labeling all books as “summer literature,” which do not concern eating or trafficking. We shall, in some measure at least, by that time, have got dissatisfied with the cold deductions of the reason and have begun to listen to the intuitions of the heart.

And yet, as it is, I do not leave off hoping that these country rambles may be of use to us. We may be destined to be bound by the omnipotent incentives of daily bread to a desk in the darkest corner of a dark count-

ing-room. How pleasant then to take with us into the dreary den, a memory of sunlight and violets! Begrimed as we shall be with the cares of business, we will require all such memories to keep us from becoming altogether worldly.

Our Sailors.

*ποντίων τε κυμάτων
ἀνῆριθμον γέλασμα.*

I DREAMED of the summer sea. Not when we had strolled together in the dying twilight, and had seen the first rays of the stars glitter on the sleeping tides, for it was not to "the many rippling laughter of the music of the sea," I listened then, and the words I read upon the hard white sand, tide-waves never traced there, though, when the moon rose, they had hid them.

Nor, when we sat, at noon, in the cool shade of a sheltering rock, where the sea-breeze fanned us, did I watch only the surf and the rollicking bathers, or hearken in silent musing to the grand roar of the breakers' surge that now and then rolled in to the highest beach and dashed our faces with its showery spray. There was little romance in my dream.

The crew had been at Captain Brooks' all the morning, our last day there, "black-leading" the boat, and after the last finishing touches had been given to the smooth surface from keelson to top-streak, we had turned her right side up again, that the fresh varnish might not blister. So, while the others were bearing a hand in carrying out some boat from the narrow winter quarters of the cellar, or laughing at the eager Freshmen who were vainly endeavoring to extricate some old barge (newly purchased), from the perplexing intricacies of Thatcher's storage,—I climbed up to the loft

and lay upon the roof of the shed, enjoying in "solitary grandeur" a quiet cigar, in disobedience of the race rules—and looking down upon a scene amusingly animated. Yet those fellows, blundering there over that old tub, by the best of practice, heavy rowing, will soon learn to pull their new shell against our crack oars. That deep narrow cockle-shell they are spending so much admiration upon is the ill-fated *Volante*. They will laugh at its round log-like sides before they graduate. *Calthrop* is laughing at it now—to his boys.

There I lay up on that roof beside the old canvas-covered spyglass which has watched the first boat round the buoy in so many a Yale race—the sleeves of my flannel boating-shirt rolled up to my elbows, and my hands still black with the copal and lead-dust. But I gazed out over the still bay, through the light wreath of smoke, and through the vapory haze that seemed but a veil to cover the fair face of the harbor—whose winds and waves were sleeping—and I dreamed too. A boatman came from across the water—much unlike the ancient mariner. Young, almost boyish, his light foot and broad shoulders, the stout arm his blue shirt covered, told me he was a boatman, as well as his hard, brown hand, that clasped mine with a good-natured grip, that almost crushed my fingers. It was a wonder it did not wake me.

He told me of Yale's first race—the training—the boats—the stroke, and said our quick stroke system is still wrong, then showed me how it must be altered—and the models of our boats changed. This information is of course private—except to the Commodore. He considered *Calthrop's* ideas on the subject orthodox, but when I showed him the account of "An English boat-race," he smiled rather ironically, and said it was fool-

ish to throw away one's hat—that a “bump-race” was only a scrub at best, and nothing to “along-side,” as at Putney-on-Thames. And while he was making some dry remarks about keeping cool—the boats and yard seemed to vanish, and I was showing him *our* practice.

It is morning then, early morning, the air keen and bracing, the dew brushes off in sparkling drops, if you touch the grass by the walk.

A short run together up “Tutor's lane,” takes the place of our ordinary four mile stretch, which is too much for the day of the race. After a sponge-bath, we sit down to breakfast with a huge appetite, and the rare beefsteak and eggs disappear at a rate which would alarm any but boating men, and which raises the market price at every mouthful.

The juices of the meat run almost red, and Stroke, as he passes his plate for the third cut, quietly asks for “a little more of the gore.”

After breakfast we walk briskly to the boat-house, where they are already putting the fresh lead on the boat. The air is as clear as before breakfast, but the wind is south-east and in puffs, and those light feathery clouds are a little ragged.

Put on the lead boys, polish her up to the gunwales ! We shall have a spanking bréeze and white-caps enough by ten.

So goes the morning, till carefully launching our boat, each in place—“Push off ! Ready ! Port give way ! Give way all !” and we are off.

Down the river on a spurt to warm up a little—then round by Riker's and through the draw—out into the open bay. There ! that's racing water for you, long enough and *broad enough*—no sickly-yellow river. On this course “bumping” is ruled foul, and, when the full

ebb covers the mud shoals close in, it is ocean water that floats us, and the waves curl and their foam-crests flash with the lustre of the real briny sea, which gives vigor to the very breeze.

What a crowd on shore ! more than one of those handkerchiefs are waving at us,—and, as each race-boat comes up, its own club cheers.

The French yacht shows her colors as we pass, and see the bonnet-strings flutter from her deck—"Ready oars ! Peak !" so answering her salute we pull leisurely by and saluting the Commodore, take position (by lot) outside. There are all colors of boating-shirts about us—some on shore with the ladies, some in boats, some by that line of carriages, some in the sailing craft that are everywhere dashing about. But here, in line, are no "light blue jerseys," nothing but white—white duck pants—white close-fitting knit shirts—white skull caps. It is the boats we must distinguish.

Inside next the Commodore, that little sharp four-oar, with those bearded fellows, is pulled by men from the Scientific School. We give her twenty-four seconds handicap. The next, that straw-colored boat with the beautiful rise of the bow, is a St. John's built boat, celebrated as a winner of more than one race, and called a splendid sea-boat. Here next us is the champion of last year, also a fine weather-boat, with a new but powerful crew, and our boat, long and low, is as straight as an arrow on the keel, (you can see her timber as you sit here in her), but wide on the gunwale amidships, and you see the sheer of her sides, and how each of these rolling swells hits her. How those white-caps outside will toss her !

Now what are we racing for ? for we have no "head of the river." Do you see that flag in the Commodore's

hand, a little the coarsest and most weather-beaten piece of blue bunting you ever saw, and nailed to an old green staff? "Pioneer Yale No. 1." That is the first flag that a Yale boat ever carried. The winners are to keep it as the "champion flag" until they are beaten or graduate. And it is for that old blue bunting that we are ready to pull as long as we can see to keep stroke. There! now we are in line—"Back a little!" That's it! No coxswain holds to a stake. The little four-oar and ours carry none. That is the flag-boat right off the bow, a point or two to leeward. See the stripes flutter—just a speck at a mile and a half. "Keep her so! steady!" The Commodore rises. "Ready all!" "Give way!" Do you feel that spring from the oar blades? Is it not worth your training to feel that one bound—the bound of your heart and the boat together? But those rising bows and quick deep stroke win the start from us. Did you say the crowd cheered? That is for the four-oar. But we do not hear it for we are behind and pulling like mad for the lead. "Steady men!" "Steady and cool!—you are pulling wild. Strong and together!" Now our shoulders come back with real old swing—"long in reach and quick on the feather"—and our long sweeping strokes are beginning to tell—the four-oars' bow just opposite the waist thwarts, and the St. John's stem for stem with us.

"Steady and hard." We are beyond the wharves and now we catch it. "Feather flat against this wind!" Swash—sh—sh—the bowsman gets a drenching, and now the waists, but only a few drops in the bottom. "Not a miss-stroke now for your lives! Careful men!"

Steady and hard again for half a mile more, stem and stem—the four-oar hugging close, and "Now men we

must turn the stake-boat first while our low bows favor us—Jump her! Hard!" and away we go, springing to the oars with a vigor that strains every muscle from hand to shoulder, and from shoulder to foot.

But they throw themselves to the spurt with all their strength, and it is only inch by inch that we draw away from them. "Now work! Hard and strong! Hard!" It is here that shoulders and thighs, and training, and pluck tell. They cannot stand this with us, and their stroke is flagging. Now there is a boat's length between us, and now another.

"Hard for one more! Pull now with a will!" and "Hold water starboard! Hard a-Port! Careful as we go round, steady!" Never mind the splashing, the spray only gives us a fiercer glow. We only ship a hat-full or so, and round the stake-boat with a clear length start—though the sheer of the keel makes those lifting bows there turn as on a pivot.

Away we spring on the home-stretch. Did anything ever make your blood leap like this? Shall you shout? Shall you throw away your hat? Bless you! you would not know you ever had a hat, and as your fingers clench the oar with a nervous grip, and your breath comes hot and heavy, and your head swims with the exertion, you could not think of shouting any more than of flagging—of anything but the stout strain to the oar and your feather. And you would not exchange the free heaving of your chest, the swelling joy in your throat, for royalty; for your heart beats prouder, more exulting, and you love your swift boat, and the stout fellows with you, with a hardy sailor's love that sighing swains cannot dream of.

Round they come with us, but the little four-oar is too sharp for this weather and lags behind, dragging

and water-logged, but now the wind fills the high bows of the St. John's and the Champion as it would a sail, and how they come down for us. But it is the home-stretch, and we hold them by hard pulling, and come to the wharves still on the lead and spurt home, drawing well away from them. Bang! Bang! the Frenchman salutes us, and now we can listen to the ringing cheers from the shore, and see the ensigns all about us go up to mast-head, and so trail alongside the Commodore's boat, first winners of the old blue bunting. And as we stoop to dip a handful of the cool water to wet our warm temples, we answer many a nod of approval—many a fluttering handkerchief—and in five minutes more are on shore shaking hands with our fellows, who crowd around us, and then listening to congratulations almost more acceptable.

“But do you not feel sick almost? are you not exhausted?”

That is the pride of our training—after cooling our faces and a swallow of water, our heads are as clear—our nerves and pulses are as steady, as this morning, and for a six months after our steps will be lighter, our hearts beat more buoyant for the luxury of health in every vein.

We are trained—not to be battered in a prize ring until victor and vanquished more than undo all that the discipline effected—but to feel the glowing exhilaration of strength and strong muscle for many a month, and add vigor if not years to our future life. You can be happier and better men, most of you, by feeling even once the generous rivalry of a boat race. And here in salt water and out over the tossing Sound you may become not mere effeminate “fresh water sailors,” to “make time” on a sleepy river, but boatmen who shall

pull daringly and strong against wind and tide. And if bay mud at low tide be vile, and our arrangements not entirely the most convenient—yet you may learn to shun filth and luxury together, and by the coarse diet acquire a command over your appetites, yes over yourself—that is not limited to restraint from drink and tobacco.

“—You Bowsman ! Come down !”

“ You lazy dog, you were asleep up there.”

“ You have been smoking, you wretch ”—and what they said to me for my contempt of race rules—just one quiet dreamy smoke, I prefer not to put in type.

Monologue on Tin Cans.

“—Meliusne fluctus
Ire per longos fuit, an recentes
Carpere flores.”

—*Hor. Carm., III. 27.*

“Wie herrlich leuchtet
Mir die Natur!
Wie glänzt die Sonne,
Wie lacht die Flur!”

—GOETHE.

I AGREE with Horace that Botany is decidedly preferable to Boating. I have a mortal horror of a boating-shirt. It appears to me I should prefer the under-garment that burned old Hercules. There was a time, it is true, when I rejoiced in Freshman innocence. There was a time when my fancies were tinged with the blue of the waves and my thoughts with their countless laughter. But I thank my stars that one windy Wednesday afternoon “relieved” me. “It’s in me,” I exclaimed with Sheridan, “and it’s bound to come out!” The rock and swell of those thick-coming waves—ugh! If anybody has a poetic longing to experience what John Bunyan calls “the power and terror of what is yet unseen,” I advise him either, like Henry Ward Beecher, to take a front seat on the cow-catcher of some snowbank-breaking locomotive, or else some gusty day to try boating.

I have consequently taken to botany. My coat-tails may be observed any Saturday disappearing in the dim distance of Tutor’s lane, or a good achromatic instru-

ment may possibly distinguish me about five degrees above the horizon, climbing the perpendicular ascent of East Rock. As I fall from "running to going, and from going to clambering on my hands and knees," I have but to look about me to raise my spirits to my own proud elevation. Right below me stretches the forest of New Haven Elms, waving in the sunlight their tops of golden green ;—far away the shores of Long Island lie on the margin of the water like a sea-nymph sleeping ;—at my feet the placid surface of the bay, fringed with green shores and broadening to the sea, mirrors back these frowning cliffs, each an Acropolis, embracing, as Willis says, this city of the Elms with quotation marks of rock, to indicate its emanation from the mind of Hillhouse. And as far beneath my contempt as beneath my feet, paddles a college boat like a polywog in a frog-pond.

"But who am I?" *I?* I'm the man with the tin can, and the twelve-and-a-half cent hat, and the seven-leagued boots. *I?* I'm a lover of nature, and the "female persuasion," and of flowers. I am one of the noble army of botanists. I haunt the sacred Druid groves, cool when the sun shines hot, and dark at noon-tide. I roam abroad these sultry days "on breezy slopes and under God's own clear sky." I wander apart from men, nourishing silent fancies, and watching the wondrous processes of nature in the trees, and plants, and flowers. I rise before prayers, rush to the fields, inhale

The breath of heaven fresh-blowing, pure and sweet,
With dayspring born,—

and on cloudless days, after a shower that has washed the tiny hands of the innumerable trees, I lie on the soft

warm earth, and listen to the leaves lispings the music of childhood, and swelling ever and anon into the congregational singing of the forest. And then there comes a lull, and I listen to the silence of the solemn wood, and thoughts throng thick through the silence. I think how often poor Alton Locke, who had never left the eternal daily and nightly din of London, found in his first journey into the gay green country, an unutterable mystery in this same silence—a new world in the quiet. And I think that like this, after the spirit-strife of “this dim spot which men call earth,” with an inexpressibly more glorious and holy calm, may come over the spirit the perfect peace of Heaven.

I carry out, better than any of you men who sleep away your Saturday afternoons in close college rooms, the prescription of our revered Professor for clearest vision. My cornea is lubricated in the right manner. I lie on my back and see the stars through the openings of the trees, and when I get tired of that, I come to the conclusion of Dick Swiveller and take a taste of “the balmy,” and as I’ve walked five miles to get here, I get a clear idea, as I fall asleep, of that image than which there is none more beautiful in all our English poetry :

Music that gentlier on the spirit lies
Than tired eyelids on tired eyes.

I don’t believe in the Indian method of resting when one is tired. I tried it one day to test it fairly. The recipe was to take up a stone of some two hundred pounds weight, carry it a quarter of a mile, when on letting go of it the patient would feel sensibly relieved. There may be a difference in constitutional habit, but I have given up the remedy as not applying to the peculiar diagnosis of my own case. I myself take a better rest from study. I take that Lord Bacon took. “God

Almighty first planted a garden, and indeed it is the purest of human pleasures, and the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man. There ought to be gardens for all months in the year, in which severally things of beauty may be then in season. And because the breath of flowers is sweeter in the air (where it comes and goes like the warbling of music), than in the hand, therefore nothing is more fit for that delight." And in his directions for the building of a noble garden, he lays out within it a mimic wilderness where vines and trees may twine together, and where burnet, wild thyme and water-mints may grow. All this I enjoy out in the open woods,—no mimic, but a real wilderness. All about the town on warm and shady slopes, wild roses grow; through moist meadows I catch the *Arethusa* glimmering and blushing through the grass; on the crags of those twin rocks away up between earth and sky, the blue hairbell, so often made the image of deep azure eyes, lifts its slender form and bends beneath the upper breeze; and on still waters spreads its broad leaves, and opes its snow-white petals to the sun-beams, the queenly water-lily—so beautifully named by botanists, *Nymphaea odorata*.

There is a name connected with water-lilies and all pleasant things, that cannot die with some men I know. A generous man with a generous enthusiasm for flowers, and not only an enthusiasm for flowers, but a skill and progress in botanical science that has won encomiums from its masters—a man of a genial soul and a large heart. He gave all of us our first lessons, he breathed into us something of his own spirit. Who doesn't know "Cady"? *You* would, if you had seen him stalk proudly into a mill-pond to take possession of a *Nuphar advena* till the water poured into his tin knapsack,

—as Balboa “clad in complete steel,” long time ago waded into the Pacific at Darien and claimed the billowy sea for Spain and for the Cross. Were we prophets, we might predict the culmination of his rising star. But the memory of his generous good-fellowship is written for all of us in

Those bright mosaics that with storied beauty,
The floor of Nature's temale tesselefe.

I met a queer old man in a charming place the other day, who told better than I can, the uses of these flowers. The landscape was one which ought to be better known to Yale men. It is on the Derby road where the channel of the West River first winds along its side, then crosses it with a sudden turn. A glorious waste of meadow-grass on each side the winding stream, is flanked by green and abrupt banks that have all the look of hills. In the distance, right before you, rises clear and precipitous, West Rock, with its bare, brown, furrowed face, printing its verdurous locks against the sunny sky, and at its foot climbs half-way up the cliff the tall and slender spire of the village church. The scene has had painters, but it needs observers. I was picking a violet there, and a voice made me start. “How beautifully does a good God deck the year with flowers,—changing every week, but always beautiful!” I turned and saw an old man, meanly dressed, with a thin and sallow face. His short, straight, white hair fell sparingly down over a forehead half hid by an old straw hat. His eye, too, was dim with age. “But old Ireland far surpasses this. There the meadows are all blooming the summer long. How beautiful were the meadows on the lakes of Killarney, just where I was born! Just think! three hundred and sixty-six little fairy islands, one for every day in the year, and one

over and above! But it's there just as it is here. That apple tree covered with blossoms, how like the Christian adorned with the Christian graces! And every little flower, how it speaks of the boundless love of our Heavenly Father to every one of his poor and sinful creatures!" I talked with the old man. I found in him a specimen of the true Irish character, unlearned save in the lore of nature and of God, but with a warm heart and an upspringing love for the beautiful, and a genuine Irish eloquence. But that was not the lesson I shall remember longest. I shall think of the language the flowers spoke to him, and to all the humble and the sorrowing and the poor.

Heaven wills these simple things should give
Lessons to teach us how to live,

Said Gray, "Happy are they who can create a rose-tree or erect a honey-suckle." I adopted the advice, but my rose-tree withered—

Abortive as the first-born bloom of spring,
Nipped by the lagging rear of winter's frost.

So I betake me into the "blithe and breathing air, into the solemn wood." There live the flowers through all the live-long summer. There I can commune with Nature, and her tranquil mind sheds sweet influence over mine. There I find in the cup of the lily, or the petals of the forget-me-not, nay even in the springing spears of grass, lessons of taste, of feeling, of poetry, of religion.

The Old University Shell.

IF it had ever been my fortune to have had for my playmate, in my ripe infancy, a little, laughing, two-year-old girl, if we had made mud pies and sailed chips down the gutter together,—if we had learned our letters and eaten molasses-candy together,—if I had sent her a valentine,—if, before I had left off my jacket for a coat and vest, and she her red stockings for white ones, some unkind providence had carried me away from her side and made me live in some other town,—if, after I had gone, her brown curls should, in time, have been gathered up from her shoulders within the precincts of a net, and her dresses lengthened so as to hide the white stockings,—if her cheek should have come to glow with the warm blood of passion rather than with childish health, and if the laugh of her childish eye should have deepened into the quick, passionate gleam of a maid,—if; all unknown to me, she should then somehow have pondered long, O ! far too long, on the strong and wild and free loves of the twittering birds, of flowers, of the murmuring rivers, of the earth and sky locked silent in their long love-embrace, so that, in time, she had come to love as deeply, as warmly, as freely as they,—if all this had been, and, somehow, it had been my lot in later years to have seen, in some hospital ward, her poor, gaunt form, or rather, her poor, bleeding soul, stretched on its dying bed ;—it may be, my reader, yes, it may be, I

would have turned away and left my whilom playmate to struggle toward the farther shore as best she might ; but I fear I would have seen her, as kindly as I could, out of this world ; I fear I would have commended her, with what earnestness is in me, to heavenly forgiveness ; I fear I would have kissed the blue lips of the foul outcast, and I fear—and pray—that, rescuing her from the potter's field, I might have seen well to it, that my little two-year-old playmate was put to rest in some better place ; that lilies-of-the-valley should bow in pity over her grave ; that green boughs of some kind should whisper softly above her mound, and that among the grass-blades thereof tears might sometimes fall.

I never knew a dying girl for whom I could have done all this, and I trust I never shall know such an one. But for a certain old boat—now passed out of existence—I *can* perform such kindly office. She was a comely craft once, trim and stanch. But she was willful. And as this same baneful quality has wrecked many fair and promising maidens, so it wrecked this boat. Because she *would* be headstrong, she brought upon herself irretrievable ruin. I knew her, though, in her halcyon days, in her glory, when she reposed in state on the cross-beams in the boat-house, with the marks of her victory at Worcester still about her—the black-lead still upon her bottom. And I knew her afterward, in her dishonor and her shame ; when, prostrate, rubbish among rubbish, she encumbered the boat-house floor—a shattered thing. *Now*, I know her only as dead. Prosperous was she, then fell, then perished. She is beyond the range of mortal help, and so there is not much for a friend to do for her. But, at any rate, I can see her decently laid away in her final home. I can, in

relating her fall, palliate it perhaps ; from her fall I can follow her to her grave as a mourner ; and there I can stand respectfully, with my hat off, while she passes forever from mortal sight. True, this is not much ; and I cannot hope that my words shall bend over her crumbling remains with the beauty of lilies-of-the-valley over a sunny grave, nor that my thoughts shall ever whisper to any reader half so softly as green boughs whisper in the summer air, nor that a tear-drop will ever fall upon this page which tells of her woe ; still, it is something ; and it will show that I do not wish to disown her acquaintance, even though she does lie in a grave of shame.

She was a buxom bark, this old shell ; short, broad and thick-hided—to the extent of half an inch, I think. But though wide, she was not round ; on the contrary, she was rather scow-shaped, with a broad, flat bottom. To this peculiarity in her structure I attributed all her misdemeanors ; this it was that made her willful on the seas, perverse and headstrong ; and as she came to her destruction through her blind willfulness, I hold that the real cause of her ruin was this vile peculiarity in her physical structure ; and since her builders were accountable for her shape and not she herself, I lay all the blame of her sad end on them.

It was heart-rending to watch the ways of this perverse craft on the various excursions over the harbor. If the water was still enough down the bay for the doughty crew to venture without the drawbridge, the chances were ten to one that the witch of a boat swung up broadside against some dignified schooner riding at anchor,—and that too through no fault of the coxswain. Up the river her actions would have moved to tears, had they not excited to curses. Her principle of proced-

ure was simply this;—to yield herself up with perfect passivity to the influence of external circumstances, such as the wind and tide, but to resist, with all her might, any attempt at controlling her from within,—as by the rudder, or by “hard port !” or “hard starboard !” —much as we have seen bad girls willingly following every chance hest of their varying whims and passions, but stamping in anger at the kind admonition of a mother ! It is always a point among coxswains to avoid hitting oyster-stakes. With this boat the attainment of that point was an impossibility. If she once took it into her head to brush up against an oyster-stake, she would do it, despite the crew, despite the devil. I have known her to sheer clear across from one side of the Quinnipiac to the other, and then, against all the efforts of the crew to the contrary, leap for a stiff oyster-stake, hit it, and unship all the oars in the boat. Going about in this way, it might have been expected that the flighty wench would some day come to grief. And so she did.

One evening in June, we launched her as usual from the boat-house “float.” There were, at that time, several cracks in the bottom of the boat ; and as we laid her on the tide, she took in through them quite an alarming quantity of water. The bystanders on the float, noticing this, remarked to us, laughing, that “we would never come back in that boat again.” We looked up from our thwarts in piteous contempt of their ignorance. That evening, too, a freshman on our rival Harvard crew happened to have come to town to take notes upon our rowing. He was on the float when we pushed off ; and seeing him there watching us, we straightway set about rowing in as poor time and with as much splashing as can well be imagined. Simple souls ! I

fear we overdid the business. After getting round the first bend in the Quinnipiac, however, we settled down to regular work, and pulled up against the tide as far as the "red house." The water had been perfectly smooth throughout the course, but the tide was running out with unusual velocity. After we had turned, the boat was more unmanageable than ever. She swung about on the rapid current, as if she were uncertain whether bow or stern ought to be going down the river first. We were now nearing the upper bridge—the railroad bridge—on our homeward course. On the west side of the stream at this point, the ebb tide always runs,—and runs with mighty force, for the channel narrows here—at a 45° angle with the open passages between the piles; but, in the middle of the stream, the current runs straight through one or two of the middle passages of the bridge, and this is the regular channel for all boats. But our flat-bottomed craft, through being flat-bottomed, had refused to go anywhere else than toward the westward bank of the river; and that was our position when we approached the bridge. We expected our fate; still, hope was not altogether dead in our bosoms. "Pull hard, now! harder! harder!" yelled the bow oar. We were under the bridge. "Oars on port!" It was too late. Smash went the port side against the piles; the boat careened to port, filled, cracked loudly from stem to stern, and went down. The action of the crew at this point was diverse. The bow-oar climbed an adjacent pile in good style. The port-bow followed,—wildly suspending his entire weight from the coxswain's feet. The starboard-waist sat in the boat while it settled, and when it had settled too far began to tread water. The port-waist and starboard-stroke set off in high glee for a long swim down stream. The stroke—

all honor to him—went wading about in the water, which was not over waist deep where he stood. It was amusing to observe how large a crowd gathered, and how quickly it gathered, on the Fair Haven bridge, to witness the disaster. Multitudes of fishermen, too, put off from shore in their boats, and hastened to the rescue. The wreck was abandoned. Shivering, four of us were hoisted, dripping, into a scow, and were rowed, or rather rowed ourselves, down to the boat-house.

While walking up the float, hallooes were distinctly heard in the still night air (it was about nine o'clock), which appeared to come from that spot where the new Chapel Street bridge now touches the Fair Haven shore. The voices were recognized. They were those of the two hardy swimmers. Clothed in a wet shirt and dripping pantaloons, on that mud shore they stood in the starlight alone, and—one would suppose—forlorn. Soon the shouting ceased. Then, after a few minutes, a "dug-out" was paddled along the float, and, cross and grumbling, the two drenched wanderers rolled out upon the dock. On the next day, the crew borrowed a gig, rowed to the scene of the accident, and towed the wreck down to the boat-house. She was dropped carelessly on the boat-house floor, and lay there in her shame for some weeks. But before the crew left for Worcester, she was taken out and dumped into the water as a piece of good-for-nothing lumber. Whither she floated, none can tell. Perhaps she went up the river, and was burned for firewood by oysterman; perhaps she drifted down the harbor—slowly—as slowly as the summer clouds drifted southward above her, and to quite as uncertain a destiny as they.

This is all. Perhaps it is foolish for me to have made so much ado about so worthless an old hulk. But it

was a simple act of friendship. I have wandered through a cemetery, and have come across an old friend's grave unmarked ; and I merely lay this scroll upon its top, for a kind of headstone.

Vagaries.

IF I ever become rich enough, without at the same time growing too stingy, I shall build a college. The college shall stand at the foot of a mountain; yet far enough away, not to be endangered by the rocks which sportive Jack Frost occasionally rolls down the mountain sides. To have a bowlder, six by ten, come crashing through the college walls would be at all times inconvenient; quite as much so, as to have benighted Sophomores, standing knee-deep in the snow during a fierce northeaster, toll the college bell at half-past two in the morning.

The mountain should be about half an hour high, more than twice the height of West Rock. It should be climbable, but only so, by teeth, fingers and toes. It should be wooded from bottom to top. There should be the scraggy, tough-rooted cedar, the rock-loving maple, and the beech with its long and pliant boughs. The chestnut, also, should not be wanting, nor the spicy black-birch, nor the oak and hickory. The top of the mountain should be rocky and mossy, with abundant patches of wintergreen and trailing-arbutus.

In short, this mountain behind the college, should be to the students a perpetual source of pleasure and health. A run of three minutes would bring one from the college doors to the tumble down rocks at the mountain's base. A hand and foot climb by bush and crag would, in half an hour, place him upon the sum-

mit. Should the rambler choose to go no further, but to return immediately to his books, he would have the satisfaction of an end attained, over and above the mere stretching of his legs and expanding of his lungs. His walk would, like a good story, contain within it a beginning, a middle and an end. The student often has an hour which he might spend in recreation, but he seldom has half a day which he can profitably devote to that purpose. Now, take away the mountain from behind the college, or remove it to the distance of Savin Rock, Wintergreen Lake or "My Farm at Edgewood," and the leisure hour will rarely be spent in walking. There are plenty of good *long* walks about New Haven, but very few *short* ones.

While every one is aware of the uninteresting character of a walk along level brick pavements, too few have experienced the exquisite pleasure of climbing among the rocks. Said an old Yale man in speaking of one of our Connecticut hills, "I just love that mountain. I climb it nearly every day. It keeps me in health and makes preaching compatible with a sound digestion." Mt. Carmel undoubtedly affords better climbing than any hill in the immediate vicinity of New Haven; yet the western side of West Rock does very well. This part of the rock is reached quite as conveniently as the path upon the eastern side. After leaving the horse-car at Westville, the way turns down the first street at the right, till the pond and mill are reached. There it turns to the left and follows the course of the stream some thirty or forty rods, when it crosses the bridge and sweeps round towards the rock. Arrived at the woods, the road divides, leading along the base of the rock in opposite directions. From this point the way is pathless; the adventurer may choose

his steps according to his humor. He may climb by means of bushes and trees, or up the notches in the bare rocks. But whatever method he chooses, when he reaches the top, he will find his blood glowing warm to the very tips of his fingers. His lungs will have been filled several hundred times to their utmost capacity with the pure mountain air. A run over to the Judges' Cave and back will give him sufficient rest to undertake the descent. Now a new set of muscle come into play ; and this will be found less wearisome than the ascent, and much more exhilarating.

If one has sufficient time, the ramble may be extended from the cave to Wintergreen Lake and Falls, and thence back by the way of Pine Rock. If the time be autumn, numerous turnip fields will enliven the way and add new interest to the occasion.

Or, if one does not wish to go beyond the cave, but to return by the way he came up ; then having reached the foot of the rock, the walk may be continued very pleasantly, by following the road around that part of the precipice. Here a number of men may always be found, quarrying stone, digging it out of the rubbish which has accumulated at the base of the cliff, assorting it for various uses, and loading it in carts. It is amusing to hear these men talk. They are a jolly and hard-handed set of fellows, and seem to enjoy the life they lead. They descant on the virtues of their sturdy oxen, tell the traits of each particular steer, his tricks of kicking or balking, or his pluck and strength in dragging a heavy load. In their peculiar language, which is a strange mixture of slang and vigorous simplicity, they tell of the dangers to which their occupation exposes them ; how the blasts of powder fling the fragments of stone about ; how the frost and the thaw

loosen great bowlders and send them thundering down the mountain-side. They are philosophers, too, in their way, and treat the dangers which threaten them, in philosophy's coolest fashion. They also, as we, have their dreams and air-castles. The imagination of a true laborer, however uncultivated he may be, covers the dullness of his occupation with a glow from his own living spirit. The quarryman's fancy works more nimbly than his pick. Buried within the mountain's mass, he sees untold wealth. Cities of solid stone with carved spires and arched gateways spring up around him, himself the master architect and sole possessor.

But I cannot linger longer with the quarrymen. For further acquaintance the reader must seek the men themselves.

I am sorry the snow has come. It cuts off any near prospect of walking to the hills. It, however, brings recompensing pleasures—to a few. The bells jingle merrily; but I am not behind them. The sleighs cut swiftly through the snow; but I am not in them. The horses are not mine: and others are driving them. So I look to the hills for my pleasure; and wait for the melting of the snow.

Quinnipiac.

THE lengthening intervals of the days in which lounging on the fence again becomes a duty and a pleasure, recall to my mind various pleasant summer recreations. Chief among these pleasures I place that of boating. Unfortunate it surely is that the word has, also, reminiscences of another and less pleasing nature. With the recollection of the word I hear an importunate knocking at my study door, far different from the modest tap of the beggar, or the well known announcement of my friends. Armed with catalogue and pencil, these men of authority so ply us with the magnitude of navy or class debts that we give up all counter arguments, and affix the required amounts to our names without a murmur, but with much after repentance. Then, too, our colors have not been always in the ascendant at Worcester and Springfield.

But I would view boating from a different standpoint. Two ways there are of pursuing boating ; one, as a means of glory, making pleasure and physical improvement subservient ; another, making health, development and pleasure the end of the exercise. Count me, if you please, in the latter crowd. All praise to the six oars who, manfully struggling against the inertia of inborn laziness, twice a day strain heart, lungs and muscles to their utmost, in valiant efforts to maintain the honor of their class or college in an approaching contest. All commendation to the possessors of the straining backs

and blistering hands ; but for pleasurable and healthful exercise commend me to the single-scutt. Here no stroke calls for a spurt when you, the crew, deemed yourself already spurring to the best of your ability. Here no fellow oarsman grumbles at receiving a gratuitous shower-bath from your oar-blade, nor does another offend your ear by profanity when you recover with especial energy against the small of his back. Here you are bow and stroke combined, and can bestow as much praise and censure on the crew as you please.

Given a cheerful frame of mind, a warm, sunny day with no wind, and the problem of passing a Wednesday or Saturday afternoon pleasantly in this manner is not difficult of solution. Approximating your costume as nearly to that of nature as boat-house propriety allows, you will get the full benefit of the sunlight and the open air. Launching your shell, a few strokes put a wide space between you and the rapidly receding crowd on the float. Abandonment to the pleasure of physical exercise on the water alone rouses an exhilaration of animal spirits which doubles your capacities for enjoying life. The bracing air clears away from your lungs the impurities left by the foul atmosphere of many a crowded recitation-room. Your seat, it is true, is hard as that upon which you grumble at Chapel, but the gentle motion of the medium beneath makes it as easy as the cradle of infancy. On you go to the Point, the water rippling before the sharp bow, when, suddenly, a bump recalls you from your reflections, and you find yourself entangled in a plantation of oyster-stakes, out of which you must needs back-water ignominiously. When fairly under way again a glance over your shoulder discloses a spiteful little tug bearing down on your craft. Your shell is hardly able to dispute the

right of way ; indeed, you have enough to do to ride out the "stern rollers" in the tug's wake. Again, as if to remind you that there is another side even to this pleasure, a neighboring Superphosphate-of-Lime factory sends its compliments to you across the water, and drives out of your recollection all the perfumes which have hitherto made you grateful for a nose. These are, however, minor discomforts, and you are soon by them all. With an afternoon before you, you may follow the river for a number of miles into the interior. A striking landmark is the "Red House," interesting from its bad reputation, and from being the scene of a murder some time since. Shooting the bridges when the tide is running out will be found exciting enough in a wherry. Contact with their piers has ere now wrecked many a paper and cedar shell, and dampened the enthusiasm of many a navigator !

Ducking.

AMONG the forms of pleasurable excitement which we demand in time of relaxation from College duties, I know of none better than Ducking.

The locality is favorable, the season good, and the ducks both shy and plenty, so that the sport offers inducements to the most scientific, as well as greenest shot. It excites all the activity that a man has stowed away for contingencies, forcing the mercury in his temperament alternately through every degree, from zero to boiling-point.

A few weeks since it was my good fortune to make one in a crew of five who engaged in a ducking expedition, the incidents of which were so numerous, that I desire you, reader, to take the trip with me again.

We deposit selves and baggage in a trim yacht, and move out into the harbor under a stiff breeze. And now the sight of a solitary gull, in the distance, suggests the possibility of duck. With the air of veteran sportsmen we load our guns, and strain our eyes over the water.

No ducks in sight—but stop! Yes; there are two, scudding over the white-caps, under bare poles, but safely enough, for our fowling-pieces would have to be enlarged to Parrot guns in order to reach them.

The stiff breeze soon carries us beyond the Fort and Savin Rock, and as we near the Light House, we bear down on the advance-guard of the ducks. Then to the

right they fly, eight or ten in line, skimming along just above the waves. No one wishes to sink his reputation by firing at such a range, and so, with philosophic equanimity, we let them pass unscathed. But now our sentinel, in the bow, descries a duck, with its black head a little ways ahead, and we fire an ineffective broadside into her duckship, as she raises anchor, hoists sail, and runs over under flying colors. Our guard again resumes position, while the writer takes the offensive, on the starboard. Presently, the perception of duck impresses my visuals. A duck rises at long range, and as it crosses the bow, I instantly fire, with no perceptible shock to the duck, but greatly alarming the shocking sensibilities of my friend in the bow. As the shot suddenly whistles by, he turns pale, and in "a voice broken with emotion," appeals to the company whether it is allowable to fire in such proximity to a brother sportsman.

It is decided, unanimously, that in ducking times, all ordinary military tactics must be disregarded: that it is the duty of every man to fire, instantly, on the appearance of duck: that each must keep clear of his neighbor's shots.

Here and there upon the crests of the white caps were visible, little black spots, and as these rose and fell with the waves, it required critical observation to pronounce them ducks. But, on nearer approach, they developed into heads, then necks, then wings, and finally, the bodies of veritable ducks. The wary coots, however, kept at a respectful distance, while the noisy gulls flew over us with impunity, crying out, derisively, at each unsuccessful shot.

And now we are bowling along in the vicinity of Charles Island, and ducks are flying in every direction.

Quick! there goes one right across our bow, within easy gunshot. One of us jumps to his feet and fires, while *mirabile dictu*, the duck falls. The boat speedily swings round, but too late, for the waves have swept over the unfortunate fowl, "and left not a trace behind." Our fortunate shot goes into such a fever of excitement, that he unconsciously pours his caps into the barrel, while the powder finds its way, outside the gun, into the water.

Twilight comes on, and ducks fly safely within a few rods, conscious that our guns are stowed away, and that we are smoking, in all the calmness of philosophic contemplation. In the distance is an object, regarded by one astronomer as an unknown star of the first magnitude, but, on nearer approach, we see, plainly, the appearance which theory has assigned to the revolving heavenly bodies, and pronounce it Stratford Light.

We drop anchor inside the bar of Stratford channel. One party goes ashore in search of a candle, which is obtained only by dint of persuasion and bribery, while the remainder of us hoist the boom, so as to answer for a tent-pole, and across it stretch some extra canvas, whose ends are fastened to the sides of the boat, thus forming a comfortable tent. Finally, everything is ready, and the tent lighted for our little "convivial." Stretched at random on the floor, we enter on the duty of the hour, and every man does yeomanry service in attacking the provisions. After supper, the usual smoke, during which we discuss the theory of "ducking by moonlight." The sky is overcast with drifting snow-clouds, so that the first essential is not clearly given, but three of us, now ashore, and separating, take up our lonely tramp along the beach.

But no duck is willing to suffer martyrdom, and so,

while musing over the disappointments of ducking, my equanimity is startled by the report of a gun a few hundred feet distant, and the rattling of shot in my vicinity. Then another and another, and again another. The shot whistle by as if a five-hundred-pounder had discharged its complement of grape within short range. After the first shock, I reason that I am still existent, because I possessed consciousness, and that I am cognizant of that, you will at once subsume, on recalling the fact that consciousness involves the cognition and perception both of the ego and non-ego, in this instance, being a duck floating a few yards ahead. Bear in mind the fact, that the ego cognized the non-ego, and the problem is at once solved. More accurately stated, in the language of the schools, it would be, "Reason, led from perception of the duck to consciousness, and that, to the phenomenon of self-existence."

I pick up the duck, and first taking the precautionary move of "boarding" my sporting friends, row on for some distance, and after shooting another duck, return to "ye staunch ship Julia." Each disposing himself in the most uncomfortable situation possible, endeavors to persuade himself that he can readily fall asleep, realizing its necessity from the fact that he is to rise at four A. M., and go in pursuit of ducks. But, however clear this may be in theory, in practice it proves a very knotty problem.

Tossing and rolling with the swell of the tide and wave, while the roar of breakers at the harbor's mouth is sounding in your ears, may be very poetic, but when the attendant circumstances of a damp, cold bed, in the close quarters of a small sail-boat are considered, then comes the rub.

I first sleep the sleep of Abou Ben Adhem, but

quickly awake, under the impression that I am stretched in a coffin, to which the lid is in the act of being nailed. The actuality gives good cause for play of imagination, for I am stowed away in far less room than would suffice for a comfortable coffin, and almost stifled by the closeness of the air. I next seek a "downy couch" on the soft oaken seat, in width just eleven inches, but am again awakened to unpleasant consciousness by the rain, pouring through the rotten canvas overhead.

"Ab uno disce omnes." At four A. M. rain pours down in a continuous stream, and each man thinks more of sleep than duck. At last we rise to the exigencies of the occasion, and after a frugal meal, proceed to the hunting "grounds;" and now we bear down on a flock of black ducks, and each, eager with a determination to do or die, determined to fire. The rain pelts the ducks, but they seem to enjoy it, and in lazy satisfaction turn their curious eyes upon the intruders, but suddenly surmising danger, rise, and fly swiftly away. Every man pulls trigger, but no report rings out from the guns, so long exposed to rain. With elongated countenances we joke over our foolish inattention, and drawing the charge, re-load our pieces, in most approved style. We bag a brace of ducks, when a North-east gale strikes us, in all its fury, and we are barely able to reach the Julia, and lash securely every strip of canvas. The gale shows no sign of abatement, and after philosophizing in the style of Diogenes, we decide to go ashore, where we separate, part going to the thriving city of Stratford, and others going upon the flats, in search of "dry" shooting, which was obtained in the midst of a pelting rain storm, by wading, constantly, in about fifteen centimetres of H_2O . Finally we straggle, tired, wet, and hungry, into the "birth-place of the gentle bard of Avon."

Arrayed in costumes that would have gladdened the sight of Salvator Rosa, we march through the long avenue, vainly seeking our lost companions beneath some elm-swinging sign, "lodgings for man and beast." We finally obtain that great desideratum of a hungry philosopher, which is appropriately termed by Aristotle, a warm dinner. After this, we slowly come to the sad conclusion, that ducking prospects are clouded, that we cannot cut the teeth of the gale with our yacht, that we are worn out with fatigue and excitement, and that the only sensible thing remaining for *Les Miserables* to effect, is to take cars direct for New Haven.

Cheered by the thought of the cozy fires awaiting us in "Old South," we say to the ducks, adieu for a time, gird up our loins, strap on our luggage, shake off the mud from our soles, and are off with a whistle.

MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES.

A Vacation in Old Clothes.

OF course, there is, in general, but one way of spending the vacation—namely, to go into the country. But this great end of summer existence may be attained in various ways. If, for instance, it be viewed from a sartorial stand-point, two courses at once open before us—to go to a watering-place and wear good clothes, or to go to a farm and wear old ones. Having tried the latter course, I venture some explanations and advice concerning it.

It must be premised, in reference to location, that by the country is meant, not that mongrel compound of the abuses of the city and the inconveniences of the rural districts, but—the country; not a place where wet walks and mosquitoes are a counter-irritant to hotel privileges and daily papers, but a territory, the undivided property of nature, where that famous dame “the mother of all living” can be communed with, and otherwise informally interviewed continually.

Here, in pure airs, the mosquito is fain to cease from troubling—though, verily, his now and then attempted tune does more vex the ear than the distant roar of party strife, whose rancor, even here, leaves more poison in the blood than his infrequent sting. Here health laughs at August heats, and bids defiance to the seductive whortleberry and the insidious cucumber, which, newly plucked, lose half their power for ill upon the sons of men.

But why waste time and paper on these trifles? Here you may taste a higher joy, a pleasure, the chief among ten thousand, that a truly rural life affords. Here may you be free from shining torments, fresh from the tailors' cruel art, and revel in your cast-off clothes—a boon which the city grants no honest man, save the rare specimens of that class found by mistake among the bankrupts.

Alas! that there be so many total strangers to the calm and healthful joys latent in a veteran suit—a suit whose shapely folds time has attuned to harmony with the irregularities of the “individual ego” as no sartorial artist could fashion them. Comfort dwells in its creases, and satisfaction in its softened seams. Alas! the pity that such should e’er wear out and quite relapse away from the similitude of garments. But yet more deeply is it to be deplored that “the refined delicacy of modern society” should condemn these trusted body-servants just when their usefulness begins to ripen, should sanction their transmutation into a few sordid bits of legal tender, and consign them to the tender mercies of the Children of Israel.

From such abominably artful regulations, nature affords relief. Pack your trunk, not with fine raiment, fresh from the needle, but with habiliments of the past, with suits from last summer—with odd pieces, too, here a coat, and there a pair of nether integuments. On these latter will devolve the heavy duties of the campaign; for it is the chief excellence of this whole vacation system that the coat is only called into use when needful to comfort. Leave it behind you from day to day, roll up slightly the sleeves of the garment beneath, disguise yourself in a square yard or so of straw hat, and the rising barometer is shorn of half its terrors.

You may stroll undismayed beneath the sun's fiercest attacks. You become invulnerable to the solar ray, and are free to watch with pleasure its invigorating effects upon the vegetable world.

But, to have done with physical joys, old clothes carry their influence and value into the realm of mind. There inheres in them a mild stimulus, a gentle tonic to the memory, which, alone of the mental faculties, should be allowed any activity in vacation. Recollection treasures in them some pretty stores, and "fond memories 'round them clinging" make them worth their double of a newer guise. The magician had a cap of knowledge; but I have a coat of memory, a vest for experience, and (smile not) unwhisperables of reflection.

When I take them out, there attends them a troop of other shapes and other days. I put them on, and I am clothed in the past. Here, for example, is a coat. What a particular heavy swell I once cut in the suit of which it is the sole remnant. With what peculiar pride I first donned it. What convivial scene is recalled by the stain on the lapel of lemon-juice, or perhaps more potent liquid. A neatly-mended rent in the sleeve is embroidered with pleasant memories of a picnic and a fair nymph, at whose bidding was undertaken the plunge through a tangle after flowers that resulted so disastrously to my attire, and whose charming face bent penitently over the rent her commands had caused, in vain endeavor, with pins, to make it good. Ah, well-a-day! Let that pass for the coat. The maiden is no longer kind: and I must turn to the next; for each can, like the coat, "a tale unfold."

But to recount at length the pleasures, whether of body or soul, inherent in old clothes, is denied me; for

a sense of duty hurries me on to a few words of advice and warning. Beware of abusing your treasures. Remember that they are a limited hoard, that the infirmities of age are upon them, and that, once gone, they can only be replaced by months of patient wearing of new ones. Let your joy in their free use be, by this thought, tempered to a wise discretion. Bear them not into scenes of too searching trial. Frequent not overmuch the depth of the blackberry jungle primeval, neither be allured by the coy pickerel too frequently to the wet marshes at the river side. Make a careful adjustment of supply to demand; else you must return perforce to the unrestful elements of the world. Then you are poor indeed. The need of such an one passes that of those who only sigh for a new suit, and who can, in the tailor, find every longing satisfied. For the tastes which you have formed refuse to be denied; and, nevertheless, they cannot be satisfied. The rare flavor of old wine, the rich perfume of old cheese, can no more be hastened than can the excellencies of the commodity I extol. Like all true benefits, they come not by gift, purchase, or exchange, but as the reward of duty done. Before one can possess old clothes he must wear down new ones to the proper tone. Their possession in vacation is the guerdon of an academic year's patient subordination to the requirements of society.

To borrow here is impossible. A dress-coat might be borrowed for one evening; but against the loan of an old coat the eternal fitness of things cries out in abhorrence. Why, it justly asks, had he not foresight enough to lay by one against a rainy day? Let him perspire in a new one without complaint.

Neither can purchase satisfy; and this is why I in-

culcate a wise prudence in their vacation use. Buy them! Can I buy more than the mere cloth? Can they, like my lost treasures, afford a perfect mould for my weary frame, into whose embrace it shall sink as snugly as the webbed foot of that famed aquatic bird into the plastic ooze upon the margin of his watery home? Nay, forsooth. Can lawful currency procure the memories that make their better worth? Again, and a thousand times, nay. Furthermore, to buy is to aid in an unholy traffic. It is to encourage the seller to a waste of his own physical comfort, and to help him to part, as it were, with a portion of his own individuality, to put himself piecemeal on the market!

To be a go-between for their purveyance from man to man, is to be twice cursed, in giving and in taking. 'Tis worse than traffic in dead men's bones. This I do firmly believe to be a sufficient explanation of the degraded state, from time immemorial, of the despised race of the children of Jacob. They are a race of old clo' dealers. Can deeper damnation dwell in a single phrase?

Here, too, is explanation ample of half the misery and crime of city paupers and vagabonds. Do you doubt it: look on the contented, though ragged, poor of the country, and the honest farmer, far from poor, who drives the plow in little better garments—then on the mongrel race of gutter-snipes, boot-blacks, and their ilk. Those buy their garments in the cloth and wear them until they grow old, and when they are old, with decent pride in the legitimate possession. These come into their nondescript apparel at hap-hazard. In the eye of the law, it may be theirs; but instinct protests that it is not. The very cloth that, on its original and rightful possessor, was a rallying-ground of the

virtues, when transferred, seems to carry with it only an atmosphere of vices in which to envelop its spurious possessor. Even the unconscious feeling that he is not himself throughout, but rather a compound of two men, must invest the hapless possessor of second-hand raiment with a feeling of irresponsibility more than sufficient to account for all the misdemeanors laid at the doors of his fraternity. Here is food for reflection to the philanthropist.

When Burns called his ragged country friend "a man for a' that," he showed a painful lack of his usual insight into human nature. That was, in sooth, the very bulwark of his manhood.

But I digress.

Long Vacations.

I HAVE determined to write upon the above subject after a thoughtful consideration of the advantages which it possesses over many more pretentious subjects. I am aware that the thoughtless may express the wish that at this point I had given my pen a long vacation, but those who write for immortality are generally without honor among their kinsfolk and friends. I am not insensible to the fact that the thoughtful will at first condemn the apparent unimportance and irrelevancy of my theme, but such mistake my plan and purpose.

My proposition is that long vacations exert a baneful influence upon the undergraduate world. In the first place it is a vexation to be obliged to choose upon so complex and elaborate a course of action as a long vacation necessitates. I exclude from this consideration three classes; those who take the wings of the morning and fly unto the uttermost parts of the earth to spend the summer months; those who chase about the resorts of fashion the butterflies who swarm there, and those who remain at home through necessity, and sell eggs and molasses over the paternal counter. I am speaking of the average man who finds himself about the first of July with a long summer before him and a considerate father behind.

But, suppose that not only the calculations have been made, but the journey accomplished; that the cinders have been eliminated from his eyes, and that immacu-

late as to shirt, collar and cuffs, he has been introduced all round, and considers himself domesticated. Believe me, trouble is about to commence. Within twenty minutes he will be sitting on the back-piazza with a previous arrival. I care nothing what his age, rank or past connections may have been. I have known men leave college in July as intangible as a hard-shell Baptist, and return in September as tender as a soft-shell crab. Irving says of this very class of men: "Such veteran roysterers are daring wags when together, and will put any female to the blush with their jokes; but they are quiet as lambs when they fall singly into the clutches of a fine woman."

Thus he goes on from bad to worse. A quiet walk to church is followed the next evening by a break-neck ride along the river, and finally, a small-hour picnic caps the climax, and puts him on the most uncomfortable terms with his landlady. At last, after some quiet day, night overtakes them under the apple-tree in the side-yard, and just as he hoped he should survive, the moon comes up, peeps through the leaves and concludes the business. If she declines his kind offer, he returns to college irate and misanthropic, and if she accepts he comes back in great perplexity, and ten to one makes up his mind to do an unmanly thing, causing a little soberness in New Haven and a great deal of crying somewhere up among the hills.

But suppose that instead of some cozy little lake-bounded town, the collegian seeks the seclusion and the wild life of some sporting region. Evil follows him. The Adirondacks engulf innumerable victims yearly, who, having no opportunity to make love, learn to vapor and exaggerate. I have heard men who had never been known to catch a fish since the period of

bent pins and shiners, dwell with great prolixity upon the merits of some new invention in fishing-tackle. If we may believe their own words, men who, in the spring at college, cannot get into a barge without tipping it over, in summer up among the lakes chase deer and shoot falls with the "happiest combination of grace and efficiency." The climate of northern Maine is very favorable for puffery and braggadocio, and the Adirondacks have even produced a book. The habit of vamping thus induced does not confine itself to the exploits of a summer, but lingers along through life, dressing everything in rainbows. When my friend first showed me a bouquet which he said he hastily gathered from his conservatory, being fond of flowers, I thought that some pleasant afternoon I would walk over and examine it: but when I ascertained that the conservatory consisted of a bee-hive turned glass-side up and contained nothing but a flowering cabbage, I determined not to go.

It would be easy to prolong this part of the subject, but let us suppose that the ladies have all been disposed of and the trout all caught, that the merchants of New Haven have re-opened their stores, that the furniture wagons once more creak about the campus, and that college has gone into winter quarters. It is now, especially, that the evils of which I have spoken begin to appear. One might, perhaps, get along very well if his time were unlimited, but when you can barely manage to play daily as many games of whist as you think necessary to develop your memory and reasoning powers, and to take the walk which you promised your mother you would not forget, how in the world are you going to attend to the voluminous correspondence which the summer campaign engendered?

Again, a long vacation tends to dissipate that wholesome respect for one's instructors which annuals instill. It is hard to realize that the companionable gentleman who allowed you to pay for the iced drinks in August, will flunk you without a moment's warning in September.

Lastly, long vacations cause a subsequent neglect of college duties. We come here primarily to learn, and upon the studies of the curriculum we ought to spend our best energies. Outside influences unquestionably possess great developing power, and are worthy of serious and considerate attention. Like the outside of a letter, they are useful and attractive, but, after all, as Tony Lumpkin justly observed, "The inside of a letter generally contains the cream of the correspondence."

Freshman Rains.

MANY are the distinctive parts of the student's year and called by various names, but none is so distinctively termed as Freshman Rains. We have the Third Term—or rather we had—for it has now been officially merged in the second term, but this, another name for the spring, the pastoral part of the student's life, is not allotted to any particular part or department of the university; for all participate in its visions of swarthy University nines, crews and teams. The very name calls up long loungings on the fence, beatific snab in their new plumage, walks into the suburbs, and an easy time generally. We have too the Winter Term, suggestive of the leafless elms and bare barrack-like buildings; of ulsters, old hats and heavy top boots, in which the heart of the student rejoiceth exceedingly; and if you are a Senior and the cosy luxuriance of South's open fires is open to you, of rooms lighted by that flickering fire-light which is the beau-ideal of the romantic man's vision of comfort.

But to the humble Freshman (for he certainly ought to be humble) alone is consecrated this damp, disagreeable, especially so by contrast with the halcyon days which precede it, an epithet most expressive and pregnant of all, *homesicky* season. A genius indeed must he have been who called it first by name. Naming it did much toward adding to it those characteristics which it lacked. For nameless, it is a dull, plain, pro-

saic succession of rainy days ; everything is dark, every body subdued and all nature seems shrouded in a half mourning gray. But add to these the characteristics which the mind so readily supplies when a name has prepared for them a nucleus round which to cluster, and what a dismal picture do we have. "Rains" alone is bad enough, for mankind inherits from its ancestors since the flood, a dread of long showers. As comes down the rain, down sinks the barometer of our feelings, and three or four days of wet weather with its necessary accompaniments of darkness, mud, wetness and general laziness induced by the difficulty of getting from place to place, will make the most successful optimist descend to a cynicism or at least render him a follower of Heraclitus. But now add the qualifying word—"Freshman," and of all compounds you will have the most hopeless. To the Freshman himself it is a most cheering thought that this is his special season ; for this, *he* is responsible. It is looked upon as something he brought with him ; a Pandora's Box, which he himself has opened. He fancies the Senior stalking solemnly and gloomily along, blames him for it all as he wraps his dripping ulster more closely about him and pulls his favorite old white hat into a still more ridiculous shape. He cannot but feel it is scarcely fair that he who suffers the most should be held responsible for it all. Aside from this self-reproach, however, can anything more gloomy and hopeless be imagined than the lonely Freshman during these rainy days ?

You, perhaps, have had time to become accustomed to the vagaries of New Haven weather, from the season when all those elegant brick pavements are hid beneath a smooth sheet of ice, to the sweltering, thirsty days during which Træger is *par excellence*, the student's

friend; but he has had no experiences of its weather save pleasant ones. It is natural his imagination should picture the campus as bathed in warm sunlight with the alumni tent always standing ready for his reception, with its free lemonade in the center. For this is the picture he has carried with him throughout the summer; remembering the long lines of cigarette-finders upon the fence, he thinks fondly of his "white-paper" and imagines that he, too, will be now left in peace to enjoy that joyous student-life; with its "Chummy, hand me the cigars," or "Come, lads, let's for a lark," or some equally likely and natural conception of his daily conversation. He expects to meet his Steerforth, or Pendenennis, or Grey, or Drysdale, or Hardy, instead of Tom Robinson and Bill Tompkins. His fall is somewhat sudden, reminding one of a plunge into a cold bath of realities; and when to this is added a cold shower-bath—the result will depend upon his temper. Finding, at his present state of progress, that college is but a large school, that the "collegians" are but his old school-fellows, and to some the most painful surprise of all, finding he must work harder than he ever before imagined against a competition which (to quote "Four Years at Yale") he "never before dreamed of," it is likely, if he be of womanish or romantic stuff, that nostalgia will claim him for its own; or if of a different disposition, he may learn to play penny-ante and say damn. But I hope not. Imagine yourself in his position, or (if you prefer Anglo-Saxon) put yourself in his place. Conceive first the Freshman's room; with its cylinder stove which has such a bad habit of going out nights; his sofa, small, narrow and inhospitable; his rocking-chair and table, which handed down from older generations, continually remind him of his newness; and

finally his student-lamp—oh, his student-lamp, with its flickering, enough to bring tears to any eyes ; its goings out, just at the most critical moments ; its unstable equilibrium, enough in itself to occupy an able-bodied man's full time. Why, a student-lamp is a fiend incarnate, and ought only to be sold with a lavatory, nail-brush, thousand pound weight (to fasten it down), rubber shade, malleable glass chimney, another lamp to give light, a regulator, and a boy to tend it. And even then the odds would be about forty to one that it would blow up, catch fire and have to be thrown out of the window. Excuse the digression, but a student-lamp is a hobby of mine.

Add to this already desolate room, the Freshman-year curriculum, the awful thought of Sophomores, the general feeling of having lost your individuality and of being of no particular use to anyone, especially yourself, and place a small Freshman in the middle of the room studying the sensuous Euclid, while the fire is dying out and the distant howling of the belated Sophomore is heard in the distance. Having thus prepared your subject, turn on the rain. The result will be a letter home somewhat to the following effect :

YALE COLLEGE, ——— ———.

My Respected Parent :

Would my temporary return to the paternal mansion at all disconcert your plans?

Your respectful Son,

————— ————

The result of which will be seen in a few days on the receipt by mail of a package containing a few articles, as follows: A comforter marked "From Mother," a check for \$1.50 signed by the respected head of his

noble house, a pen-wiper marked "From Sister Jane," and "The Printer Boy," inside the fly leaf of which may be found the following legend: "To Johnnie, from his affectionate Teacher, Mary Bodgers." Do not scoff at this, 'tis the affection of faithful hearts; but somehow it doesn't prevent "B——" from flunking him, just the same, in the morning. But bear up, O ye Freshman, it will not last; we have all been through it and thoroughly sympathize with you in your trouble. Buy an ulster, steal a Sophomore's hat and defy the elements; letting not the storm without ruffle the calm serenity within.

Moriarty's.

"Backe and side go bare, go bare,
Both foot and hande go colde ;
But, bellye, God sende thee good ale yenough,
Whether it be newe or olde."

—BISHOP STILL.

It has long been the custom when a great public servant retires from active life, to speak of his past services and to wish him happiness in his retirement. This is, therefore, a most fitting time to write a few words about that illustrious servant of Yale, Frank Moriarty.

Mr. Moriarty's aim in life has been to contribute to the happiness of man, and he considered keeping an ale-house the best way of accomplishing his aim. Then, having served his generation faithfully, he retired for a while into seclusion. It used to be his delight to be surrounded by the jovial youths pouring down libations to Bacchus. His nights were most pleasant when he saw his salon filled with the wits of the college ; and as the wits used to congregate here in great numbers, his walls were ever resounding with the boisterous laughter of youths free from all care.

Among these crowds there was great diversity of character, and their character and behavior were indicated by their size. A party of two or three was contemplative generally. They conversed in a low tone, and never joked. Their heads were close together and secrets were unbosomed, ambitious schemes announced, personal triumphs and failures discussed. Then as

they drank more ale, they became somewhat warmer in their talk; drunkards were denounced, enemies condemned as fools, friends extolled, and other like topics of conversation indulged in. Such were the happy evenings close friends enjoyed, and such a place was Moriarty's to them.

There was a second crowd about which I dislike to speak. This crowd was usually composed of about five or six men; these gentlemen were extremists in pleasure. They usually entered with unsteady steps, and their clamorous demand for liquor showed plainly their condition. Their conduct always proved them to be beyond control. They shouted with great vigor, and their curses were disagreeable to hear. They were seldom sitting still, but on the contrary were continually rising up to shake hands with new-comers. It is a peculiar shake of the hands which drunken fellows always give, for they will never stop till their friends see the need of a forcible separation. Undoubtedly we have all seen such crowds at Moriarty's and therefore the narration of their intemperance would, if continued farther, become offensive.

The third and last set that used to come together at Moriarty's was the largest in number and the grandest in behavior. It consisted of about thirty men. For the use of these crowds Mr. Moriarty generously surrendered his two parlors on the second floor. Then what a night was there! "*O noctes coenaeque dedit!*" The two long tables are arranged, and an eager crowd gather round. The generous host of the evening rises and shouts to Cook to bring up an immense number of ales, hot-scotches and ciders. For I would remark, that there were always some gentlemen in those crowds not yet of age, and these were the ones who took cider. There

follows a sumptuous feast of Golden Bucks, Welsh Rarebits, Sardines, and this is succeeded by the cigars. Such feasts were the gods' in ancient days, with the exception that the goddesses were always present, while in these days the goddesses are always wanting. And now begins the singing ; every one feels in duty bound to sing in as loud a tone as possible, and the air is rent with hymns of praise to the presiding God of Wine. For a moment there is a lull in the storm, and no sound is heard save the clash of the knives and forks, with here and there the merry tinkle of a pewter mug and a glass. Then again a song bursts forth, louder, more boisterous, more riotous than before. One and all are now in a wild seance of pleasure, and can scarcely be distinguished in the midst of the huge volumes of smoke. Here let us leave them, happy, good-natured, on a royal frolic. Many a time has Moriarty seen all this and enjoyed it keenly. As he walked down the stairs from the second floor, he must have thought what rich humor was his, when he painted over the front-door the golden letters, "Quiet House."

While writing so much of the men who patronized the Quiet House, I must not omit Mrs. Moriarty. For she formed no small part of this establishment, and always performed her duty right matronly. Her appearance one would hardly call handsome, but her face expressed good nature. Her manners were rather reserved. She seemed to have an exalted idea of her high station behind the bar, for she was never known to demean herself by handing around the ale, but steadily maintained her position at the pumps, and made Cook and her maid wait on us. Mrs. Moriarty was of a size that one admired not a little ; short, thick, and immensely broad. She and her husband were so stout,

that when both were behind the bar, a third person was never known to enter it.

Thus much for Mrs. Moriarty, and now to say a few words about her assistant, the decorous maid with the chaste countenance. Her duty was cooking Welsh Rarebits. She was always treated with profound respect ; but whether this proceeded from the good manners of the students or the want of beauty in the maid, would be hard to tell. But however this may be, there never occurred any such thing as Tom Browning it with her. For I am sure she worshipped at "Chaste Minerva's" shrine.

Last among the subordinates of this house was Cook, oo being pronounced like oo in fool ; but as he was generally considered a fool, it is not proper to write much about him. He was remarkable for nothing except his low forehead and sorrowful expression of face, as if he had met with a serious calamity in his youth. It is sufficient to say Mr. Moriarty always treated him with such contempt as Jupiter undoubtedly did Gany-mede.

Such was Frank Moriarty's Quiet House. Such was the favorite ale-house of Yale for many years. Not only the dissipated men met here, but the sober and well-behaved gathered here, at times. There is, therefore, a grateful remembrance of this place in the hearts of all Yalensians. For one seldom forgets the spot where he has spent happy hours.

Smoking.

Do you see how West Rock stands white with snow? The trees, too, can no longer bear their load, and the river's course has been checked by the sharp frost. Turn on the steam-heater to thaw the cold, and pour out, O Mrs. Moriarty, an ardent liquid from the Caledonian jar. Thus would Horace sing on the approach of the winter term. The concluding lines about the *virgines*; or rather, as with more truth, the poet himself remarks, *puellae risus ab angulo* Church and Chapel streets, he would be obliged to omit: since at this season of the year the *lenes sub noctem susurri* are heard less frequently in the streets of this city of elms. But still, we moderns have one resource which was denied to the children of antiquity. That their deities possessed it, but kept it through a mean jealousy to themselves, there is little doubt; for surely, if the idols of the Indian savages were delighted by their worshipers' puffing fragrant tobacco smoke into their nostrils, the dwellers on lofty Olympus could not have been deprived of the greatest of human blessings. And when my gifted friend enquires, "was that nectar, beer, or whiskey-toddy?" I answer, neither; but the very composition of the word proves it to have been nicotine.

What a revolution in the whole range of their literature would the Romans have experienced, had they possessed tobacco! If Tityrus, when extended under the shade of that wide-spreading beech-tree, had puffed

away at a good clay duccen filled with cut-plug, instead of cultivating the sylvestran muse on an oaten pipe, how much more satisfaction would he have occasioned to the passers-by, as well as to the generations of school-boys who have toiled in silent anguish, or muttered curses not loud but deep over the praises of Amaryllis. Imagine the scathing scorn with which Juvenal would have pursued the cigarette-fiend, and rejoice, Oh ———, that you did not live in his day. But Horace, dear old Horace, whom even two terms under "G——" could not entirely deprive of charm, how he would have revelled in its enjoyment! What an exquisite ode, "*Ad meam maris spuman,*" would he have left us! With what gusto would he have added a box of Havanas to the list of good things which he requires of Thaliarchus; but, unfortunately, he lived in an age of darkness, and his *summuu bonum* was a judicious mixture of Falernian and philosophy.

"Oh, lived he to recant that wild opinion,
And sing, as I would that I could sing, of yore,
I was not born, alas, the Muses' minion;
I'm not poetical, or even blue.
And he, we know, but strives on waxen pinion,
Whoe'er he be, that entertains the view
Of emulating Pindar, and will be
Sponsor at last to some now nameless sea."

Evoc Tobacco! *Evoc* Tobacco! I cry, as I prostrate myself before thy shrine. Why are thy praises neglected, while in song Bacchus reigns supreme? Much more worthy of praise art thou. From thee we obtain no wild desire to betray our dearest secrets to the first-comer: no rage for battle; no racking headache the next morning. Far otherwise. Thou inspirest discretion; thou promotest secrecy; even among the untutored savages didst thou deserve the title of "the

pipe of peace." All praise to noble Sir Walter Raleigh. Greater glory deserves he for introducing thee to civilized mankind, than for all his victories over the Spaniards. Had I been Pope, to which position modest merit but rarely attains, then had I excommunicated the cruel king who beheaded him and wrote a diatribe against the plant ; while, heretic as he was, St. Walter Nicotius had headed the calendar, a distinction which he well earned by his narrow escape from martyrdom by drowning, when his servant, mistaking the smoke which issued from his nostrils for a general conflagration of his clothes, attempted to extinguish it by deluging him with water. Richly did he deserve, with compound interest, the sum which Nero offered to the inventor of a new pleasure.

I have tried the plant in all its forms,—the insidious cigarette, the fragrant Havana, the mild Manila, the heart-comforting pipe. I have tasted all. I have puffed the Irish dudeen ; I have kissed the lips of the machine constructed of horn and porcelain, so dear to the natives of the Fatherland ; I have inhaled, at the Centennial, tembek from the soothing nargilay, which the cross-legged Turk enjoys, reclining on his divan ; I have watched the delicate cream-color mantle on the snowy bosom of a meerscham, but I still remain faithful to my first love, the sweet briarwood.

The cigarette, I regret to be obliged to condemn. Not entirely, however, but merely as a venial sin. That nymph has her charms, I confess ; for a neophyte she is perfection. But she is too jealous in her exactions on her votaries. She sets her seal on the thumbs of their left hands. She requires them to wear, in token of her sovereignty, a coating of burnt paper and nicotine upon their lungs. Forty or fifty times a day must they sacri-

fice to her shrine. Unhappy are they when away ; not satisfied, when propitiating her. Praises be unto Zeus ! I have escaped from the thralldom of Circe.

After a good dinner—a thing which, alas, one but rarely obtains in this home of the Muses—after a good dinner,—one of those days which are to be marked with a white stone in this barren desert life—I acknowledge, that to obtain the acme of human happiness, a good cigar is absolutely necessary. Then, with your two lower waistcoat buttons open and your hands folded you bid defiance to fortune, and say, with calm satisfaction, “ Fate cannot touch me ; I have dined to-day.” But too frequent use blunts its enjoyment ; and you will never find in a confirmed cigar-smoker the calm placidity, the unruffled philosophy of one who cherishes a pipe. For the man who is without this inestimable companion in life’s troubles, I always feel a sincere pity. It is ever useful. Are you cheerful ? it adds to your joy. Are you sad ? it consoles you. Better than a wife, it divides your sorrows without quadrupling your expenses. It never slanders you behind your back. It never betrays the secrets you confide to its ear.

You are feeling blue. Your tactful friend, Candour has just informed you that X. has stated his opinion that you are an ass. Having always, heretofore, considered X. an admirer of your genius, this announcement inspires you with a conviction of the falsity of mankind. You declaim on the vanity of life in general, and college-life in particular. The conviction that this is a world of sin and misery is forced upon your mind, and, on reaching your room, you throw yourself down on the sofa, feeling utterly dissatisfied with things in general. A few puffs and how everything changes ! The halo of smoke which soon surrounds you magni-

fies the virtues, while it shadows the faults of mankind. Everything seems to smooth itself out. What do you care for the opinion of an Aleck like X? Anyway the country isn't going to the devil, even if Tilden is elected. You fall to castle-building, or reminiscences of old times, with unruffled spirits. Then, too, the habits of meditation which its use inspires. Even my friend Placidus, who takes more solid enjoyment from a pipe than any man I know, says that he never watches the last ring of smoke curl up to the ceiling and then vanish into infinity, without being irresistibly reminded, "*sic transit gloria mundi*;" how the thoughts of the friends you have won and lost, the triumphs and reverses you have experienced, during your ownership of it, rise before you. It is the only combination of comfort, romance, and mental discipline which I ever met with.

But I might prattle on forever in praise of this delightful employment, did I not know, gentle reader, that I have already too sorely tried your patience. In conclusion, let me only advise you, have you been rejected by a girl, or a society, or both; has the hand of the Lord or of the Faculty been heavy upon you; have any of these, or have still weightier misfortunes rendered you a prey to despondency, do not attempt to drown your sorrows in the flowing-bowl, but try a remedy more efficacious than any to be found in the three volumes of Robert Burton's delightful book, "*Nunc fumo pellite curas.*"

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